

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



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YOUR MONEY BACK

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TOM MIX

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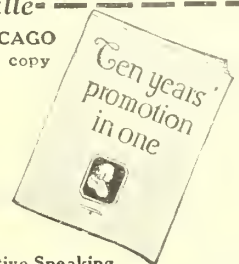
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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Contents

COVER DESIGN: THE MOPPERS UP	by Harvey Dunn	
FORGOTTEN HEROES	by George Creel	4
	<i>Decoration by William Heaslip</i>	
RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER	by Nathaniel Hawthorne	7
	<i>With a Critical Introduction by John Erskine</i>	
	<i>Illustrations by Lowell L. Balcom</i>	
WHO'S RUNNING THIS COUNTRY?	by Richard Washburn Child	12
THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER: Part Two	by Leonard H. Nason	14
	<i>Illustrations by Raymond Sisley</i>	
THE ARGONNE IN HISTORY	by Hilaire Belloc	18
SUSPECT	by Howard Vincent O'Brien	20
	<i>Illustrations by Lee Townsend</i>	
EDITORIAL	with cartoon by John Cassel	22
SHIPMATES WITH BYRD	by Stetson Clark	24
SOUVENIR DE GUERRE	by Wallgren	26
A PERSONAL VIEW	by Frederick Palmer	27
THE STOLEN RAILROAD TRAIN	by Marquis James	28
KEEPING STEP	by Right Guide	32
NOT CASES, BUT KIDS	by Edwin E. Hollenback	40
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk	41
BURSTS AND DUDS	conducted by Tip Bliss	46
	<i>Cartoons by Paul Carruth</i>	
THE MESSAGE CENTER	by The Editor	80

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

KENTUCKY: The second State, other than the original thirteen, to be admitted to the Union, June 1, 1792. Virginia claimed the land under its second charter of 1609 and the French also claimed it, but ceded their rights to Great Britain February 10, 1763, at the signing of the treaty that ended the French and Indian War. Great Britain surrendered the land to the United States in signing the treaty of Paris, September 3, 1783, which concluded the War for Independence. Daniel Boone of North Carolina, while employed by the Transylvania Company, a gigantic American realty organization, explored the region, then a wilderness, in 1769 and in 1775, and built a fort at Boonesborough. Soon settlers from Virginia and North Carolina, attracted by the blue grass pasture lands, entered the region. The Virginia assembly, which had organized it into a county in 1776, permitted the people of Kentucky to apply for admission into the Union. Population, 1790, 73,677; 1927 (U. S. est.), 2,538,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of

2,500 and over), 1900, 21.8; 1910, 24.3; 1920, 26.2. Area, 40,508 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 60.1 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 15th in population, 36th in area, 13th in density. Capital, Frankfort (1920 U. S.), 9,805. Three largest cities, Louisville (1927 U. S. est.), 320,100; Covington (1926 U. S. est.), 58,500; Lexington (1920 U. S. Census), 41,534. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$3,582,301,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), manufactured tobacco, \$30,586,950; hardwood products, \$20,000,000; mineral products (1925), coal, petroleum, etc., \$131,370,840; natural products, all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$347,338,888 in tobacco, corn and livestock. Kentucky had 93,944 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1792: "United We Stand, Divided We Fall." Origin of name: From the Wyandot (Iroquoian) name Ken-tah-teh, meaning "to-morrow," or "the land of to-morrow." Nickname: Blue Grass State.



ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor

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How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

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When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

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Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my Idea

bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

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Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

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FORGOTTEN HEROES

By
GEORGE CREEL

Decoration by
William Heaslip

THE record of America, like that of every other republic in the history of the world, is black with the stains of a mean and stupid ingratitude. Hero after hero has had his heart broken by injustice and neglect, and statesmen and patriots, famous for unselfish and distinguished service, have been permitted to breathe their last in poverty and loneliness.

What George Washington meant to the cause of American independence on land, that did John Paul Jones mean at sea. With one small ship he challenged the might of Great Britain, ravaging her coasts, and in the *Bonhomme Richard*, a battered, unseaworthy hulk, he whipped and captured the *Serapis*, pride of the English navy—tremendous achievements that not only gave new courage to the struggling colonies, but kindled a blaze of admiration throughout the world.

Eight years he served, and at the end was compelled to take service under a foreign flag that he might not starve. Never at any time did he receive a cent of pay, and as if to leave no shameful thing undone, a niggardly Congress impugned his honesty, cheated him of his proper rank, and stole the monies received from the sale of prizes he had captured. Not until 1848, fifty-six years after his death, did John Paul Jones' heirs come into a portion of the fortune that was his due.

George Washington fought the war to a successful conclusion only because Robert Morris, the Philadelphia financier, made it possible for him to keep armies in the field. Time after time, when the anguished commander-in-chief knew not where to turn for food for his starving, half-armed men, Robert Morris came to the rescue, either giving money out of his own purse or else borrowing it on his personal credit.

After the crossing of the Delaware and the capture of Trenton, Washington faced the disintegration of his army, and was saved only when Morris raised \$50,000 on his "note and honor." Again, when Washington planned his march from Dobbs Ferry to Yorktown, he could not have marched a mile but for the twenty thousand dollars that Morris borrowed from the French on his own personal responsibility. Certainly public service of the highest, yet Robert Morris spent the last three years of his life in a debtor's prison.

George Rogers Clark saved the West to the United States. From Detroit, General Henry Hamilton ruled the great stretch north of the Ohio and west of the Alleghanies, entrenched in strong forts and lord of countless savage Indian tribes. While Congress haggled and delayed, young Clark—he was only twenty-six—led one hundred and seventy men from Kentucky to the capture of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the Illinois strongholds, and cowed the Indians into submission by sheer force of character.



Hamilton, on recapturing Vincennes, sat down to await Spring, whereupon Clark, with scarce more than a hundred volunteers, left Kaskaskia with bold intent to strike first. Two hundred and forty miles he marched his men—wading water-flooded prairies, swimming half-frozen streams, tormented by cold and hunger—and at the end delivered the fierce blow that gave America control of the great trans-Alleghany country.

Hounded and humiliated by political tricksters, robbed and cheated and ignored, it was not until 1842 that Virginia be-thought herself to vote the poor, sick man a sword. When they brought it to him at his lonely, shabby home on the banks of the Ohio, he answered them, "When Virginia needed a sword, I found her one. Now I need bread."

These instances, and countless others like them—dug out of history as a result of the present rage for the biographical—are being seized upon by the cynical, and used as an excuse for civic sloth and indifference. "What is the use?" they shrug. "Give the best you've got to public service, and what do you get? The worst of it! Where's the point?"

This attitude of mind is just as mean, stupid and indefensible as the neglects and injustices complained of. If it stood proved that the whole record of the Republic was barren of fairness and decency as far as reward was concerned—if not one single case of appreciation and gratitude could be cited—the argument for patriotism and public service would not be weakened in any degree.

Does anyone imagine for a moment that John Paul Jones or Robert Morris or George Rogers Clark was moved by self-interest? That they kept an eye cocked on the main chance, and were "in it" for what they could "get out of it?" That while they struggled and suffered and sacrificed, all were thinking in terms of benefits and rewards? Or that when honors and riches failed to come, they turned sour and cried, "It serves me right for loving the damned country."

They served because they saw service as a great and shining obligation, and not poverty nor heartbreak made them less than glad that they had been given the opportunity to serve.

It is upon this sort of unasking devotion, these disinterested passions, that national progress, popular happiness and human betterment have depended and must always depend. Governments, whether despotisms or democracies, are constitutionally ungrateful, and will, in all likelihood, continue ungrateful to the end of time. God help us if we have reached a day when public service must wait upon the assurance of reward, until a bargain has been struck that guarantees a fat return, and when men and women answer America's needs with the question, "What is there in it for me?"

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Metrodyne

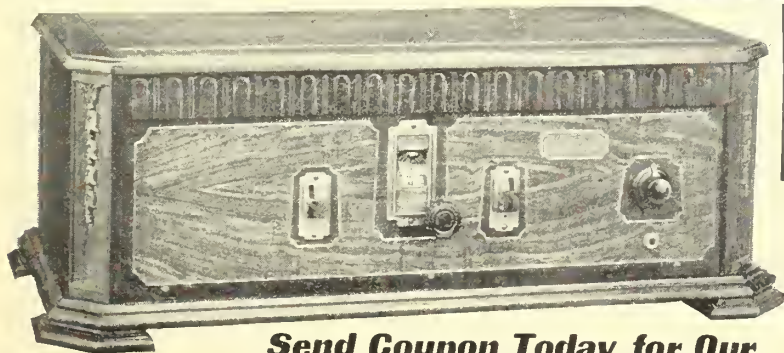
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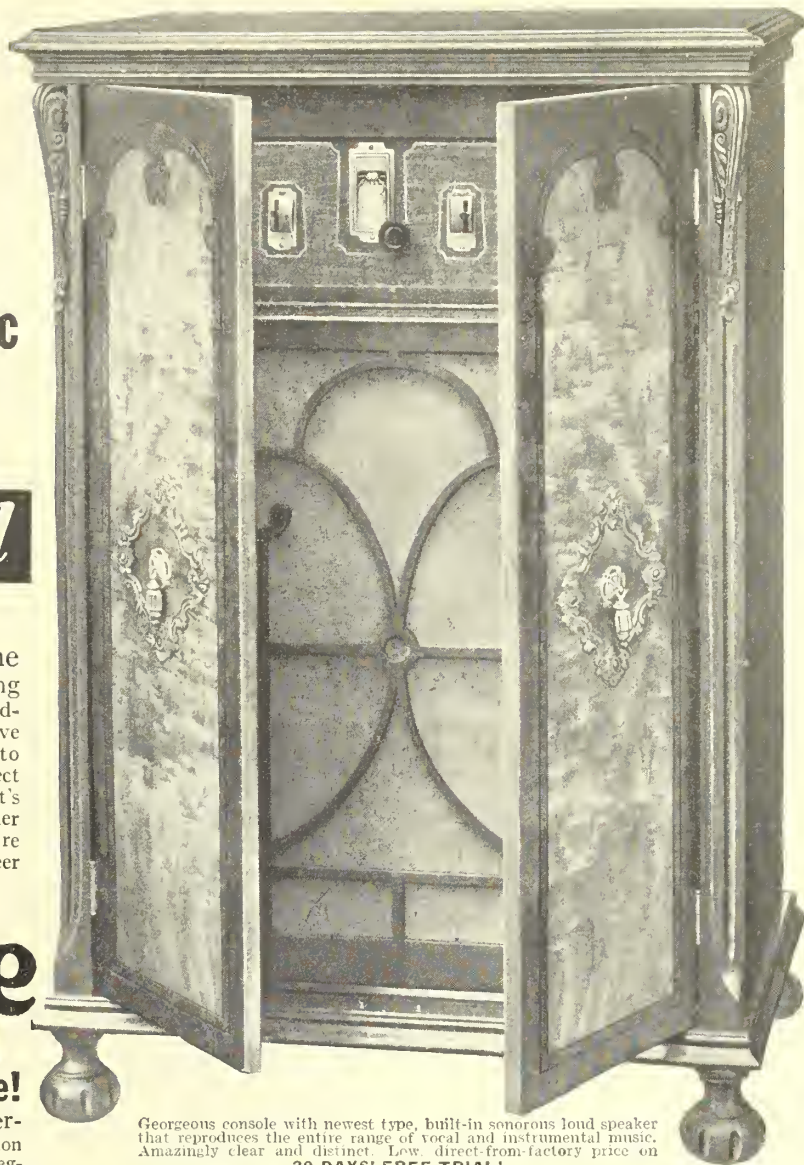
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PAUL ASH

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THERE'S probably no harder job than conducting a famous orchestra. Days of rehearsal—of practice—then night after night in the limelight.

Paul Ash gets less time to sleep than most of us—as he says "The nature of my work makes it difficult to get the proper number of hours sleep—hence that which I do get must make up in quality for what it lacks in length—"

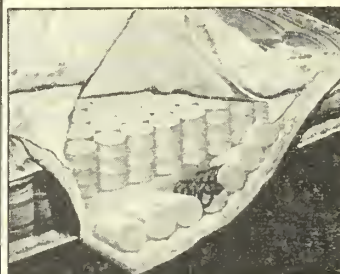
"I've found the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring unequalled in meeting this need."

What Paul Ash has found, you will find: greater rest—complete relaxation, full benefit from sleep.

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{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER

THIRD in a Series of Representative American Short Stories Selected

and with Critical Introductions by the Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad," and "Adam and Eve." The Illustrations are by Lowell L. Balcom.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ERSKINE

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER" appeared in a collection of short stories called "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 1846. It had previously been published in the *Democratic Review*, December, 1844, under the title of "Writing of Aubépine." It is one of the most famous of those fanciful, philosophic meditations upon which Hawthorne brooded in the first days of his life in the Old Manse at Concord. He had made a slight beginning toward his fame, and the change from the loneliness of his early years to the happiness of his married life had induced in him a cheerfulness somewhat in contrast to the sombre themes he habitually wrote about. In the preface to this story he is positively playful. He speaks of his writings as the work of a certain M. de l'Aubépine, translating his own name, and he gives a not inaccurate criticism of what he had hitherto written, together with a bibliography. The result of his study of the works of M. de l'Aubépine had induced in him a certain affection and sympathy toward that gentleman, though not admiration. He would like, he says, to introduce the author favorably to the American public.

Even if we knew nothing more about Hawthorne, we should guess from this prologue that his powers as a humorist are meagre. He represents as dark a kind of genius in his way as Edgar Allan Poe in his, but for all that they are easily distinguished. Poe is primarily an artist, yet his preoccupation with intellectual problems is great. Hawthorne is primarily preoccupied with questions of human character—he is always probing the heart; yet the impression he makes is of an even finer art than Poe's. No writer in the Nineteenth Century has excelled him in the simple ease with which he dramatizes a purely philosophical idea. His stories hold the attention by their incidents as we read, but when we lay them down, conscious of their mellow beauty, we wonder at the art which has transmuted an idea into terms of flesh and blood.

In this story of "Rappaccini's Daughter" he starts with a speculation whether a human being, gradually accustomed to poison, might not at last thrive upon it, and whether in such a case wholesome food would not prove fatal. The poison he is thinking of may be spiritual or intellectual. He is pondering on the possibility that good and evil may be interchanged; such an interchange of course would wreck the moral world. He recurs to the question in his novels. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet

Letter," sins, but the sin results in a deepening and enriching of her soul. Donatello, in "The Marble Faun," kills a man, and the murder

develops in him what he had not before, a soul. Can evil come out of good? Hawthorne agrees with all of us that it ought not to, but he apparently was not sure that it didn't. Still less was he sure that good could not result from evil. Among the New England Transcendentalists of his time he was the one thinker not optimistic, the one critic and skeptic. In his gentle manner he wrote a profound question mark after that moral cheerfulness which characterizes our country. The traditional ideals of goodness, of intelligence, and of beauty were, of course, his. All who knew him testified to the charm of his character, to the goodness of his life in his home and in his public services. Yet he seems to have thought that human morality must be achieved in a universe of which the laws are not yet clear to us. He questioned the assumption of the average moralist that those universal laws can be stated in simple formulas. It is the desire of our heart that good people should prosper and that bad people should not. Yet if we forget that this is an ideal, and believe it is a universal law, we shall have to argue that those who had not prospered must have done something wrong. That was the logic of the friends of Job, when the unfortunate man suffered for no fault of his. Hawthorne's attitude is that of some possible spectator, wiser than the other friends of Job, who knows that the sick man has done nothing wrong, and who concludes that evil may have relation to other things than morals.

It is easy to guess how Hawthorne came to attach these ideas to this particular plot. He was familiar with the legend known to the Middle Ages that a certain Eastern king wishing to kill Alexander the Great, chose a very beautiful girl and fed poison to her in doses gradually increasing, so that at last she lived on nothing else. Contact with her, according to the story, was extremely dangerous, and a kiss was fatal. When she reached the climax of her poisonousness, the king sent her to Alexander, hoping that his great enemy would fall in love with her beauty. The legend stops at that point. What happened to the girl we are not told. It is supposed that Alexander was saved on this, as on some other legendary occasions, by the shrewdness of the philosopher, Aristotle. But for Hawthorne the interest would not be Alexander. It would be in the change in the girl herself, and in the experience she would undergo when poison had become wholesome to her, and by a logical converse, wholesome food had become poison.

Had Poe been telling the story it would have remained, one suspects, in the realm of horror. Hawthorne wishes us to feel, however, that the victim of this fantastic experiment was altogether innocent and very beautiful. What she says and does indicates her innocence, but the great artist makes us see her also through the eyes of a young man who has fallen deep in love.



Hawthorne

Through this affection we not only watch the idea dramatized, but we are made aware of man's tragic ignorance, of the unintended selfishness of much of our experimenting, of the small-

ness of our rivalries and disputes as compared with these vast laws which, above and beyond our little knowledge, control the good and evil in our souls.

• • • THE STORY • • •

WE DO not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubépine—a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen, as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer, he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world) and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy, and unsubstantial in his modes of development to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience—except here and there an individual or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners, the faintest possible counterfeit of real life, and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of Nature, a raindrop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense.

Our author is voluminous; he continues to write and publish with as much praiseworthy and indefatigable prolixity as if his efforts were crowned with the brilliant success that so justly attends those of Eugene Sue. His first appearance was by a collection of stories in a long series of volumes entitled *Contes deux fois racontés*. The titles of some of his more recent works (we quote from memory) are as follows: *Le Voyage Céleste à Chemin de Fer*, 3 tom., 1838; *Le nouveau Père Adam et la nouvelle Mère Eve*, 2 tom., 1830; *Roderic; ou le Serpent à l'estomac*, 2 tom., 1840; *Le Culte du Feu*, a folio volume of ponderous research into the religion and ritual of the old Persian Ghebers, published in 1841; *La Soirée du Château en Espagne*, 1 tom., 8vo, 1842; and *L'Artiste du Beau; ou le Papillon Mécanique*, 5 tom., 4to, 1843. Our somewhat wearisome perusal of this startling catalogue of volumes has left behind it a certain personal affection and sympathy, though by no means admiration, for M. de l'Aubépine; and we would fain do the little in our power towards introducing him favorably to the American public. The ensuing tale is a translation of his *Beatrice; ou la Belle Empoisonneuse*, recently published in *La Revue Anti-Aristocratique*. This jour-

nal, edited by the Comte de Bearhaven, has for some years past led the defence of liberal principles and popular rights with a faithfulness and ability worthy of all praise.



A YOUNG man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the more southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his *Inferno*. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young

man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Paduan sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot herbs than any that grow there now," answered old Lisabetta. "No; that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distils these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor doctor at work, and perchance the signora, his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber: and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance, he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so wofully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush

and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the lustre and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground, or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin, gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path: it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? And this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow—was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease—

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father. What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener, "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a

bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden; for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they, more beautiful than the richest of them, but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden path, it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter, "see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life

might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady, as she bent towards the magnificent plant and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfumed breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower, or one sister performing the duties of affection to another. The scene soon terminated. Whether Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labors in the garden, or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window; and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement, on starting from sleep, was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun which gilded the dewdrops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep him in communion with Nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini,



it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, were now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities and how much to his wonder-working fancy; but he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute, to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature, and habits that might almost be called jovial. He kept the young man to dinner, and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Pietro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini; but, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with perhaps one single exception—in Padua, or all Italy; but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid," answered the professor somewhat testily; "at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison, more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the signor doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvelous cure; but, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being probably the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many

grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science—"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a

dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of lachryma."

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window,

but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to over-flow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however—as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case—a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fable that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice, the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it; so brilliant, so vivid, was its character that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness, qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gemlike flowers over the fountain, a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that her features were hidden in its leafy



bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange-colored reptile, of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path, just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni, but, at the distance from which he gazed, he could scarcely have seen anything so minute, it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall; it had, perhaps, wandered through the city, and found no flowers or verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that, while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet; its bright wings shivered; it was dead—from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features, and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid-air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor," replied Beatrice with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music, and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight

had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice—thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, ought Giovanni to have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity and possibility even of intercourse should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart—or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent southern temperament, which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch. Whether or not Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes, that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates: his footsteps kept time with the throbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage, who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he stared forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not yet, not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What! did I grow up side by side with your father? and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni; for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily then, most worshipful professor, speedily," said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human, interest in the young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini!" whispered the professor when the stranger had passed. "Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He has seen (*Continued on page 65*)"





Who's RUNNING *this* COUNTRY?

By Richard Washburn Child

IF THERE were needed another case to show how lobbies of organized minorities can go down to Washington, scare Congress and yet, in spite of their political blackmail and their mousey talk, may escape the knowledge, the attention or the action of the masses of us, Americans—

Immigration is the case.

Anyone who has been watching at home and abroad the course of legislative bodies knows quite well that the greatest modern danger to democracy all over the world is the new high tide of power captured by the organized minority. If a section of a nation wants a local improvement, it creates a high-pressure campaign to scare, wheedle or blackmail a Chamber, a Parliament, a Congress. The Treasury which is the taxpayer's own pocket is tapped by the few at the expense of all to build a canal or a dam, drain a swamp, put down fancy roads and who knows what not. If a minority can organize enough with its propaganda, its publicity and a holier-than-thou claim of sanctity it can, without surpassing by great strides performances already recorded, dictate how the rest of us shall eat, pray, believe, sing or brush our teeth. They have already gone a long way toward enlarging the function of government and law into goose-stepping and commandments. A good organized minority, especially if it appears with any filmy claim to the support of clergymen who are off their range and drawing secretarial salaries, or to the approval of round-robin professors, might give New York State to Great Britain or California to Japan. It would be done to the accompaniment of "Hearts and Flowers."

An organized minority when all else fails can get three thousand pacifists to deprive a hundred and thirty million people of an adequate navy by sending five thousand postal cards at the cost of a hundred dollars! We were led to believe it when we watched the spectacle of our statesmen deprived of their sleep during the session of the recent Seventieth Congress by the receipt of a letter or two from those who think America will serve the peace of the world by tying her own hands and then poking her nose into other people's business.

But the prime organized minority is the hyphenated minority. That one takes the palm! It is humiliating that the manly mass of America, with its spirit of self respect, common sense, kindness and

tolerance, can be whipped and hamstrung merely because organized minorities have discovered the trick of saying "Boo!" to Representatives and Senators. It is sad to pay taxes which will be sucked out of the Treasury for a local or sectional improvement; it is painful to be bamboozled by sanctimonious lobbyists who claim to know morals better than we do. But when a lobby is organized and a subtle campaign is launched to burrow into the dikes built by us against a flood of undesirable immigration, we have reason to look at the source. If it is hyphenated it is bad enough. If it is not American at all it is worse, and if it is anti-American it is a grotesque fact.

Immigration is a fine example of that weakness in democracy—particularly in large and centralized governments—which creates by the people's will a definite, well-defined policy, enacts it into legislation, and then leaves it without interest—incomplete and unprotected against those who wish to gnaw on it in the dark. We spray the clothes once and think we never need fear the moths and buffalo bugs again.

Immigration needs a new spray.

The assignment to investigate and state just where we are as to our immigration policy and practice was a challenge not only to get the facts but to present them with such clear simplicity that no one could misunderstand them. There is the moral side. There is the social side. There is the economic side. There is the practical side. There are the facts. And there are conclusions.

But let me point to these high spots—those which first held my attention and will perhaps compel yours.

You thought that the so-called quota immigration made up the great mass of our immigration.

You were wrong.

Fact One: For the year ending June 30, 1927, the total of quota immigrants coming into the United States was 158,000.

The non-quota immigration was much larger. The total im-



A group of rejected immigrants about to be deported. "The most devastating sin in the world, the most flagrant offense to fundamental human rights, is not exclusion; it is forcing men and women into human associations which they do not want"

migration, including immigrants returning after having gone home, was nearly half a million.

Next you thought that in 1924 we had definitely settled on a plan of admitting after July 1, 1927, only 150,000 limited total, with an allotment of quotas made upon the proportionate numerical strength of the various nationalities as recorded in the census of 1920. That was called the "National Origins Plan."

Is it in effect?

Fact Two: Oh no. Congress, in spite of the will of the majority of Americans, has postponed its application, and even listens to those who want its repeal.

Finally you ask why.

Fact Three: It is because certain organizations—quite within their rights—have been opposed to its application.

In these three facts you have a good background to approach the truth about what is going on behind that veil of false security which masks all the sly gnawing of holes and even the bold attempts of foreign influences and sentimentalized groups to make American policy while America is looking the other way.

The pressure brought to bear in order to get Congress to delay the National Origins Plan, or to open the door a crack, or to leave some gaping holes open, or to let the borers make new little holes which may be enlarged tomorrow, is made up of arguments which can be blown down by any passing breeze of truth—but also of expressed or implied threats to use or withhold organized minority power at the polls or in campaign contributions.

Here come the soft-music artists! They say that America has been and is the nation of the great heart. She is the Mother of the Oppressed. She is the Keeper of the Harbor for Mankind. She is true to her tradition! All men in American eyes are equals—one is as good as another. Welcome, Stranger! Here is the Home of the World!

I confess that when I was in high school I was deeply moved by these sentiments. Unfortunately disillusionment comes from their examination.

To begin, from the sentimental point of view the tradition of offering asylum to oppressed people is about as valid today as a ticket to see Jumbo. In our first period of immigration we took in people so different from those who want to come now that the two classes have almost nothing in common. In the asylum-for-the-oppressed period the immigrant who came to America turned his back for good and all upon the land of his birth. He came with all his heart and soul and mind set upon being an American. He was a settler. He was the kind of man who moved for a reason of idealism and he was educated enough and had character enough to know what idealism meant. He came to stay, to be

an American, warp and woof, to give us his labor, his love, his loyalty—forevermore. He pioneered with us, raised his children with us, became a partner. No better immigration was ever known.

We needed that immigration. It helped to broaden our culture and our sense of fraternity and to develop undeveloped resources and populate waste places. It was that immigration that gave me a thrill when I was in high school; I was not intelligent enough to see that the whole aspect of immigration had changed. Some persons are not sufficiently intelligent yet.

The new period—the period in which we are still living—is the period of America the Boarding House. The whole character of immigration changed. The mass of the new immigrant flood—not the whole, of course—was made up of different material. We used to get picked plants; now we get the weeds. The nations which began to furnish the supply, whether better or inferior to ourselves, were no longer those who were like us in ideas, habits, traditions. If we must call spades, they were in large part inferior. They were inferior in standards of living and came to compete with our own laborers whose higher standard of living put them at a disadvantage. Most of them had for their highest idealism the idea that in America they could make money. The hunger to come to America changed from hunger of the heart to hunger for vanilla eclairs and cloth-topped boots. A large proportion dreamed of going back home when the purse was full. Many had done badly at home and changed because they felt America had less of those inevitable devils which make a reckoning with the hindmost. The tide began to flow from countries and races not only different from us and therefore difficult to digest, but from races who as to our own values were inferior in capacity, in orderliness, in cleanliness, in decency of conduct or in ambitions for living for the ends we want.

They were no longer settlers. They made foreign colonies. They no longer furnished a large proportion who, with whole heart, became Americans. Many of them were not of the old type who not only wanted to have America do something for them but wanted to do something for America. The number who were willing to do hard work cheerfully became smaller; the types that cling to cities and become parasites of trade and barter, petty middlemen and fly-by-night adventurers became more numerous. Many believe that liberty means license and that "America owes them a living and a place in the sun." The ignorant claim equality with the educated, the vicious with the law-abiding.

America continued to receive fine men and women from abroad—make no mistake about that. But America became not only a boarding house for a transient grab-and- (Continued on page 72)

The MAN in the WHITE SLICKER

Part One
in Brief:

By Leonard H. Nason

AN American division attacking in the Meuse-Argonne has met with stiff opposition, and somewhat disorganized, is inaugurating the fourth day of its advance with a forward movement of infantry supported by machine guns. At one part of the front Corporal Gordon and his machine-gun section have just started firing on a wood from which the enemy has been sending artillery fire. An officer in a new white trench coat and high laced, perfectly fitting boots leaps into their trench and orders Gordon to direct his fire upon a ravine down which the corporal is certain American soldiers are advancing. Upon his demurring, the officer points a .45 pistol at him and threatens to blow his head off if he does not fire at once. That convinces Gordon he is dealing with a spy, but none of the gun crew does anything. When the corporal is slow in executing the order the officer pushes him aside roughly and flings himself down to fire the gun. Gordon, taking the ammunition box from his No. 3 man, O'Nail, brings it down with crushing force on the helmet of the officer before a shot is fired. Before the gun crew can go through his clothes to verify the belief that they have landed a spy a runner who has just come up takes one look at the prostrate figure and cries:

"Spy hell! I know that guy! Boy, that's General Lehmann's pet private addykong!"

Part Two

KNOW that guy?" repeated Gordon in stupefaction. "How do you know him?"

"By that white slicker he's got on," replied the runner. "I seen him gettin' out of a limousine not a hour ago."

"Yeh, but what the hell is he tryin' to get us to shoot up our own troops for?"

"I don't know anything about that," said the runner. "If he wants you to shoot anywhere, it's most like he's got orders to that effect off the general. Well, I gotta be goin' on. Where's the commandin' officer of this crowd? I got a order for him to advance."

"Go down the hill and to your right where you hear the guns firing. The major's there," advised Gordon hurriedly.

The runner turned and started in that direction, but he moved so that his path would take him past the recumbent officer.

"Where did he stop his iron?" inquired the runner. "I don't see no blood!"

"I don't know," replied Gordon. "We haven't looked him over yet. He just flopped."

"Probably through the belly," remarked the runner judiciously. "Them wounds don't bleed."

He went off down the hill, ducking from bush to bush until he was out of sight.

"What do we do next?" asked Milo, after a short silence.

"We'll re-lay the gun and go back to firing," answered the corporal.

"Yeh, but how about this horizontal officer we got to explain?"

"Didn't he try to make us shoot up our own troops?" demanded Gordon. "Well, that's explanation enough. We all heard him."

"He said somethin' about a counter attack," hazarded Mackintosh. "How do you know he didn't mean it?"

"Recruits keep their yawp shut until asked to speak!" replied Gordon. "That's all anyone wants out of you!"

"But just the same," went on Milo, "he mighta been right."

"You bunch of crazy souse-hounds!" yelled Gordon, "didn't I see the doughboys go across there? Didn't we all? Do Boche wear a flat helmet or not? Do Boche run little tanks with a

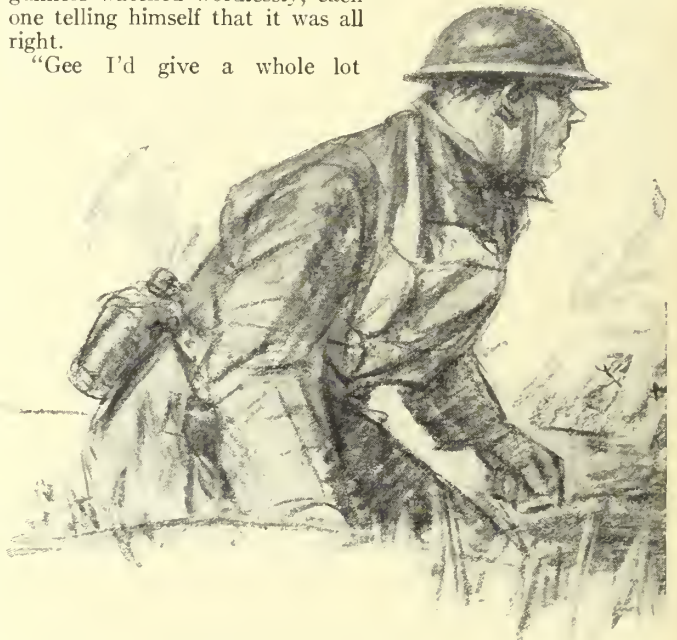
tower on 'em? Think I got no sense at all?"

"Let's look again," suggested O'Nail hurriedly. "I was the lad

passed you that box, and if we've crowned anybody's patent leather aide 'king of the cannibal isles,' I'm in it as deeply as you!"

They lay down and crawled forward hurriedly to where they could see down into the valley again. It was not so smoke filled now, for the artillery barrage had passed on into the wood. There was a great deal of brush there, with open spaces between. A narrow gauge railway ran up the length of the ravine, ending evidently in some kind of a storage dump, for the roofs of a number of huts could be made out at the far end. The watchers by the gun could at first see no movement, but after a minute, first one, then the other of them could locate isolated men, or small groups of three or four, moving from one clump of bushes to the next. The strange part of it was that these tiny, speck-like figures were not moving across the valley, but down it, following the narrow gauge railroad. The machine-gunners watched wordlessly, each one telling himself that it was all right.

"Gee I'd give a whole lot



if I only had a pair of glasses!" exclaimed Gordon suddenly.

"That would be the thing, a'right," muttered Milo.

Another pause. Little puffs of smoke that mounted into lofty clouds, then faded before the wind, appeared.

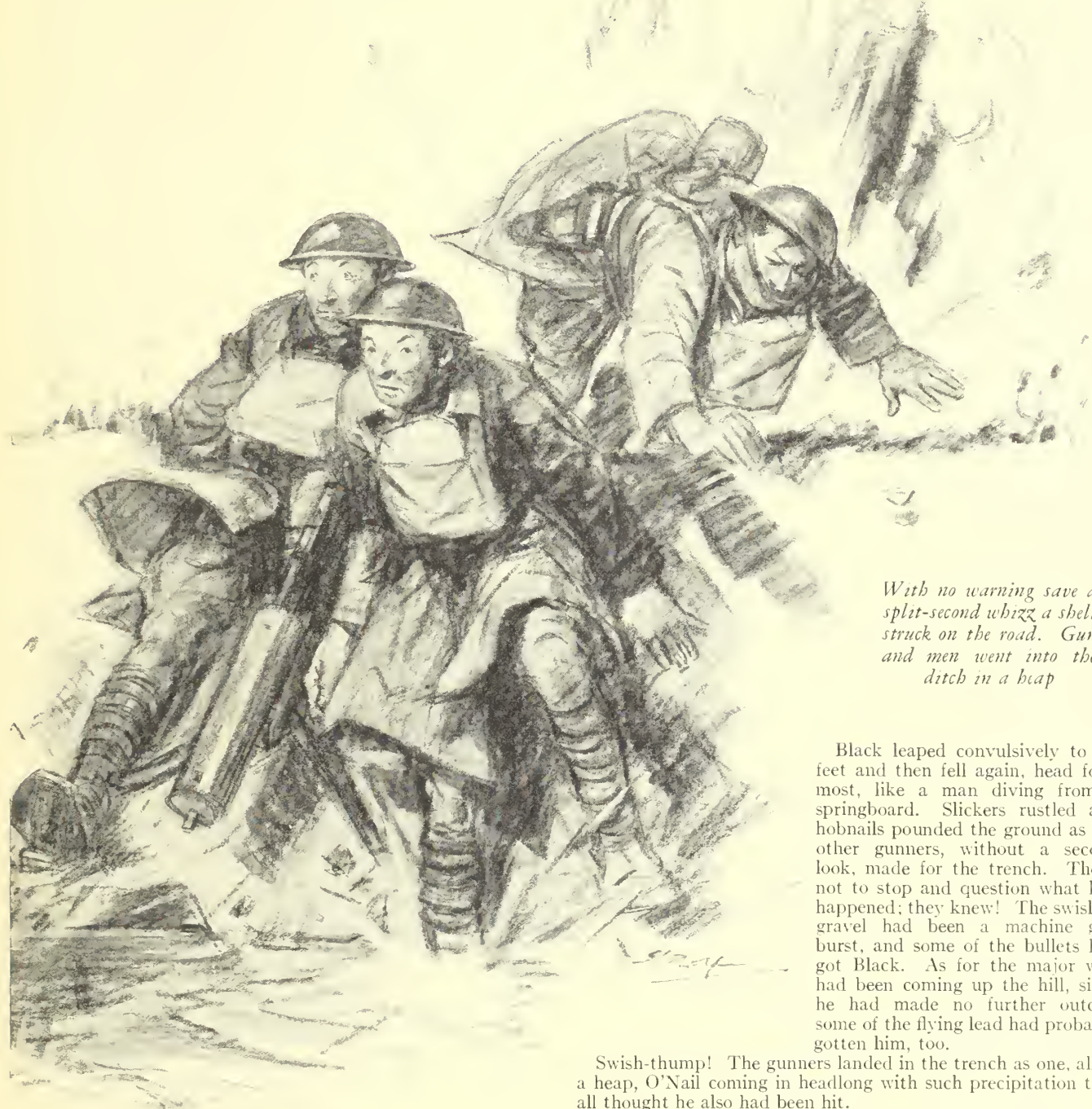
"Those are grenades!" exclaimed O'Nail. "I've seen them before enough to know! Those men are Boche, now don't tell me!"

"That's a counter attack!" cried Black.

"I don't believe it!" protested the corporal. "If a counter attack started, wouldn't we get news of it? We'd have some looey tearing right up here from the other guns. I'm surprised somebody hasn't been up before now! We aren't getting anywhere standing here like gawks. What the hell time is it? I don't dare fire at those woods any more for fear I'll shoot into somebody that'll come curving back here and give me a swift kick in the spine!"

"We started to frisk this looey," observed Black. "That's the burning question o' the hour. Is he a spy or ain't he? If he

Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley



*With no warning save a
split-second whizz a shell
struck on the road. Gun
and men went into the
ditch in a heap*

Black leaped convulsively to his feet and then fell again, head foremost, like a man diving from a springboard. Slickers rustled and hobnails pounded the ground as the other gunners, without a second look, made for the trench. Theirs not to stop and question what had happened; they knew! The swish of gravel had been a machine gun burst, and some of the bullets had got Black. As for the major who had been coming up the hill, since he had made no further outcry, some of the flying lead had probably gotten him, too.

Swish-thump! The gunners landed in the trench as one, all in a heap, O'Neil coming in headlong with such precipitation that all thought he also had been hit.

"Where the hell you goin'?" demanded Gordon with some asperity, inasmuch as both O'Neil's hobnails had landed on his shin. "In all this fifteen yards of trench the only place you can land is right where I am!"

"Boy, that lieutenant was right," spoke up Mackintosh. "There was a counter attack on. That's why they started to shoot at us!"

"Never mind that," replied Gordon. "You mind your business and look after the water-can; and O'Neil, the next time you do a Kellerman, for Christ's sake, pick Mackintosh to do it on. Wow! Where did that one go?"

"That one" was a shell, and while a cautious row of heads appeared above the trench to see where it had burst, a second and a third followed. There were more bursts just below and to the rear, blam! pause, blam! with the slow regularity of a pile driver. It was fire for destruction on the machine gun positions behind the crest.

"We should have brought in the gun!" gasped Gordon, but he knew that they had had not an instant after the first burst of machine gun fire. If the water-jacket was punctured, that was

ain't, I know some guys that better erupt to hell outta this part o' France!"

"Hey, up there!" called a voice, "get the hell off that skyline! You look like a billboard! Cease firing with that gun anyway!"

All turned, but could see nobody except Black, who, lying farthest away, could see down the hill toward the other guns.

"It's the major," he said in a hoarse whisper, turning to the others.

"Oh, man, what do we do now?" gasped Gordon. "Well, we'll have it out whether this boy in the boots was right or not! Here goes for the labor battalion; it'll get us off the front anyway! Anybody with him, Black?"

Black raised up to see better. There was a sudden spatter, like a handful of gravel thrown into water. Swish! went a tiny cloud of bits of dirt and mud. There was a sudden chorus of excited cries from the near distance, just about where the other guns were.

an end of the gun. To go out and get it now would be suicide. There was nothing to do but to stay in the ditch and keep down until the bombardment was over.

"'Tain't likely they'll shove an attack way through to here, is it?" asked Milo.

"No," said all the others, "it's too far."

"Yes, but just keep a listen out for grenades or rifle fire getting too near," advised O'Nail. "I don't know much about war, but I know how it sounds to have guys falling back in front of you! Do you suppose we ought to try to get Black out of it?"

"No," said Gordon, "he's gone. Zip! like that. Anyway, if he was wounded, we'd heard him yelling to us by now."

"Another thing," went on O'Nail cheerfully, "this will dispose of 'button, button, who hit the lieutenant?' for us. He'll be as full of holes as a skimmer!"

"Ummm! but the runner seen him stretched out!" remarked Mackintosh.

"Maybe the runner'll get bumped off, too!" suggested Milo.

That ended conversation for awhile, and the men sat in silence, looking at each other, each wondering if he looked as white and haggard and bearded and dirty as the others did. From time to time, when an extra loud crash showed that a shell had burst near at hand, one of the men would stand up and cautiously peer over the edge of the trench to see where it had landed.

At such times Gordon would inquire as to the condition of the gun, and invariably the answer was that it was still upright, and apparently intact.

They had no food to eat, no tobacco to smoke, and the day was beginning to move rapidly onward toward noon, which always suggests dinner. As for the American attack, they could comfort themselves with the thought that it had been like all those of the previous days, and that it had failed completely.

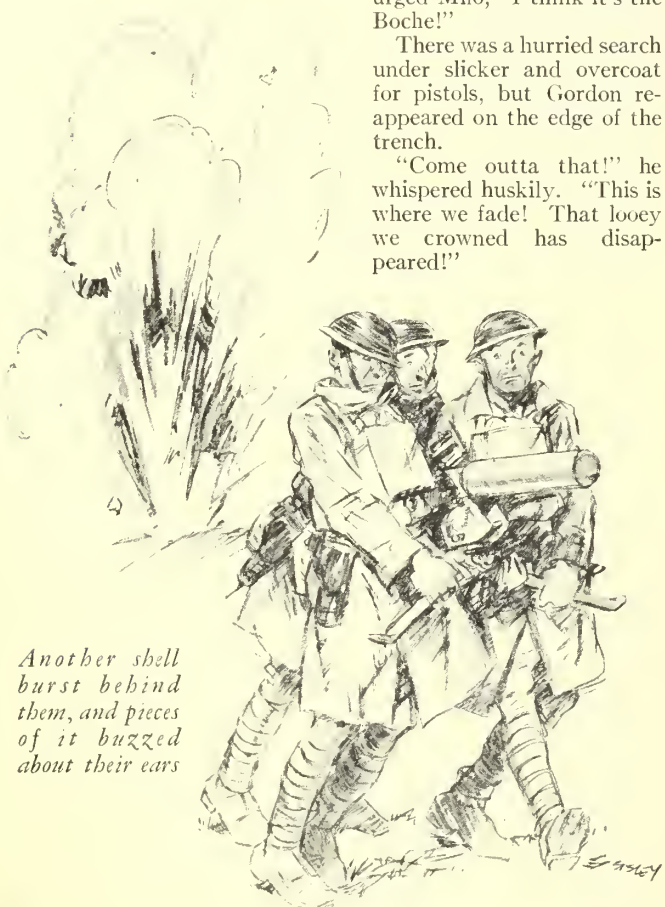
"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," said O'Nail finally. "This is hell. I thought we'd get out of these dam' woods today. Up all night, no chow, and what good has it done us?"

Gordon got stiffly to his feet, and climbing upon a little heap of mud, looked abroad. Those in the trench who watched his face saw a sudden expression of horror sweep across it. Wherrap! burst a shell not fifteen feet away, but the corporal only flattened himself against the trench wall, and did not even duck. The smoke from the burst still rolled along the ground like water, as Gordon jumped out of the trench and disappeared.

"Get your guns, fellars!" urged Milo, "I think it's the Boche!"

There was a hurried search under slicker and overcoat for pistols, but Gordon reappeared on the edge of the trench.

"Come outta that!" he whispered huskily. "This is where we fade! That looey we crowned has disappeared!"



Another shell burst behind them, and pieces of it buzzed about their ears

The gun crew came to the parapet as one man, eyes popping. "What do you mean disappeared?" demanded O'Nail.

"He's gone! Complete!"

"That shell landed a direct hit on him!" exclaimed Milo.

"It couldn't have!" objected Gordon, pointing to the still smoking hole. "There's where it socked down! And he was over here!"

"Ah," observed Mackintosh, "yuh know what he done? You didn't croak him, and he come to and scatters off downhill to turn you in!"

There was a short pause while all thought on this.

"Even a recruit could see that," muttered O'Nail.

It was plain from the sober looks that all agreed with him.

"There's a battle going on!" cried Gordon. "Anyway, we'll get off this skyline! Our move is to depart! Wrap yourselves around that gun! Three-man load! You, Mackintosh, you're promoted to Number Three. Grab hold of that right leg! Now then, off we go before a shell gets us! Down hill this way!"

Milo seized the trail of the gun, and O'Nail and Mackintosh each a leg. Then lifting it between them, they followed Gordon down the slope toward the enemy.

"How about Black?" whispered O'Nail, as the corporal went by him.

"Let him be," replied Gordon. "I don't want the kid"—indicating Mackintosh with a glance—"to see him. It might kettle him. We're short enough as it is!"

The first carry was short, to an old grass-grown shell hole. Here they put down the gun and caught their breaths.

"You see," said Gordon, "that the move to make was to get away. If we ducked back, they'd not only have us for any impoliteness to Swivel Chair in the white slicker, but for quitting post, too. Now there being a counter attack on, we just grabbed our gun and ran down hill with it to help the doughboys."

"I don't see how that helps," interrupted Mackintosh. "We just run down here into all these Germans and maybe get took prisoner."

"The sad part of it is, my young friend," said O'Nail, "that there is a war on, and any part of it is hell, here, there, or anywhere. You've got your choice of the frying pan or the fire over here."

"Whaddyuh come for?" growled Milo, "if you don't like it?"

"I had to come or go to jail," answered Mackintosh.

"Who wouldn't swap this place for a nice safe jail?" muttered Milo.

Another shell whistled over and burst on the position they had just left. It was lucky they had not stayed there. There were bullets cracking over their heads in generous numbers. The Germans, having been proprietors of this sector for four years, knew exactly where every dugout, hut, trench, or other shelter was, and during the course of a counter attack or a bombardment, they would put down from four to a dozen shells on any such place that happened to be in convenient range.

This was what they were doing now; they were shelling the old trench. They had, probably very early in the affair, discovered that there were machine guns behind the ridge, and if there were, then there would certainly be men in the old trench. They had probably seen Gordon's gun, too. It is so difficult for soldiers to realize, unless they are actually under fire, that the enemy is watching them, and that the fact that their exposing themselves does not draw instant fire does not mean that shells or bullets will not eventually arrive, and at the most inopportune time.

"The next carry," said Gordon hurriedly, "we'll make to that little clump of birches. Ready? Grab hold and come on!"

The men seized the tripod legs and ran clumsily downhill.

"Don't stumble now, for Christ's sake," urged O'Nail, "because if you do, the whole weight of the gun will fall on Milo!"

"And the whole weight of my toe will fall on somebody, too!" panted Milo. "Where yuh shovin' to?"

Gordon, who was loaded with the cleaning rod, and six boxes of ammunition, three in each hand tied together with a rope through the handles, staggered toward the clump of birches. The gun crew was well in the open here, and in plain view not only from the woods on the heights, but from up the valley. They expected the arrival of shell or bullet at any second. The gun weighed a ton, the ground was rough, and their legs weak from lack of sleep and food. A man appeared at the edge of the clump and looked at them earnestly. Then he disappeared. A few seconds later, when the gun crew had almost gained the shelter of the trees, this man reappeared, and with him another. Both wore the white armband with the red cross of the Medical Corps.

"Hey!" called the first one, waving his arm, "don't come in here!"



"Go on and rob the dead!" he yelled at the doctor. "Some o' the wounded got francs in their jeans. You won't have time to frisk 'em before the ambulance gets here"

"Get the hell away from here," chorused the other. "Go on! On your way! You'll draw fire!"

"We've got a dressing station in here! Don't come running in here! Gwan away to hell outta here with that goddam machine gun! Aincha got any sense at all?"

"Get away! Get away!" chanted the first man, waving his hands at them as one would shoo chickens.

The gun crew halted and at once put down the gun.

"Ah, the bastard!" panted Gordon. "That's a doctor! We can't go in there!"

"Let's lay down and catch our tucker, anyway!" gasped Milo.

He flung himself full length on the ground and the others followed his example. Things were livelier here than a man would expect. The noise of the fight reverberated from the sides of

the valley, and was thrown back again by the hill down which the gun crew had just come. It was a tumult that would dismay the bravest. There was a roar of machine guns, not a clatter, but a steady roar, like swift water rushing over a fall. Artillery rippled like a flag in a high wind. From time to time and faintly would come the sound of shouting. This was deep and had a foreign sound to it. It was probably the German counter attack progressing down the valley, taking the American attackers of the early morning in flank, and the shouting was the officers directing their men, or urging them to greater efforts.

"Go on!" came a faint shout. "Hey, you machine gunners! Don't lie there! Go on away from here entirely! You'll draw fire!"

"He said that three times a'ready!" grunted Milo.

"Go to hell!" shouted Gordon, standing (Continued on page 56)

Typical Argonne country. The Americans shown here were a novelty in the Argonne's history, but the thickets (or their ancestors) have been there since before Attila was routed near Chalons

THAT belt of dense clay soil, oak-wood and standing meres which the French have known for all these centuries as "The Argonne", playing its part in so many wars of the past, came suddenly into prominence again during the latest and greatest of its roles under the conditions of the World War. It entered into American history. It was the theatre of some of the hardest and victorious struggles into which were thrown the troops from the United States in those battles of 1918 which brought them to victory.

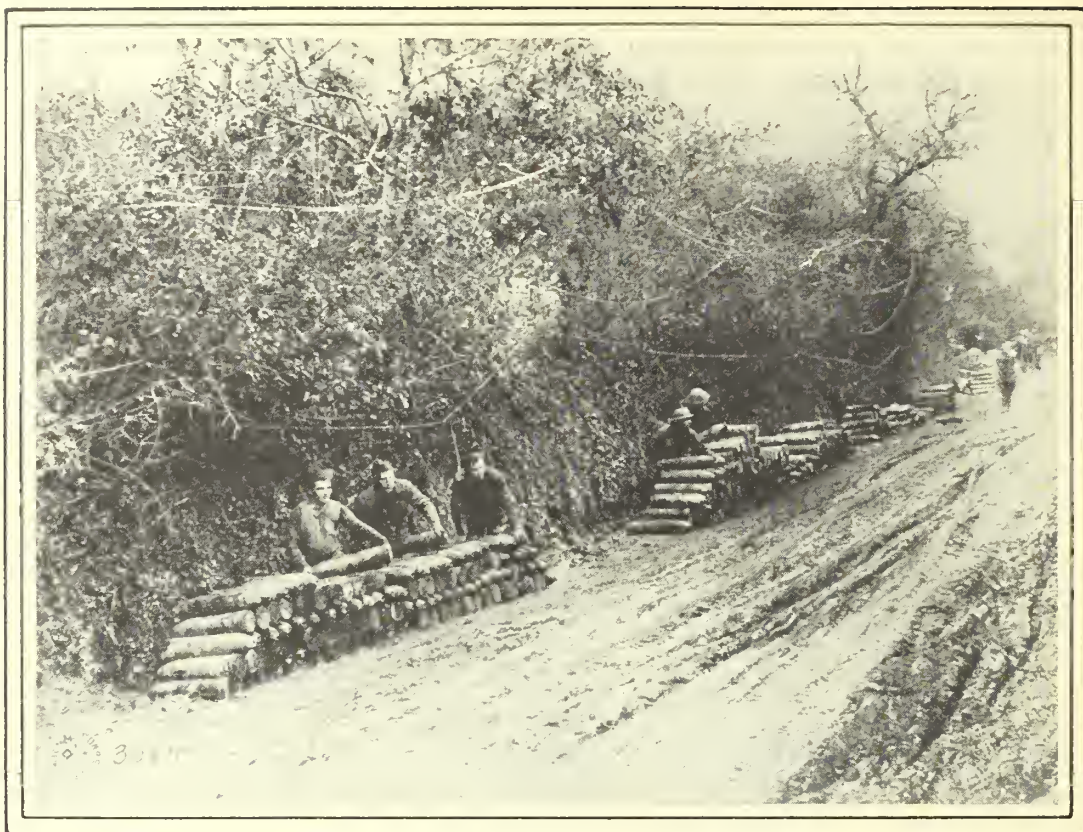
I propose to write on this feature of our warfare in three articles, the first two dealing with the nature of the Argonne and the cause of its fame in war, the others dealing with examples of its effect upon campaigns in the past and during the decisive American actions of ten years ago.

A man going from Paris eastward, by the shortest road, to reach the frontiers of German speech and at last the Rhine comes somewhat before the end of his first hundred miles upon a wide rolling plain a long day's march and more across.

Hitherto he has been following the valley of the Marne, going upstream. It is a fertile, prosperous and well-populated piece of country, among the wealthiest in Europe. But he arrives at a point where the way upstream turns southward. To continue his advance towards the east he must cross the river, and in doing so he discovers before him this vast undulating stretch, very bare, seemingly unpeopled and shaped in long waves of surface like that of a sea. No forest trees are to be seen, but here and there small regular plantations of short pines, the experiment of quite modern times; for centuries the expanse lay bare, with nothing to diversify its continual succession of shallow dips and long broad swells of rise save a few very scattered hamlets each far from its neighbor.

The soil is ungrateful—a mixture of clayey chalk, in which the few small streams run a thick and dirty white, through soil very difficult to pass in wet weather, being turned into deep adhesive mud; in the heats it is one layer of powdery gray dust. Most of it will grow nothing save these new plantations of small pine and a sparse coarse grass of little service for pasture. Here and there, where the villages have grown up, there are pockets of slightly better land which, with difficulty, will grow a thin crop, but the whole stretch is impoverished and lonely, in striking contrast to the rich country the traveller has left behind him on coming out of Châlons where he crossed the Marne. It is called "the Champagne Pouilleuse", that is, "the dusty campaign".

On this great open plain the fate of Western Europe has been decided in its gravest moments. It was here that Attila was defeated fifteen hundred years ago in the gigantic battle which saved our civilization from the barbarism of Asia. It was here that the first French Republic checked the invasion of those who would have destroyed it. It is here that Foch found the break in



The ARGONNE

By Hilaire

the German line during that first week of September, 1914, compelled its retreat and turned the Great War

into a mighty siege that lasted well into the autumn of 1918.

Why does this plain play such a part in history?

To answer that question, note, as you go forward across the wide emptiness, a line along the eastern horizon before you, faint like a cloud, low and level. It is the Argonne: that seemingly insignificant ridge of wooded clay which has affected all history because it has presented the chief obstacle between northern France and the central Rhine. The difficult passage of it has given time for the defence to rally and has so decided the course of nations.

To appreciate this we must consider carefully what a Military Obstacle means.

The story of mankind is affected and conditioned by, though not caused by, the material surroundings of man.

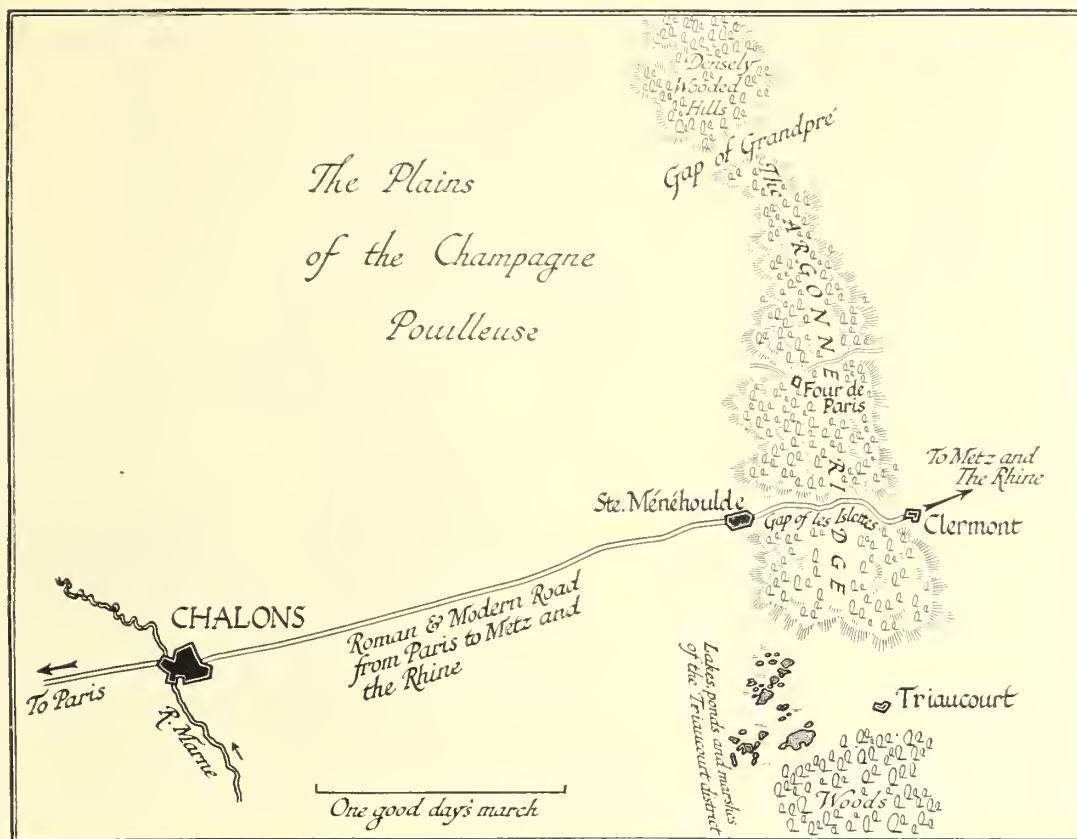
A province of human life into which the material surroundings must prominently enter is the military province—that of warfare.

In the long story of human conflict, the material surroundings of the combatants—that is, the topography of the land over which they have to act—is conditioned by two opposite and converse factors: the Avenue of Approach, and the Obstacle.

For instance, a belt of sea is both an Avenue of Approach and an Obstacle: across it armies can be conducted for attack, yet the defence can rely upon the difficulty of such conducting. A river along the line of attack may, if there be transport along it, be an excellent Avenue of Approach; if it lie transverse to—that is, right across—the direction of the attack it becomes an Obstacle.

The definition of an Obstacle in military history is as follows: "When there appears, transverse to any normal line of approach, a belt such that passage across it exceeds in difficulty (that is, in expenditure of time) the average of the whole surrounding geographical conditions, we call that belt an Obstacle."

Thus, when between two well-cultivated plains, full of supplies for man and beast, and traversed by many roads, there runs a range of mountains over which only a few roads pass, all steep, and liable to interruption by special weather conditions, such as fog or snow less common on the plains, that range is an Obstacle.



The Argonne region and its environs. "That seemingly insignificant ridge of wooded clay has affected all history because it has presented the chief obstacle between northern France and the central Rhine"

plain before his enemy has concentrated, and he will have every chance of victory. But if there are only two roads over the hills, on to which five each of these ten roads of the plain converge, then there is an Obstacle. The pace of the whole force is delayed, and the element of surprise is diminished. It is delayed by the necessity it is under of turning its five columns into one and letting the various parts file forward one in front of the other, a manœuvre which involves a check and loss of time.

Again, on the far side of the range of hills, when the army has got over to the further plain, it must deploy to fight, and if there are only a

in HISTORY

Belloc

In the same way a deep river lying across the natural path of an army is an Obstacle; it can only be crossed by permanent bridges, if such bridges there are, or by the use of boats special to the occasion, or pontoons, or by the construction of temporary bridges. A belt of desert is an Obstacle; still more a belt of marsh, the former only to be traversed, if it be more than a certain width, by special lines joining wells or by the carrying of a special water supply, the latter only by causeways.

All this is obvious enough, but it must be stated quite clearly as a first principle in order to understand the consequences which follow.

An army, following an Avenue of Approach and coming upon an Obstacle, suffers the following inconveniences, lowering for the time its value as a striking force:

(1) It cannot deploy until the Obstacle is passed. Now no army can fight until it is deployed. An army in the act of advance, i.e., in column, is helpless. If it is caught and struck while it is still in column, by an enemy force, deployed, and ready for fighting, it can be annihilated. That is what happened (for instance) to the Romans at Trasimene; they were marching in column along the north of the lake between the hills and the water, when Hannibal's army, already drawn up in line for the fighting, out of their view, struck down the slopes at their long file of men, wagons and horses, before it had time to face round left, at right angles, and organize as a line. It was therefore wiped out.

(2) An army through an Obstacle suffers delay. For, by the definition of an Obstacle, you can only get an army across it through few and special Avenues of Approach.

Supposing, for instance, that you have one hundred thousand men, and they are marching in columns of ten thousand men each, along ten parallel roads, through a country well provided with roads. They are going to attack, and try to surprise, an enemy lying beyond a range of hills. If that range of hills is not steep, has ten good roads across it corresponding to the ten good roads of the advance over the plain, then there is no grave Obstacle, and no appreciable effect of delay. If the strategist commanding the attacking army has managed to get forward before his enemy hears of his advance, he will get beyond the hills into the further

few passes, say two, on to which the ten roads of the thither side converge, and from which the ten roads of the hither side diverge, then, until the long double line of the army is got over the hills, and can begin to use the more numerous roads on the further side, it is cramped in its power of deployment. While it is crossing the hills by the two only passes, it is in two very long columns of fifty thousand men each, which would take a long time to deploy, even if the ground were suitable. Only when it is right down on the further plains again and divided once more into ten marching columns of ten thousand men each can it deploy rapidly, each column of ten thousand men spreading out quickly from right to left, and forming a line in much less than one-fifth of the time that two columns of fifty thousand men would take.

It is a further consequence of the nature of an Obstacle that a smaller force can stand upon the defensive against a larger one in the "defiles" of the Obstacle, that is, in the comparatively few Avenues of Advance, on to which the larger number of Avenues of Advance concentrate in order to cross the Obstacle.

For instance, for many centuries the only bridge across the lower part of the River Thames in England was London Bridge, and on to this bridge concentrated from the northern side four Roman roads, one from the North-East, from the Essex and Norfolk coasts, one the great road from Northern England straight down south, one the great North-Western road, from Chester, which was the main road from Ireland and from Wales, and one the Western road to the Bristol Channel and all that side of the country. Unless you used London Bridge for crossing the river, you had either to cross by boats, the delay in providing which checked your advance, or to build a special bridge for the occasion to cross the broad stream, or to throw over pontoons. Normal armies would converge upon London Bridge from many directions. But it is clear that even a small force holding what is technically called the "bridge-head" on the northern bank could check this convergence in detail. Anyone holding London, which lay on the north side of the stream, with, say, twenty thousand men, could meet and defeat ten thousand coming by one of the four roads and then ten thousand coming by another, and so forth; unless the advancing armies exactly timed themselves so as to attack all at once, the defence of the bridge-head, though inferior to the total numbers of the attack, would succeed by (Continued on page 61)



SUSPECT

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

Illustrations by Lee Townsend

*F*RED GRIER was a Harvard graduate, danced well,

was expert at bridge, and was not opinionated. He was also tall and had a humorous, friendly smile.

So, when Nina Coleman asked her brother Ben to bring down "somebody" from the R. O. T. C. for dinner Saturday night, he asked Fred.

Nina, and her friend Betty Eldredge were agreed on the excellence of his choice. Mr. Grier had such nice manners—rather uncommon in 1917; and he had a shy deference equally unusual.

After a week in barracks, the young men were appreciative of the broiled chicken, and found it agreeable, afterwards, to recline in softly upholstered chairs, heedless of the morrow's grooming.

They talked about the war, of course, and Nina hoped the Hun would be passed under the yoke. "They're on the run, now!" she exclaimed exultantly.

"It'll be all over before we get there," said her brother regretfully. Then his fists clenched. "It'll be a darn shame if we quit before we've taught them their lesson."

Nina observed that Mr. Grier seemed unmoved. His fists did not clench. "Aren't you afraid they'll sue for peace?" she asked.

His negative was rather surprisingly emphatic.

Her gentle lips hardened. "I don't think it ought to stop till every one of them's been killed. Then they'd understand."

Mr. Grier puffed slowly at his pipe. "But if they were all dead . . . how could they understand?"

"They ought to be exterminated, like—like snakes!" cried Betty, a fragile little creature with a silky voice.

Mr. Grier looked doubtful. "Would that be—enough?"

"What would be left?" laughed Ben.

"Well . . ." Mr. Grier seemed to fumble for words. "There'd be the thing that made them."

Nina's black eyes snapped. "I'll never speak to a German as long as I live!"

"And I'll never buy anything made in Germany!" added Betty, with the solemnity of a ritual.

Nina's gaze was on Mr. Grier. "Don't you feel that way? Would you ever have anything to do with a German?"

He stirred uncomfortably. "Well—yes. You see, I want to go back to Germany some time."

"Fred plays the violin," explained Ben hastily. "He—he studied in Germany."

For a moment there was no sound but the sizzle of the little alcohol lamp under the chafing dish. "Don't you think Germany ought to have a taste of what she gave Belgium?" Nina asked coldly.

"Would that do any particular good?"

"Don't you want to see the Boche punished?" demanded Betty relentlessly.

He looked helplessly from one to the other. "No," he said, "I don't think I do."

There was a much longer silence, with Ben trying to think of



Nina and her friend Betty agreed that Ben's friend Mr. Grier of the R. O. T. C. was excellent. He had such nice manners . . . rather uncommon in 1917

some way to turn the conversation "Let's play bridge," he suggested.

But Betty's lips were set. "Don't you think the Germans have been beastly?"

Grier looked at his hands. "Some—yes."

Nina looked at him, and her gaze was perplexed. "They started the war, didn't they?"

Grier flushed. "I—don't know," he said hesitantly. "I—I don't think so."

They didn't discuss the war any more after that. They didn't discuss much of anything. There were long pauses, and Ben was relieved when the hall clock chimed ten. "Got to think of reveille," he said, rising. "Stable duty tomorrow."

"There's something queer about that man," whispered Nina when the front door had closed on Ben and his friend. "I felt it the minute I saw him."

Betty agreed in an awed voice. "He as much said he hoped Germany would win."

NEXT day, at a luncheon, when the talk was of German spies, and everyone was quite tense, Betty, in the strictest confidence, told the strange tale of Mr. Grier. "He thinks the war was forced on the Germans," she said. "He doesn't think we ought to be in it."

"His name certainly sounds German," said Nina, "and Ben says he spent most of his life in Germany."

One of the luncheon guests went on later to a tea, where she held everyone spellbound as she told how she had it, on the best of authority, that Fort Bainbridge was honeycombed with spies.

Nina's father was busy all day. But when the bank closed, he went over to his club for a committee meeting of the volunteer Secret Service. This rather cut into his afternoon: but it was a period when everyone had to give until it hurt, and he did not begrudge the sacrifice. After all, he reflected, the boys in France were gambling their lives in the fight against autocracy, and it

was the plain duty of every loyal citizen to give them 100 per cent co-operation.

A number of volunteers had reports to make, and Mr. Coleman regretted his own silence. At first he could think of nothing to say. Then he recalled what his daughter had told him at breakfast. "There is enemy activity in our training camps," he said portentously. "I have located one individual whose behavior is most suspicious."

His auditors pressed for details. These, unfortunately, he had forgotten. But he did remember the young man's name.

It was agreed that Washington should be advised at once, and a long telegram, in code, was dispatched. Mr. Coleman walked home that evening in a proud glow, and the tears stood in his eyes as he halted, hat on breast, for a company of soldiers to pass.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Grier was occupied with the F. A. D. R., the diseases of the horse, how to fold a blanket, wig-wag, the computation of deflection, the treatment of blisters, the buzzer code and a lot of other important little details that go with soldiering.

One day, when he was just beginning to feel a faint glimmer of understanding, he was marched, with several hundred comrades, into a large hall, and given a document authorizing him to buy silver ornaments for his collar and shoulders.

Two weeks later, he was on a ship. And three months after that, he found himself up to his knees in mud, practising what had been preached to him.

It was very unpleasant weather. Back at regimental headquarters, the adjutant sat at his table, going through the mail. The wind howled a shrill obligato to a distant rumble. The icy rain dripped monotonously on the galvanized iron roof, and thence, through many holes, down the adjutant's neck.

His cursing rose crescendo, as he fingered the documents the sergeant-major had brought. "If we had as many guns as typewriters, this war would have been (Continued on page 78)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

1918—St. Mihiel—1928

This morning our troops operating in the St. Mihiel sector made considerable gains. Assisted by French units they broke the enemy's resistance and advanced at some points to a depth of five miles. We have counted 8,000 prisoners up to the present. The operation is still in progress.—*Official American communiqué, Sept. 12, 1918.*

In the St. Mihiel sector we have achieved further successes. The junction of our troops advancing from the south of the sector with those advancing from the west has given us possession of the whole salient to points twelve miles northeast of St. Mihiel and has resulted in the capture of many prisoners. Forced back by our steady advance the enemy is retiring and is destroying large quantities of material as he goes. The number of prisoners counted has risen to 13,300.—*Official American communiqué, Sept. 13, 1918.*

FROM the standpoint of the doughboy, St. Mihiel was by far the easiest bout the A. E. F. took on. After Soissons and the Ourcq this one-day affair seemed a promenade-victory rather than a battle; and the hard mill of the Meuse-Argonne just afterward made the conquest of the Salient fade into memory as something hardly more strenuous than a divisional maneuver. Divisional histories record it in much this spirit—and in point of fact the overwhelming superiority of numbers and morale on our side made the thing a foregone conclusion. On a rough average, each German regiment along the fronts of attack had to stand up against a full American division, and at these odds there was little standing to be expected.

At the last minute the German infantry in line saw their last chance thrown away by the bungling of their own command. The Army Group at Metz was fairly sure of what was impending, and no less sure that the thing to do was to pull out first—before the lightning could strike. Ludendorff and his headquarters, on the other hand, would not agree that a strong offensive was imminent, and refused to admit in any case that there was anything dangerous in an American effort. This pulling and hauling between the two played into our hands almost as effectively as our own careful preparations. The German infantry saw their artillery begin pulling out while they themselves were still left in position—and thereupon the four hours of firework-darkness of our artillery preparation explained clearly to them what was coming. Pinned to the ground and rapidly overridden, it was hardly surprising that they put up no last-ditch proceedings for the sake of appearances: and Ludendorff himself goes to the unusual length of accepting some of the blame for what had happened:

"I was dissatisfied with myself, but also with the local command."

He had every reason for his dissatisfaction. For more than a year the retirement-according-to-plan had been held ready against just such a contingency; and the necessity of concentrating half a million American troops rapidly had given ample warning of the universal secret. Yet in the end he had lost not only the Salient but most of its garrison. Without being able to make the assailant pay the price, the battalions in line had been promptly gathered in, while the remainders of their divisions (at a time when Ludendorff had no divisions to spare) had escaped in a shattered and disorganized condition. The A. E. F. was out not only to gain the Salient but to score a resounding success for exhibition purposes—and the German Command could hardly have helped out better.

Time was, however, when the thing had not appeared so simple, and the ease with which it was finally done has ended in giving a rather false historical perspective. For a full year before September, 1918, the A. E. F. had been dutifully listening to French warnings in regard to these impregnable enemy positions. Our own divisions that had quiet-sectored under the eye of Montsec had some reasons of their own for accepting the tradition; and more than once, even at this late stage of the war, the enemy had shown his teeth sharply at these over-inquisitive American outfits that had butted into the war uninvited. As the time for the attack drew near, the French in sector made no bones about their disapproval of the undertaking. Over all the front now to be attacked they had tried their hands at pinching out the Salient during the first year of the war. Les Eparges, the Tranchée de Calonne, Apremont, Seicheprey and the Bois le Prêtre all had left their mark indelibly on poilu memories, and even the youngest recruits found a convincing argument in the cemeteries and shell-cratered areas around the Salient. There was, after all, nothing imaginary about the wire and trenches that would have to be dealt with, and in too many places the enemy did have all the advantage of the ground. The French Corps and Army Headquarters in this region, from long staying put, had religiously preserved the tradition of the failures of 1915; after three years of it they had come really to look upon the Salient as an impregnable fortress. They had not seen face to face a 1918 offensive of the new model, the type which swept away whole series of trench systems at a single stride; and still less could they take seriously the idea that untried American commands could produce any such bag of tricks. To be quite candid, plenty of Americans had similar doubts about the matter; the difference was that



LOUD SPEAKERS, OLD AND NEW STYLE

even the doubting American was eager to take a chance.

It is only fair to remember that these same French units in sector were called upon abundantly for assistance, and gave it. Without their co-operation our preparations could never have been completed by the day set; they contributed a large share of our resources in the affair; and at least two French divisions took a very lively hand in the assault. But before the event, nevertheless, a large proportion of them were skeptical, reluctant, and even disgruntled at being involved in this experiment on the part of their youthful allies. One listened to ominous reminders of the danger of disaster now that the secret had leaked out. Once again we heard the old warnings of ugly corners in the enemy defenses; of the impassable tangle of woods beyond; of the mess that would develop once the enemy launched heavy counter-attacks on the inexperienced doughboy.

In less than twenty-four hours this whole mentality vanished forever. On September 13th those who had taken the most I-told-you-so attitude were already shrugging their shoulders at how easy it was to beat the Boche; and a few days later a free excursion from a neighboring French Army brought down some hundreds of non-commissioned officers to observe how easily a complete lay-out of wire and trenches could be crossed without having been churned to pieces by days of artillery preparation.

Only—in this part of France at least—it had been left to the inexperienced doughboy to make the discovery. Henceforth there was no doubt that he could do the thing again whenever called on—and this after all was the main thing accomplished at St. Mihiel. Quite as a matter of course, only a few days later, our allies watched these same troops march off to set going the far more difficult proposition of the Meuse-Argonne.



Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd (front and center) photographed with other officers at the wartime U. S. naval aviation station at Halifax. Violet lies in the foreground. Mr. Clark, the author of this article, is third from the left in the quartette standing between the porch uprights

Shipmates with BYRD

By STETSON CLARK

HERE'S my old shipmate . . . "The tones were clear and well modulated. The voice had a faint southern accent. Yes, sure enough, it was Dick Byrd.

He has been getting so famous with his airplane trips over the North Pole and across the Atlantic that I had half expected to find, instead of him—well, let's say Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd.

But he hadn't changed at all. He was standing just as he used to in a little hencoop of a structure which served as the bridge on our land-going ship at Halifax—leaning slightly forward as Annapolis men have a way of doing, poised.

One of the jobs he was given during the war was to establish a naval air station at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The plan was eventually to turn it over to our allies, the Canadians. The Armistice came just on the eve of the accomplishment of this purpose. I had been out with a convoy or two from Brest as an observation balloon pilot, and had been ordered to Washington for special duty. Halifax proved to be the place. I wasn't much pleased. After my hitch overseas I had hoped for something nearer home. But I soon found at Halifax a rather exceptional commanding officer. We addressed him as Captain, of course, as the commanding officer of a ship or naval station is always called, regardless of his rank—he was lieutenant commander at that time. But we usually referred to him in conversation, and thought of him, as Dick Byrd. And when I met him

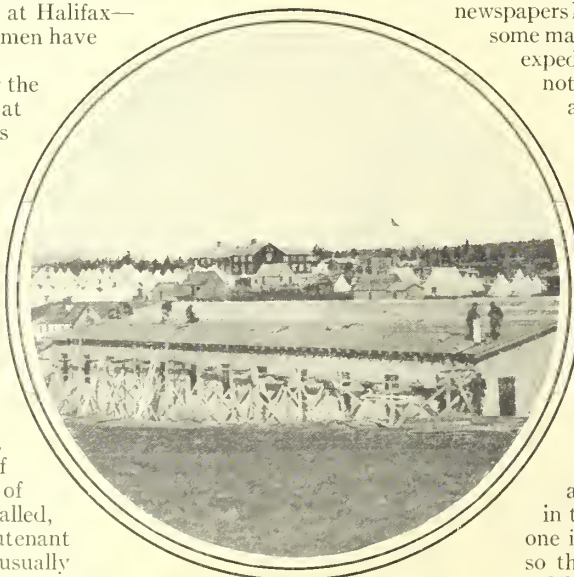
again in New York the other day, for the first time since the war, even after so long, it was hard to realize this was the man who had

flown over the North Pole and the Atlantic with Dick Byrd himself in front of me. He has too much personality to make it easy to think of him as a personage.

He had just returned from giving an extra program morning lecture. And a representative of one of the New York newspapers had come back to the hotel with him to get some material for a special about his South Polar expedition. That was a piece of luck. There is nothing like an opportunity to watch an old acquaintance before having to talk with him. Some meanings are conveyed so much better by a smile or a gesture than by any quantity of words.

They were building up, these two—for Byrd was entering into the spirit of the thing as eagerly as his interviewer—a story on the whimsical theme of how well the Eskimos he is planning to take with him will like the Antarctic. Seals, one of their standard sources of food, I learned, would be much easier to catch. It seems that in the Antarctic, because of the absence of polar bears or other natural enemies, they are entirely without fear. By contrast, in the North, in order to get anywhere near one it is necessary to creep up on all fours so that he will think you are another seal.

Then there are the penguins. They, he explained, are not only without fear, but down-



Naval aviation station at Halifax

right cordial and polite. They flap their little wings and waddle toward one, bowing at every few steps. And he made little bowing motions with his head to indicate how they do it. I thought of the captain's dog at Halifax, Violet. Violet was just the name that you would expect for such a dog owned by such a master. Only a person with a sense of humor could understand the appropriateness of the name.

Violet was a Great Dane. He stood waist high, and had a voice like a lion. It was best not to be too familiar with Violet, because, in spite of his size, Violet had the same way of demonstrating his affection as any other dog, namely, jumping up on you. And you had to see him coming and have a stout pair of sea legs or he would bowl you over. And then what would the beast do after he had you down but lap you with a tongue that seemed as big as a bath towel.

My old skipper smiled when I mentioned Violet. "He always wanted to fly," he said.

It would, of course, have been as much as a pilot's life was worth to have a behemoth like Violet in the cockpit with him. He wasn't even allowed in the hangars after he had climbed up onto the planes and walked out on the wings a couple of times and demonstrated the penetrability of air-plane fabric under one hundred and fifty pounds of dogflesh. There were lots of places where Violet wasn't wanted. He was so big.

And since Violet has been mentioned it will be necessary to say something about Oscar. Oscar was more of a typical naval station dog, small, short-haired, black and white, as I remember him. He could generally be found hanging around the galley on the lookout for favors from the cooks, or around the hangars, with an eye out for a hop. That was Oscar's great distinction. He had cultivated a taste for flying and, unlike poor Violet, was small enough so he could. He owed most of his time in the air to a pilot of beloved memory, Arthur Dietrich.

But it was time for lunch. And we adjourned below for refreshments; not to the grill, but to a soda fountain and light lunch place conveniently connected to the lobby. The commander's order was a malted milk with egg—made in accordance with specifications that the waitress was already familiar with—French bread, and a head of lettuce without dressing. It was all he had time to eat, he explained. But I don't recall that he ever did have time to eat very much. We sat down side by side on a wall seat 'midst the excited whispers of two young women at the next table.

"Pretty hectic life you're leading nowadays," I ventured.

"Yes," he said, "and the price isn't worth the candle, either. I haven't been to bed since I can remember before two o'clock. Three weeks behind in my correspondence. Never see my friends any more." And then, after a pause, "When I get done with this, I'm through with this sort of thing."

I wonder . . . Adventure is an old, old flame of Byrd's. I am sure of one thing, should he get back safely from the South Pole. The danger element won't deter him from continuing his exploits. They go back at least as far as that time when as a twelve-year-old boy he set out alone on a trip around the world. And I have my serious doubts if that was his first adventure. I am not sure that there is such a thing as danger for him. He may be one of those individuals who seem to lead a charmed life. In our interview he mentioned a strange coincidence that gave me this thought.

Byrd was to have been navigator on the proposed trans-Atlantic flight to this country of the ZR-2, which blew up at Hull, England, while on a preliminary practise cruise. He had waited for the detail for two years. For it was promised him in 1919, he told me, as compensation for his partial disappointment in the



Legionnaire Byrd, following the accident that injured him and the late Floyd Bennett and almost put a stop to the America's trans-Atlantic flight, broadcasting a tribute to Lieutenant Commander Noël Davis and Lieutenant Stanton H. Wooster following their death in the wreck of the plane American Legion. In oval, Byrd as an ensign

NC boat venture of that year, as will presently appear. But as luck would have it he had missed the train to the place of starting. Howden, and so was not aboard the ZR-2 on this particular occasion.

The ship fell into the river. Forty-four were killed, seventeen of them Americans, and only five escaped. One of the victims was Commander Louis H. Maxfield. He was to have had charge of the voyage. He had been in command of the naval station at Pensacola and later on at Painboeuf, France. Byrd was not at Pensacola when Maxfield was there. But they had been shipmates and good friends in the Navy Department at Washington before the detachment went over to get the ZR-2 ready. Another name on the list of fatalities was that of a former commanding officer of mine, Lieutenant Commander Emery W. Coil.

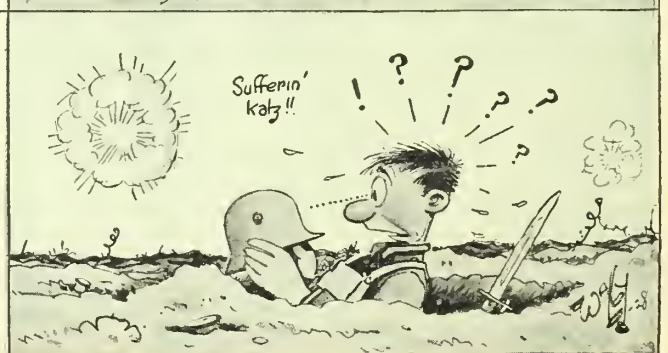
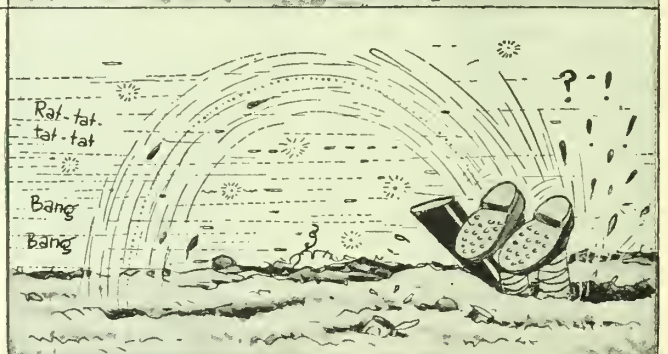
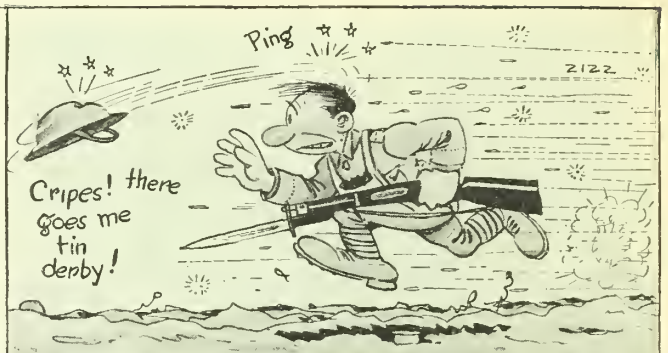
But while adventure seems to be Byrd's profession, and, so far, he has always been even more than ready when she has beckoned, it must not be thought that he is the sort who rushes into things blindly. He prepares for his adventures as carefully as a good lawyer prepares his brief for a case in court. The development of his important scientific contribution to aviation, for example, the bubble sextant, navigation's instrument for determining latitude and longitude, was only brought about by long and patient effort on his part. Experiments and tests made at Halifax played a considerable part in it.

If you were looking for the captain at Halifax and he wasn't in the air or at headquarters, it was often a good guess that he had gone down to "the point" to "test" (Continued on page 52)

SOUVENIR DE GUERRE

A Study in What The Well-Dressed Man Will Wear

By Waligren



❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

SEPTEMBER! Children back in school; some going for the first time; others a year older, proudly up a grade. If you have children of your own, you know. If not, you are an outsider with more time to talk about how to bring young ones up properly than those who have the job. And you might consider as a citizen that five million of the thirty million American children of school age are not enrolled.

The Biggest Army Marches

THE FATHER WHO looks back to the days when he was single on service pay realizes now what absence meant to the man who left a family behind him. What a difference children make! No story so fascinating as watching them change and grow. They are your top-kicks now, hostages to happy fortune who keep you working for the greatest cause of all.

Who is Top-Kick?

YOUNG EYES ALWAYS WATCHING. Children often know their parents better than parents know them. Their eager questions are those of young minds expanding. They are quick to see inconsistencies. When the child who has been taught patriotism in school and heard parental growling at the way the government is run and asks, "Aren't you going to vote?"—Well, your vote concerns the child's future.

By Your Example

OILS OR MINERALS all the way to China under the ground you own are yours. How far up is the air yours? A Worcester, Mass., man seeks an injunction to prevent flying over his property in the "lower stratum" of the air. Just how deep is that, and what are his rights? It looks as if the United States Supreme Court will have to decide this issue of the flying age as a precedent.

Who Owns The Air?

AN AMAZING EXPEDITION, Commander Byrd's to the Antarctic. Infinite detail of preparation, all required for that battle through the long winter. Far more forbidding the South than the North Polar regions. Planes have to fly over a plateau, 10,000 feet high, of endless ice hummocks. Thermometer often 75 degrees below. Earth winds so strong that a man cannot stand up against them, often cannot crawl against them; and often so thick with snow that one man cannot see another a yard away. Byrd is asking for it, and knows what he is asking for. Skill, cool head, care against

the risks. Tried veteran Bernt Balchen with him, fifty men in all for thorough exploration. Nothing that man will not dare to make world thrill, it seems; but the real secret is man's love of power, of mastery of the elements, of daring and learning the unknown.

TWO STRONG PERSONALITIES, very distinct and different, for President in a campaign which we are happily promised will be free from personalities.

The Two Candidates

Both in the prime of life, fit to bear the strain of the greatest office. If the appeal of their frank discussion of the issues, which we desire, does not bring out a full vote then something is wrong with American citizens.

WHILE NATIONS ARE getting together to stop war they might find time for a chore in saving the whale. Hugest of animals, romance attaches to him by sea as to the elephant by land. Modern organized methods of the hunt are exterminating him. And so, an end of the wealth this servant of man makes out of his diet of useless tiny sea life.

Fair Play For the Whale

THOSE WHO SERVED in the Navy—and do not forget that they were also in the War—are writing in to know where they can get the official history by Captain Knox of naval operations in '17-'18 which I recently mentioned. It is free while the supply lasts. No guff—brief, matter of fact, a mighty record. Write to the Bureau of Records, Navy Department, Washington.

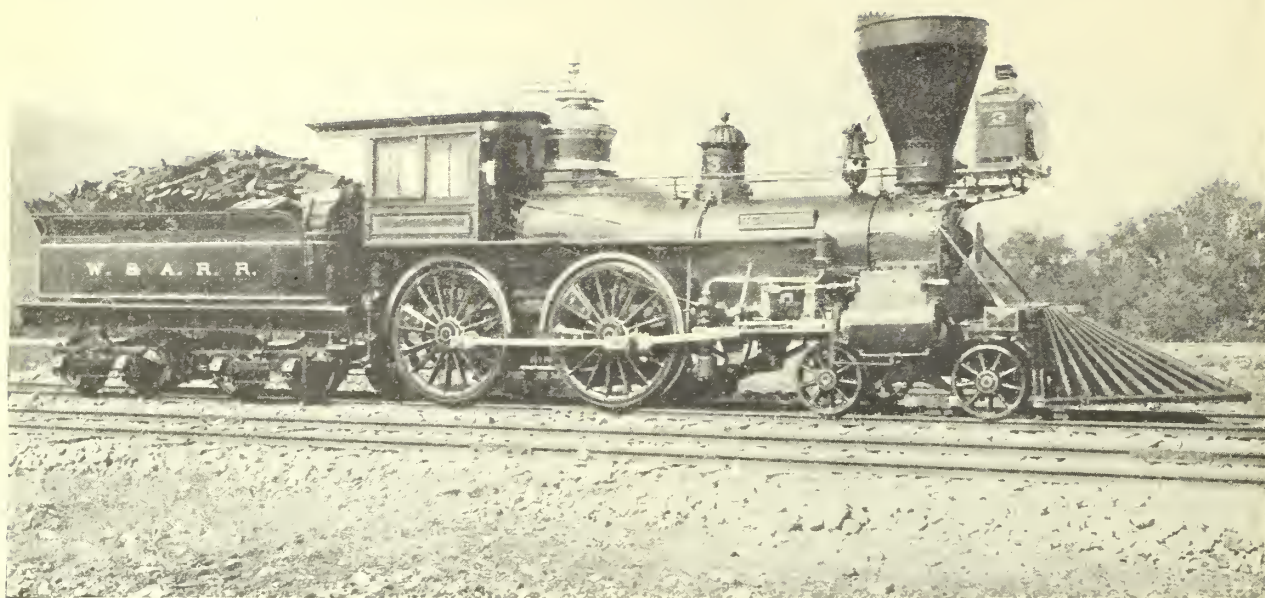
Where to Get It

C. T. B., of INDIANAPOLIS, suggests that all ex-service men wear the Victory button, "so we may quickly identify each other and the worker in the coming campaign. Then the public will not be able to say he is working politically for the Legion." Join the Legion and one button will do. Nobody is working politically for the Legion; nothing political in working for it as the Legion.

Wearing the Button

"WHY CAN'T WE be fair to the 'Y'?" asks R. B. D. of Casper, Wyoming. "Could we not in justice have an article somewhere, sometime, giving the facts now that antipathies are forgotten? The Y. M. C. A. has been bludgeoned enough. The amount which this organization received and spent was staggering. The number of free hand gifts was (Continued on page 75)

Here is Luck To Byrd



The General, the most famous locomotive in American history, as it looks today. It is on exhibition in a railroad station in Chattanooga and is got out and run on grand occasions

ON SUNDAY evening, the sixth of April, 1862, a tall, carefully dressed civilian with a heavy black beard and the inflection of the South in his speech presented himself to the pickets of Mitchel's Division, encamped near Shelbyville, Tennessee. His papers were in order and he was admitted.

General Mitchel and the spy sat down over a map, and it was daylight before they reached an agreement. The scheme the secret agent proposed was such that even a soldier so bold as Mitchel drew back. But step by step the civilian justified the proposal. Its audacity would promote its success, he said, and success would be worth any risk. General Mitchel's caller asked for thirty picked men from whom to make his personal selections, and at length Mitchel said he should have them.

That forenoon thirty volunteers were culled from the veteran Second, 21st and 33d Ohio Infantry Regiments, the colonels passing upon the qualifications of each man, who was told that a detail was being made up for duty involving great personal peril. General Mitchel, who was planning an offensive, took time to size up a few of the applicants himself. The chosen thirty were sent to Shelbyville that afternoon to buy civilian clothes and to report to J. J. Andrews, a tall man with a heavy beard and dressed so-and-so, who would be found on the streets of the town.

Shelbyville was full of soldiers, and the thirty made their purchases without exciting comment, as soldiers often laid off their uniforms when going home on furlough. J. J. Andrews was easily identified. He sauntered about the streets, frequently entering a store to take an apparently casual interest in a soldier who was buying clothes. In the course of the afternoon the thirty approached him, singly or in small groups, for they were generally unknown to one another. He would ask what they were to report to him for. The soldiers would say they did not know, or something of that sort. Andrews would ask them a few questions. Then in a casual tone he would say, "You may meet me tonight shortly after dark on the Wartrace Road a mile or so from town." To five or six he said, "There must be some mistake. I am not the man you are looking for."

Sergeant Major Ross and Corporal Pittenger were discussing their experience. "A mile or so from town" and "shortly after dark" seemed pretty vague. Ross asked his friend's opinion of this Andrews. "I answered with enthusiasm," the corporal related in after years. "The strong influence this singular man never failed to exert over those who were brought in contact with him was already at work. His pensive manner, his soft voice, not louder than a woman's, his grace and dignity made me at

The STOLEN

By Marquis

once declare him above the ordinary type of manhood.

He was more like a poet than an adventurer, but I would have trusted him to the end of the earth."

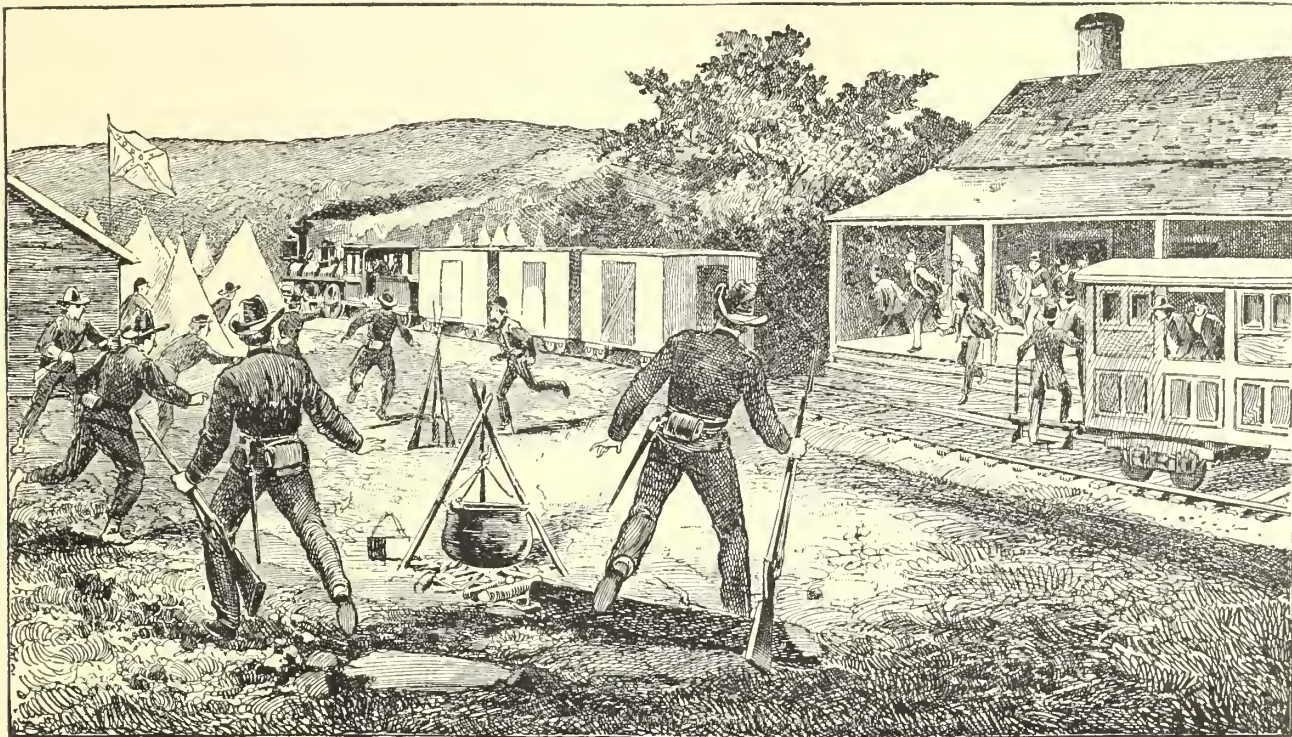
Ross agreed with this estimate. Their new leader interested them and they wanted to know more about him.

General Mitchel would have liked to know more about James J. Andrews, but all he knew or ever learned was that he was a good spy and described himself as a resident of Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Flemingsburg, Kentucky, was equally unsatisfied with the scope of its knowledge. Andrews had come there two years before the war—from Virginia, as he said, but he gave no particulars. Something about the man suggested an interesting past. Flemingsburg believed he "had a story."

Perhaps one person in Flemingsburg really knew. She was Elizabeth Layton, to whom Mr. Andrews, after a long courtship, had just become engaged. They were to be married in two months, and a part of the bargain was that Andrews should abandon his perilous profession as a Union spy. The service he had proposed to Mitchel was intended to be his last. It was calculated to reveal to the world where his true loyalties lay, for in the South Andrews was known as a confidential agent of the Confederate armies.

The night following the interviews at Shelbyville was pitch dark and the rain fell in sheets. Twenty-four men trudged through the mud of the Wartrace Road, singly or in small parties. Several of them were hopeless of meeting Andrews or anyone on such a night. Yet twenty-three of the twenty-four found him as readily as if they had had daylight and explicit directions to guide them. Andrews led them into a patch of woods near the road and began to speak in a quiet voice, stopping when the thunder was too loud for him to be heard distinctly.

He said that the expedition for which these men had volunteered would take them into the enemy's country in disguise, which meant that anyone detected would probably be hanged as a spy. Therefore any man might now withdraw. Mr. Andrews paused. No one withdrew, and in a few sentences the speaker outlined the undertaking. In bands of two to four, the party would proceed to Marietta, Georgia, in the heart of the Confederacy, arriving on Thursday, four days hence. The following morning they would capture the northbound mail train from



The capture of the train at Big Shanty, Georgia, in the presence of four Confederate regiments and a train-load of passengers, most of whom, with the train crew, had just sat down to their twenty-minute breakfast

RAILROAD TRAIN

James

Atlanta to Chattanooga and run it through to Bridgeport, Alabama, burning bridges behind them and rendering useless a hundred and thirty miles of railroad and telegraph. At Bridgeport the party would meet Mitchel in the course of his southward offensive. The destruction of these communications would paralyze the movement of Southern armies in the central west and embarrass Lee in Virginia.

"I shall be in Marietta with you or before you," said Mr. Andrews, "and there will tell each man what to do."

The route from Shelbyville to Marietta was long and difficult, and Andrews gave his men a few pointers on travel. The best thing to say, if questioned, would be that they were Kentuckians on their way to join the Southern army. But the men were to use their heads. They had been selected because they were that kind.

"But what if they take us at our word and insist that we enlist?"

"Oh, be looking for a special regiment that is some place else. But if diplomacy fails do not hesitate to enlist any place."

"What if they won't take us?"

"No danger about that," replied Andrews. "The difficulty is not to get in but to stay out of the rebel army."

Andrews distributed seven hundred dollars of Confederate money and shook hands with each man. "Goodby. Goodby, Sergeant. Marietta not later than five, Thursday afternoon. Move out, men. Not more than four together."

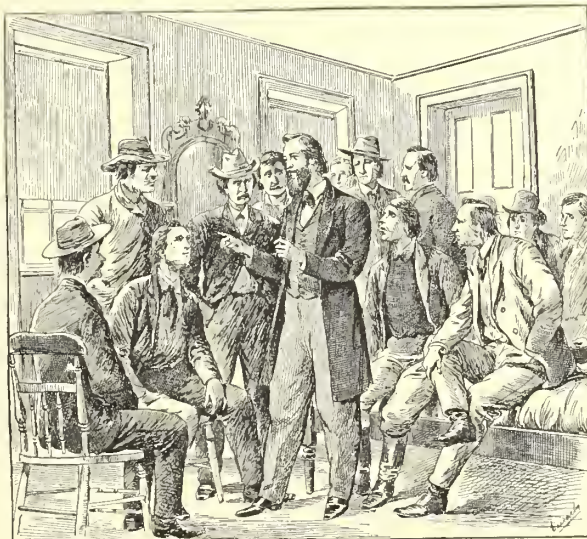
On the appointed Thursday—April 10, 1862—two of the twenty-three reached Marietta. They drilled about town until late and

went to bed uneasy. All day Friday they waited without a sign of one of their comrades, so far as they were able to recognize, the party having been together but once and then in the dark. The evening train from Chattanooga, however, brought Andrews and the remainder of his men, excepting two who were never heard from.

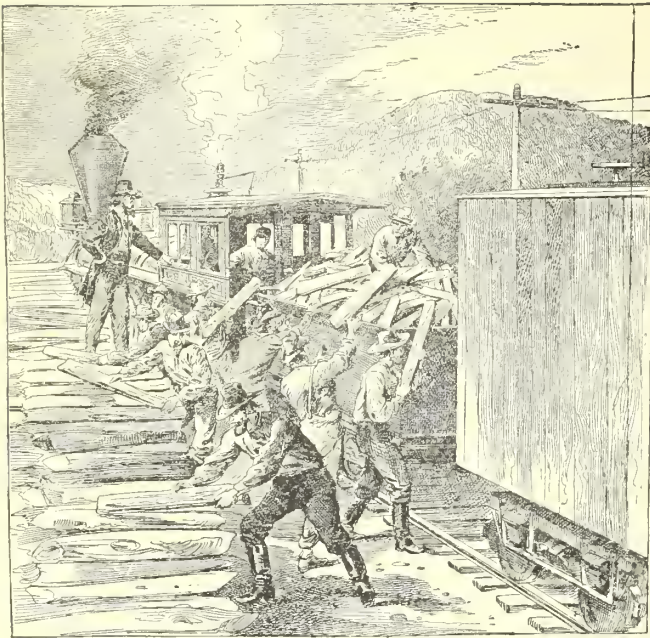
Incessant rain had made traveling very difficult. When the party had converged at Chattanooga to take the train for Marietta Mr. Andrews had passed the word that the raid should be postponed one day. Thus all but the two men who had outstripped their schedule by a few hours had lain over at Chattanooga. Andrews's reason for the delay was that he felt it better to run the captured train into Bridgeport a day late than to risk getting there ahead of Mitchel, whose advance Andrews figured would be retarded by the weather.

At Marietta the men slept in different hotels and met Andrews in his room at dawn for final instructions. As usual the leader did not waste a word. "Buy tickets to different points up the line. Take seats in the same car. When the train stops at Big Shanty for breakfast remain seated until I tell you to go. When the signal is given, if anybody interferes, shoot him."

The ranking soldier present was Sergeant Major Ross, whose courage was well known. Respectfully asking permission to speak, he suggested that the whole project be dropped or delayed pending a reconsideration of all of the factors involved. The delay of one day had altered everything, said Ross. Big Shanty was surrounded by troops; the line was congested by rolling stock being hurried out of Mitchel's reach; should Mitchel reach Bridgeport



The final conference of the raiders. The tall man with the beard is James J. Andrews, famous Federal spy, who conceived the project of capturing the train



The last stop for fuel, taken aboard when a pursuing engine had to put on the brakes to avoid a collision

on time, the raiders being a day late might miss him. Very courteously Mr. Andrews took up Ross's objections and dismissed them. He said the excitement caused by Mitchel's drive into Alabama would facilitate, not hinder, the flight of the fugitive train. "Boys," he concluded, "I will succeed in this or leave my bones in Dixie."

That was the nearest to an heroic speech that J. J. Andrews ever made. He closed his watch with a snap and picked up his tall silk hat. The depot was just across the street and there was just time to get there and buy tickets before the train came in.

An hour later Conductor Fuller walked through the coaches. Fuller was a wiry young fellow with a blond goatee and a steady gray eye.

"Big Shanty!" he called. "Twenty minutes for breakfast."

The sleepy passengers began to scramble toward the door. Mr. Andrews rose and motioned to Knight, who had been designated as engineer. The station was on the right side of the track. Four Georgia regiments were encamped on the left side and a bored sentry walked his post within a few feet of the cars. Andrews and Knight got off on the side next to the camp. They strolled forward and took a look at the engine. The cab was empty. Behind the tender were three empty freight cars. Andrews stopped beside the last one. "Uncouple here," he said to Knight and continued his stroll back to the coach where the others were waiting. Standing in the doorway Mr. Andrews said in an ordinary tone, "Come on, boys, it's time to go."

Brown and Wilson, the extra engineer and the firemen, swung off and darted for the locomotive. Knight was in the cab with his hand on the throttle. Andrews signaled the others to tumble into the box cars. All this was the work of probably twelve seconds. Knight pulled the throttle half way open. The wheels spun on the track but the train did not move. Then the wheels bit, and the engine, with the three box cars attached, shot forward with a bound that piled the box-car passengers in a heap.

They scurried to their feet to look from the doors and cheer. The start had been propitious beyond expectation. The picket, who was near enough to have used his bayonet, had stared in open-mouthed amazement—which was fortunate for him, as each of Andrews's men carried a cocked pistol in his coat.

The feeling of triumph was short-lived, however. Less than a mile from the Confederate camp the engine began to falter. This was strange, for this particular engine, the General, was rated one of the best on the Western & Atlantic road. But finally this excellent engine stopped dead. Andrews, who was in the cab, called to the men in the cars to cut the telegraph wires. No sooner had John Scott, the smallest man in the party, shinned up the telegraph pole than the trouble with the engine was located. The draft was shut off and the fire nearly out. Wood doused with oil remedied this and they were on their way again.

Nothing now, said Andrews, who was not given to strong statements, could defeat them. Cutting the wires at this point was an excess precaution made possible by the engine mishap. There was no telegraph station at Big Shanty and no need for cutting wires too soon. Pursuit would be a matter of hours. The nearest engines available for this purpose were at Atlanta on the south and Kingston on the north, each about thirty miles from Big Shanty. Three southbound trains from Chattanooga must be dealt with, but Andrews had figured that out. He would adhere to the regular time of the mail train until Kingston was reached, and pass the first of these trains, a local freight, there. After burning some eleven bridges beyond Kingston and keeping the wires cut to prevent word from getting ahead of them the raiders would skirt Chattanooga by means of the Y on the edge of town and dash westward into Alabama where Mitchel was.

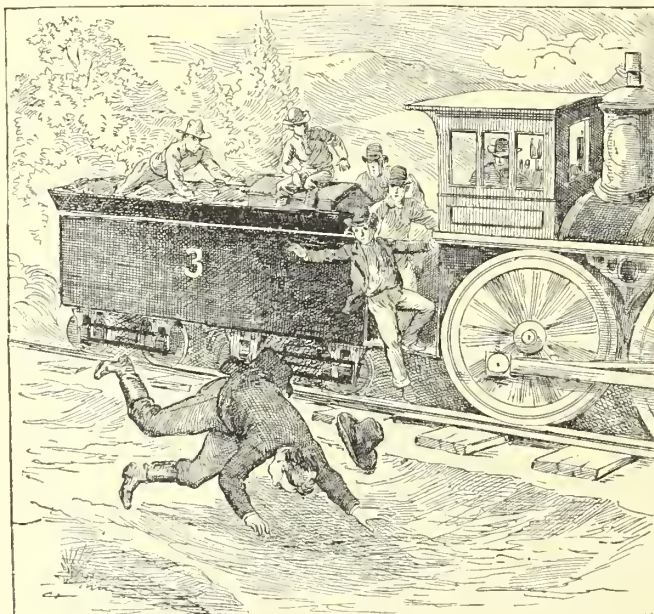
The schedule of the fast mail from Atlanta was sixteen miles an hour, and Andrews had difficulty in holding his engineers down to that speed. But the track was crooked and soft from the rains. The rails were light and worn by the constant travel of military trains. Moreover the local freight must be passed at Kingston, and it would be better to take it easy en route than to get to Kingston early and have to wait. So they jogged along, stopping to relieve a track repair gang of its tools and again to cut wires and lift a rail. The rail lifting was slow work, as the tools obtained were not the proper ones.

Half way to Kingston Andrews received a surprise. Slowing up for a private switch that led to the Etowah Iron Works, five miles off the main line, he saw a locomotive fired up, not forty feet from the main track. It was the veteran Yonah, owned by the iron works, and carefully as he had explored the road Andrews had not learned of its existence until now. Knight put on the brakes. "We had better get rid of that," he said. Andrews hesitated. "No," he said, "go ahead. It won't make any difference."

Andrews did not wish to risk a delay in meeting the freight at Kingston. Beyond Kingston he could destroy track and thwart pursuit by the Yonah as effectively as by attacking its crew and the iron works gang at the switch. The decision reveals an important difference in temperament between Andrews and his men. The men would have preferred to disable the Yonah

on the spot. They were soldiers, the pick of a first-class outfit, and accustomed to direct methods. Andrews's way was to avoid clashes and to finesse his way through tight places where the flick of an eye-lash might mean death.

Seven miles from Kingston was Cassville, a wood and water stop. The box-car doors were closed and the engine crew began to replenish the tender. The wood-yard foreman strolled up, curious to know about the small train running on the schedule of the morning mail, with the mail's locomotive but none of the regular hands. Mr. An-



The General is abandoned. Wood and oil exhausted, and three pursuing trains closing in, the adventurers leap for their lives and take to the woods

draws put on his silk hat in place of the cap he wore while the train was under way. This was a powder train, he said, running through to Beauregard, who was in a bad way for ammunition. The foreman wished the powder bearers luck.

Kingston was a good-sized town. The station was filled with people. The branch train to Rome was there, waiting for the Atlanta mail. Knight stopped alongside it and the Rome engineer called out, "What's up? Fuller's engine and none of his men on board."

"I have taken this train by government authority," said Andrews, "to run powder through to Beauregard." He waved his hand toward the box cars in which his men were shut up.

The local freight was late. Andrews could get no information beyond that. Five minutes passed. Ten, fifteen minutes. To the men in the dark box cars they seemed like hours.

Mr. Andrews walked up and down the station platform. One or two persons recognized him and saluted respectfully. He would stop and chat for a moment, belittling the alarming stories of Mitchel's advance into Alabama. People spoke of his poise in the face of the vexatious delay of his powder train.

Finally the freight came in. Andrews hastened to ask the conductor to pull up so the powder train could move out. The conductor was willing to oblige but indicated a red flag on the end of his train. Another train was behind, made up, the freight conductor said, of everything on wheels that could be gleaned out of the path of Mitchel's advance. "And where," asked the conductor, to whom ideas did not come swiftly, "did you say you were to deliver this powder to Beauregard?" "At Corinth, Mississippi," Andrews replied. "Why, you can't get through," said the conductor. "Mitchel is on the line at Huntsville." Andrews said he did not believe it, but the trainman said he knew, having just come from that way.

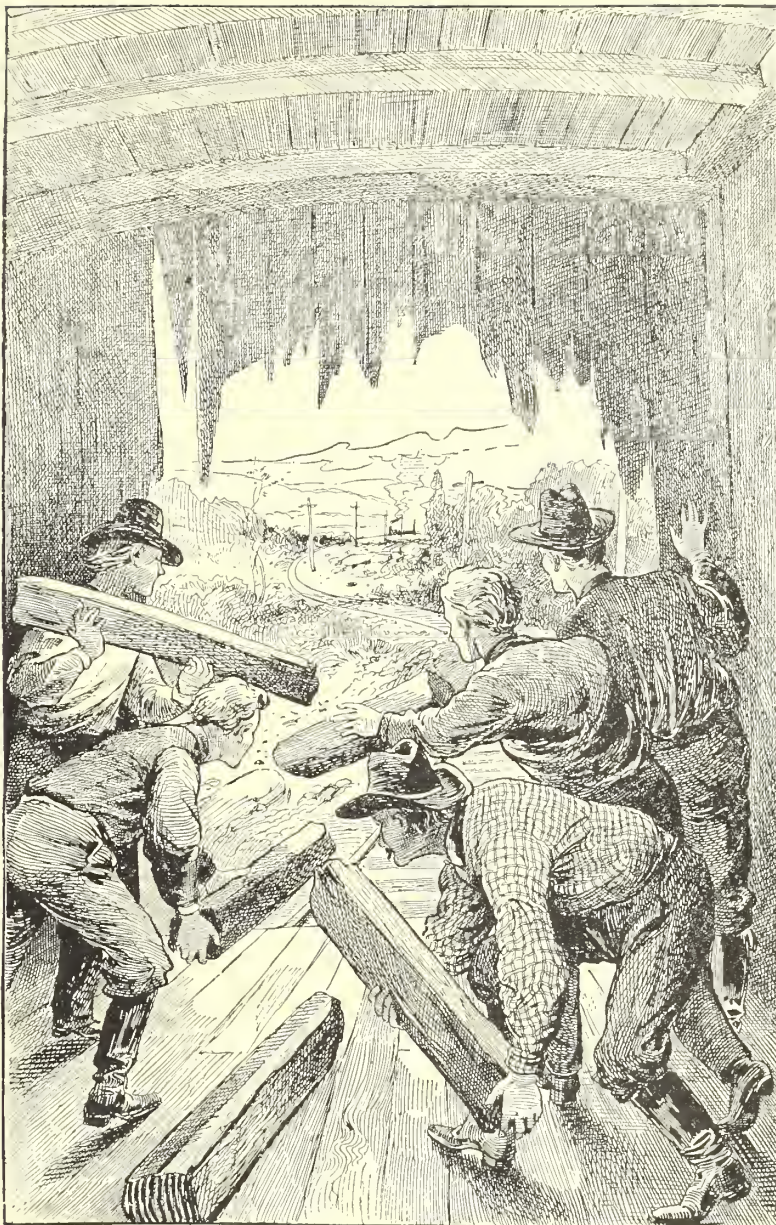
Twenty minutes, thirty minutes dragged by. Andrews patrolled the station platform within ear-shot of the telegraph key. With one hand he raised his tall hat in polite greeting. The other hand enclosed the butt of a pistol in the pocket of his long black coat. Any attempt to send a suspicious message and the telegraph operator would have been a dead man. Andrews told Knight to get word to the men in the cars to be ready to fight. But the freight conductor evidently thought that Andrews's business was Andrews's business, for he made no mention of the peculiarity of the powder train official's story.

Knight and his crew oiled their engine. An old switch tender, who had spent a lifetime on southern railroads, hung around asking questions. The powder train story did not concern him. It was the strange crew in the General's cab that interested the veteran, whose mind was an encyclopedia of southern railroad personnel. Where had they worked? Road? Division? Knight and his helpers answered in monosyllables. Fortunately Brown had once run a locomotive on the Mobile & Ohio, but there was no evading a certain discomfort in the old-timer's boring cross examination.

Forty minutes is a long time to wait for a train any place. There was a whistle around the curve and Andrews met the refugee train as it pulled in, shouting directions for it to take its place on the already crowded sidings. This conductor also pointed to a red flag on his last car. The refugee train was running in two sections.

Fifty minutes. One hour—and another whistle that was music to the ears of twenty-two men. The second section rumbled in. Andrews waved for the switch admitting his train to the main line to be opened. But the old switch tender refused to budge. He had hung up his keys in the station and Andrews would have to show his authority to get them. The men inside the cars heard the old man's defiance and got out their pistols. Mr. Andrews laughed at the veteran's distemper and said all right, he would get the keys. He did so, and the General was off after a delay of one hour and five minutes at Kingston, making an elapse of three hours and thirteen minutes from Big Shanty, thirty-two miles away.

"Push her, boys, push her," said Mr. Andrews and the General

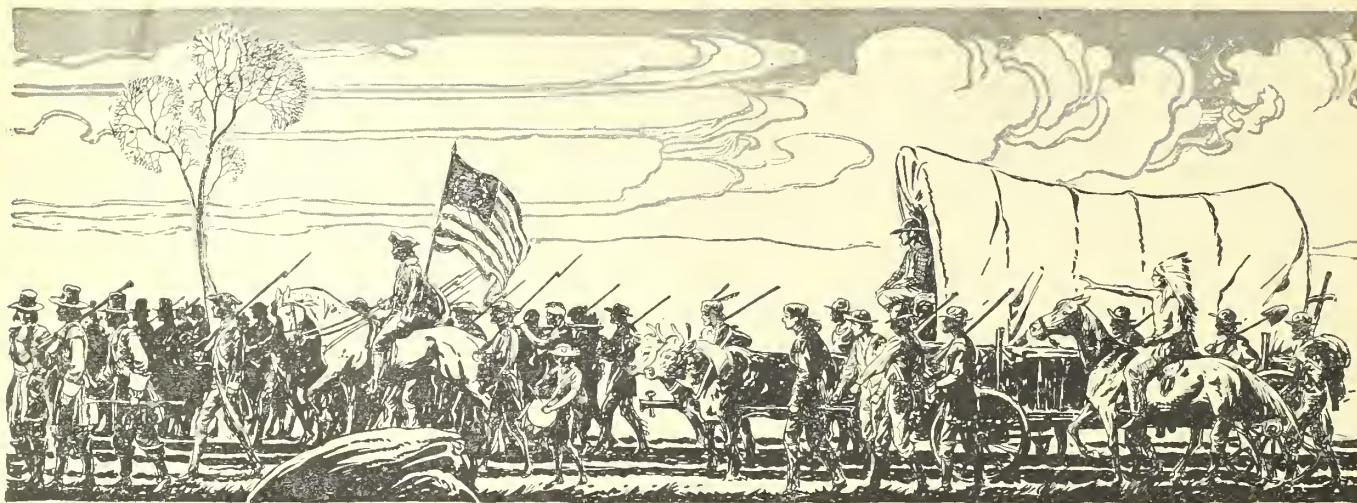


The raiders trying to wreck a pursuing train by pitching cross-ties on the track. This held the pursuers off but exhausted the Yankees' fuel supply ahead of time

simply flew. The ten miles to Adairsville must be covered quickly, for Andrews's troubles were not over yet. A prudent conductor would not have left Kingston when Andrews did—in the face of two regular trains from the north which were now overdue. But Andrews said he would chance passing these trains at Adairsville.

Well for Mr. Andrews that he took that chance. Four minutes after the General had cleared the Kingston yards a screaming whistle was heard from the south. The impatient passengers thought Fuller's train was coming and picked up their valises. It was Fuller, but he had not brought his train. The old Yonah rolled in, wheezing and blowing. Fuller swung off with the stunning story of the capture of the General at Big Shanty and the almost incredible story of his pursuit of it. The congestion of the tracks at Kingston by four trains which were waiting for the Fuller train caused a slight delay. Fuller dashed into the telegraph office and sent a message north. He uncoupled the engine of the Rome train and was off in a little better than six minutes, or about eleven minutes behind the Yankees.

Fuller's message did not get through because Andrews had stopped above Kingston in a blinding rain and cut the wires. The men also had started to lift a rail, but their ineffective tools made clumsy work of it. Two thirds of the rail was loose from the ties and the men were about to give it up as a bad job when the unmistakable whistle of a locomotive was heard from the south. Pursuit! It could be nothing (Continued on page 48)



KEEPING

Mammoth Post

KENTUCKY has had Mammoth Cave so long that it takes it for granted. But when Jefferson Post of Louisville became the world's largest Legion post, with 2,650 members enrolled in mid-July, the whole State of Kentucky got quite stirred up over the fact. Jefferson Post won its title of the world's largest Legion post in a membership campaign in which all Louisville took part and the whole city rejoiced when Omaha (Nebraska) Post, which had been the world's largest post for several years, decided that Louisville had set too fast a pace in the 1928 race and yielded the title by sending a telegram.

Two Louisville newspapers, the *Courier-Journal* and *The Times*, are given much of the credit for bringing to Louisville national distinction in the Legion, a distinction incidentally which Louisville expects will help to win for it the Legion's 1929 national convention. The newspapers offered in the post's membership contest ten free trips to the San Antonio convention, to be awarded to the Legionnaires enrolling most new members. The newspapers also helped the post get huge audiences for a long period at the showing of the motion picture film, "The World War." They declined to accept \$1,000 in payment for this co-operation and gave the money to provide extra trips to San Antonio for the Legionnaire membership contestants.

While Jefferson Post was celebrating its victory over Omaha it got news which made it determine to keep on getting additional members. Down in Memphis, Tennessee, Chairman Bert Bates of Memphis Post's 1928 membership drive had counted 2,081 names on his post's rolls and announced he was out to raise the total to 3,000. And Louisville heard rumors of many dark horse posts.

Legion Wings

SIXTEEN airplanes hopped off, one after another, from the Milwaukee County Airport at 8 o'clock on the morning of June 16th. They carried forty-six persons. It was the beginning of the Second Wisconsin Commercial Airplane Tour sponsored by Alonzo Cudworth Post of The American Legion of Milwaukee. Four days later at exactly 4 p. m., the same fleet of sixteen airplanes, in two formations, circled once more above the Milwaukee County Airport. In the four days the Legion pilots and passengers and

their guests had visited nineteen cities in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois, bringing to each community new realization of the airplane's advantages for everyday travel and transportation. The whole tour was carried out according to a schedule arranged in advance, a schedule that triumphed over one heavy windstorm and several days of bad weather.

The cities visited were, in order: Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Oshkosh, Green Bay, Appleton, Portage, Stevens Point, Wausau, Eau Claire, St. Paul, Owatonna, Rochester, La Crosse, Madison, Monroe, Rockford, Janesville, Kenosha and Racine.

Governor Zimmerman of Wisconsin joined the tour at Janesville and helped dedicate an airport. He stayed with the tour until it ended. William P. McCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, in charge of the Bureau of Aeronautics, joined the tour at Kenosha. New airports were dedicated at many of the cities visited. Alonzo Cudworth Post obtained a complete motion picture record of the tour which will be shown not only in Milwaukee but also in other Wisconsin cities.



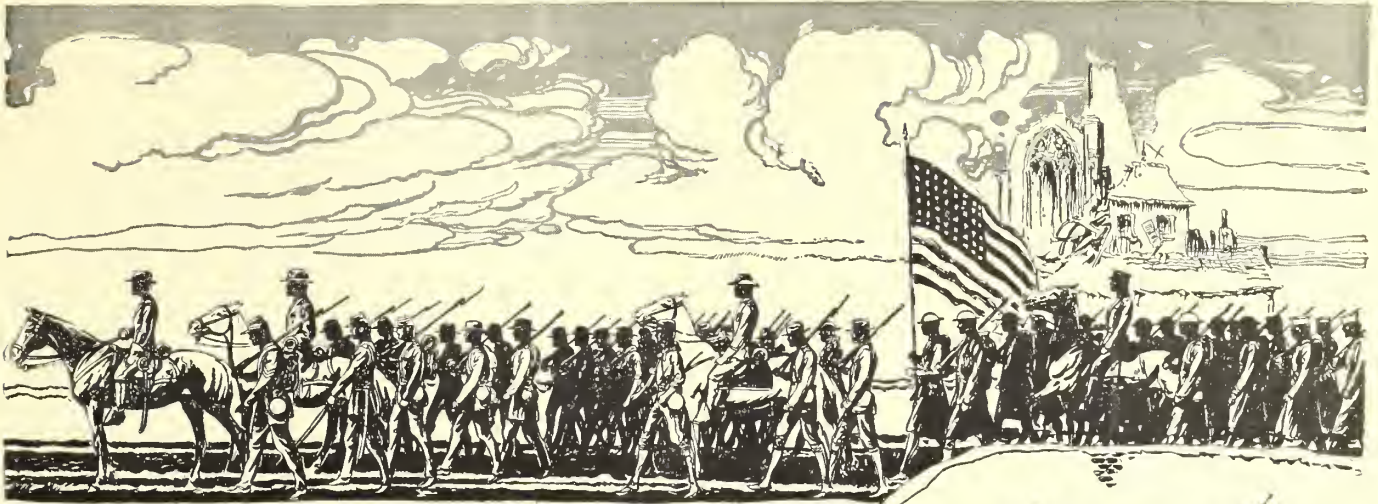
Roxy, ace of radio broadcasters, signs on as a coach for a Legion Junior baseball team at the Polo Ground in New York City

Flaming Youth

GIRLS won the first and second prizes when Leon Robart Post of Mountain View, California, conducted an essay contest among students of Mountain View High School and Mountain View Academy on the subject, "Our Community and How to Improve It." Miss Ruth Jenks, first prize winner, referred to the question of morality as the cornerstone upon which rests social and political advancement. She advocated improvement of the public library, adoption of a system of regulation for motion picture theaters to prevent showing of films that corrupt youth, the enforcement of the town ordinance to keep minors from pool rooms and efforts by citizens as well as the police to exterminate the great evil of the traffic in liquor. Miss Helen Lake, second prize winner, recommended that the town acquire as much land as possible for parks and

airplane fields to provide for its future needs. She urged that bonds to pay for the land could wisely be authorized by the present generation whose foresight would be applauded by the boys and girls of today who would tomorrow be the principal beneficiaries of the improvements.

Charles Holman, who won the third prize, advocated a systematic effort by all citizens to improve the appearance of the



STEP

town—planting of shade trees, removal of unsightly buildings from main streets, the erection of a new railroad station.

"One hundred students submitted essays," reports James F. Glann, chairman of the post's Americanism committee. "We have given a silver loving cup which will be engraved with the names of essay contest winners for five years."

Potato Pickers

THE mobile army of Oklahoma's potato pickers was fighting a defensive battle against besieging enemies on the banks of the Arkansas River near Muskogee. Day and night one enemy, hunger, pressed upon the camp, where four hundred men, women and children lived in tents, rickety automobiles and covered wagons. The potato pickers had come to Muskogee expecting to harvest the annual crop of potatoes in the hundreds of acres of fields along the muddy Arkansas. Their first defeat came when heavy rains raised the river and flooded low-lying fields. Days dragged by while the rains kept on and the water still soaked the fields. Then it became almost certain that there would be no potatoes to pick. The crop had been ruined.

By this time children were crying in the tents and the covered wagons, and mothers were going out from the camp in despair on hopeless searches for food. The potato pickers in good seasons had always been able to buy food and subsist in meagre comfort. Now the women of the camp wandered over the farming country asking for supplies of milk "in danger of going to waste," for other things which they thought might be spared by their more fortunate sisters in the farmhouses. But the food that they were able to carry back to camp only sharpened the appetites of their hungry children. Men and women, too, were beginning to feel the actual pangs of hunger. The rain that kept beating down on the camp suffocated whatever hope had been kept alive. The potato pickers were getting desperate as well as hopeless—the crying of the children now was keeping the whole camp awake nights. Some of the babies were sick.

Things couldn't have got much worse. But one morning an unfamiliar sight stirred the camp. Down the road came a big motor truck carrying a black metal box. From the box projected a stovepipe. On the truck were Legionnaires from James F. Smith Post of The American Legion in Muskogee.

The children were in the front lines of the potato pickers who watched, bewildered, while huge kettles and pots got set on top of an army field kitchen. A cloud of steam hung about the Legion workers—steam rich with the smell of boiling coffee and cooking meat. Out of the kitchen came speedily great buckets of coffee, huge cans of real army slum. No famished outfit in the Argonne ever had a better meal.

For several days the Legion field kitchen served the hungry of the camp, until hope returned to the potato pickers, and strength. Meanwhile, the Legionnaires kept lining up jobs for as many of the potato pickers as possible.

With the help of business men of the city, they filled gasoline tanks of other potato pickers and watched them start for other fields.

"The whole city helped in this work," comments Post Adjutant W. L. Edwards.

"Bedding and clothing were given abundantly when we appealed for it. We were able to provide many of the departing families with groceries for their trips."

Triplets Again

CAN only two American Legionnaires boast of being fathers of triplets?

In the May issue appeared a photograph of the recently born triplets—two sons and a daughter—of Post Commander Harry Haigh of Durant, Oklahoma. Now Legionnaire Oscar E. Brewer of Greenville, South Carolina, presents another Legionnaire father of triplets, Arthur T. Moran of Greenville Post.

The Moran triplets also are two sons and a daughter. And Mrs. Moran, like Mrs. Haigh, was a nurse at the time of her marriage. But the parallel ends with that, for Mrs. Moran, unlike Mrs. Haigh, lived in Europe until after the World War. She was Mademoiselle Mourette Bernard, of Charleroi, when the Germans invaded Belgium. She was a nurse in hospitals in Belgium and England during and

immediately after the war and came to the United States in 1919. A nurse for the United States Public Health Service, she met Mr. Moran while he was a patient in the hospital at Greenville. They married in 1922, after Mr. Moran recovered from illness acquired during his service with the American forces in Italy, and Mr. Moran opened an automobile supply shop. When the triplets—Mourette, Arthur and Russell—arrived



Legionnaire Arthur Moran of Greenville, South Carolina, married Mademoiselle Mourette Bernard of Belgium . . . Triplets!

K E E P I N G S T E P

in the Moran home they were greeted by a brother, Bruce, two years old. Bruce is now almost five and the triplets are approaching their third birthday. All four children speak French as well as English, because their grandmother from Belgium, who cannot speak English, is living with the Morans.

"Greenville Post is quite proud of all four children," says Mr. Brewer. "For that matter, so is our whole city."

Lindbergh at San Antonio

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH'S flight from New York to Paris will stand in history as the beginning of a new era in American aeronautics. When Lindbergh, flying alone, reached Paris, the American people felt certain for the first time that the age of everyday flying had finally arrived. The months that have followed Lindbergh's great flight have seen a miraculous development in flying facilities and flying interest in the United States. Air mail lines have multiplied. Passenger lines have become commonplace. Airplane factories have been turning out thousands of planes for individual owners. The whole country, air minded at last, has been getting set for future wonders.

The hundred thousand Legionnaires expected to attend the Legion's national convention at San Antonio, October 8th to 12th, will get an advance look into the future of aeronautics as well as an understanding of how far aviation has progressed. Two great air circuses will be a part of the convention entertainment. It is expected that a surprising number of individual Legionnaires will fly to San Antonio to attend the convention. But that isn't all of it. Get this:

Charles A. Lindbergh himself will fly to San Antonio to attend the Legion's convention. He accepted the invitation extended to him by National Commander Edward E. Spafford. He will give an address in the convention hall. He will be a spectator at one of the big air shows. He will have a chance to renew the friendships with Mexico's flyers he formed when he visited Mexico City as the unofficial ambassador of good will.

Lindbergh's visit to San Antonio will have a rich sentimental interest. He will not arrive a stranger, for he got much of his flying training there in 1924 and 1925. He entered the primary course at Brooks Field on March 19, 1924, and transferred to Kelly Field for advanced training in the following September. In March, 1925, he was graduated at Kelly Field and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps Reserve. He has not been in San Antonio since his training days.

The Way to San Antonio

BY THE time of the Legion's national convention in 1929, Legionnaires may be traveling in flocks of airplanes, but most of those going to San Antonio and not taking the special trains which most departments will use will stick to automobiles. The San Antonio National Convention Bureau announces that automobile caravans are being organized at many cities along the principal routes leading to San Antonio. The State Highway Department of Texas has promised to erect special markers on all main Texas highways for the guidance of the convention motorists. Legionnaire Dan Moody, Governor of Texas, has personally approved these plans. Texas towns and cities expect to mark streets along the routes to San An-

tonio and provide restrooms and information booths. Cities in other States are planning to extend hospitality.

The Standard Oil Company of New York has given the San Antonio convention committee ten thousand large scale road maps showing arterial highways to San Antonio from all parts of the United States. The San Antonio committee has sent supplies of these maps to all department adjutants who will supply them to the Legionnaires of their States upon request. A copy of the map may be obtained by writing to The American Legion National Convention Bureau, Gunter Hotel, San Antonio.

Auto camps of the modern type would provide accommodations for almost ten thousand Legionnaires in San Antonio.

Most convention motorists are expected to follow six main routes. One leads from New Orleans and St. Augustine on the east over the Old Spanish Trail. Another leads from the west over the Old Spanish Trail, from San Diego, California, and El Paso. A main route from Denver leads through Fort Worth. Another route includes Omaha, Kansas City, and Vinita, Oklahoma. From St. Louis, one may pass through Vinita and Dallas. From Memphis one may go by way of Little Rock.

New Gray Mare

FOR nine years Iowa has set the musical key at national conventions of The American Legion. The Iowa tall corn song has been sung and shouted each year until it has rung in the ears of delegates for days afterward. Almost every other department has improvised a parody of the corn song in self defense. But Iowa will have to send its whole gang to San Antonio if it hopes to keep its lead this year. All Texas has been tuning up on "The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be," and the Old Gray Mare Band, of Brownwood, Texas, is going to be in San Antonio to lead the singing.

The Old Gray Mare herself will be there, of course. But she won't be the same Old Gray Mare who cavorted in the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans during the convention of 1923. Sarah, the original Old Gray Mare, died two years ago and was buried with state honors. Sarah II will be at San Antonio, and she will carry Miss Katie Merle Parks, who got her saddle training this year by captivating the Democratic national convention at Houston.

Legionnaire William C. Stewart of Brownwood announces he has discovered the real origin of the Old Gray Mare song.

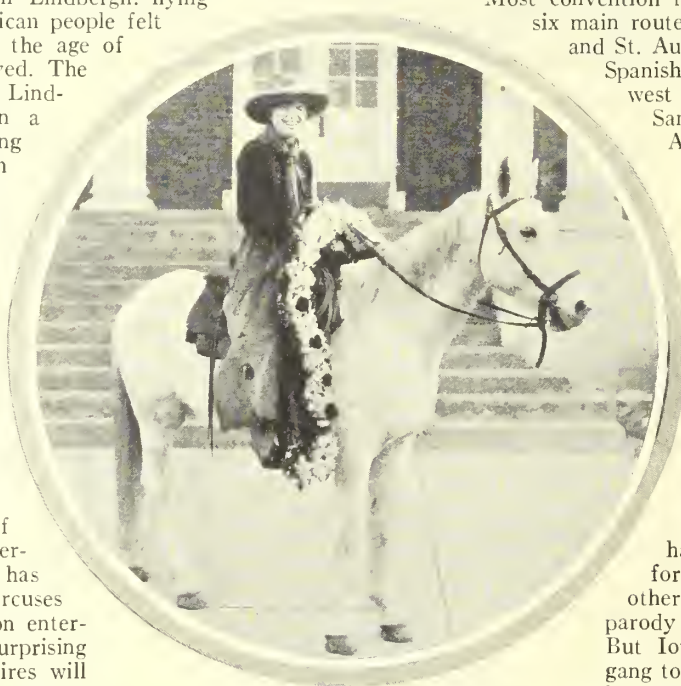
"It started during the Civil War," writes Mr. Stewart. "Hood's Confederate Brigade was resting after a two days' forced march. In the night an old gray mare broke loose and raided the kitchen, getting into the pots and pans and setting up a din. The soldiers thought the Federals were raiding the camp and there was a terrible rumpus. Armies of the sixties laughed over the story. Finally the chief musician of Hood's Brigade wrote a song. It started: 'The Old Gray Mare came tearing out of the wilderness.' With changes in wording it became the Old Gray Mare song of today."

Records?

CHALLENGE No. 4317!

Fort Harrison Post of Terre Haute, Indiana, says it is the only post in The American Legion having three pairs of fathers and sons on its membership roll.

"And what is more," adds Post Commander A. C. Duddles-



She truly ain't what she used to be, the Old Gray Mare who'll carry Katie Merle Parks about San Antonio during the Legion's national convention. She is Sarah II. Sarah I, veteran of New Orleans, San Francisco and St. Paul, died two years ago

K E E P I N G S T E P

ton. "We also have a father and daughter among our members."

The Auxiliary unit of Louis L. Battey Post of Augusta, Georgia, claims the record of having the largest number of members of one family name. Twelve Auxiliaries of the unit are named Mulherin, and two others were Mulherins before their marriage. They are Mrs. J. P. Mulherin, her daughter, four daughters-in-law, four granddaughters and four sisters-in-law.

The Globe and Anchor

THOMAS Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia is only one of many posts in the city in which Benjamin Franklin wrote maxims and taught thrift. All its members are World War veterans of the Marine Corps. With its restricted membership, there is a limit to its growth. The post always has been identified as a downtown post, with quarters in the heart of Philadelphia.

It isn't the easiest problem to find a suitable home for a comparatively small post in the center of a metropolis. But one year ago Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post solved that problem by adopting a resolution which made it the owner of one of the finest clubhouses in Philadelphia. The resolution authorized the expenditure of \$75,000, and not long after it was adopted the post proudly took possession of the building which had for ten years been the home of the Musical Art Club.

Anyone wishing to see a model clubhouse of The American Legion may visit today Marine Post's home at 1821 Ranstead Street in Philadelphia. Former doughboys may call without trepidation, if there is a globe and anchor member of the post who can vouch for them. Up to date, Marine Poster Abian A. Wallgren, the

Monthly's cartoonist, has escorted in and out of the clubhouse safely 711 one-time doughboys, leaving several million friends yet to call on him.

It was not Marine Poster Wallgren, but Mrs. Augusta M. Reath, President of the post's Auxiliary unit and the mother of the man for whom the post is named, who first told the Step Keeper of Marine Post's good fortune. The Step Keeper stands in awe of Wallgren so he chooses to pass on to the rest of the Legion more about Marine Post's clubhouse as reported by Post Commander A. Miller Yarnall, who, Wally says, "deserves most of the credit for obtaining the clubhouse."

Mr. Yarnall relates that the post had raised \$12,000 in five years for the purchase of a home before the opportunity came to buy the Musical Art Club's building. This building had been built during the World War period by a group of music lovers and was the work of a nationally known architect. Its auditorium was the best of its size in the city. It had a grill, with walls of brilliant colored tile. There were many other large rooms, perfectly adapted to the post's needs. The building stood furnished, ready for the post to move into it.

The post procured mortgages of \$65,000 to acquire the home, a first mortgage of \$45,000 and a second mortgage of \$20,000. The building was formally opened and dedicated on November 10, 1927, the 152d birthday of the United States Marine Corps. General James G. Harbord, who commanded the Second Division at Belleau Wood, and General Lejeune, present head of the Marine Corps, were among the speakers.

Thomas Roberts Reath, who gave the post its name, was killed at Belleau Wood on June 11, 1918. The day before he was killed he had gone into a quarry and, unaided, brought out sixty Germans as pris-



Memories of one year ago when The American Legion went to France. Below, a sunset which the camera of Earle Root of Galva, Illinois, caught from the upper deck of the Second A. E. F. ship CARONIA. Above, a Paris night scene snapped by W. F. Ferguson of Brooklyn



K E E P I N G S T E P

oners. He met death while on his way back from the Battery Commander to whom he had carried an important message under heavy shellfire. For volunteering to carry this message he was awarded posthumously the Navy Cross. He was awarded the D. S. C. for another heroic deed on June 8th in Belleau Wood, "attacking an enemy machine-gun nest, killing three of the enemy and capturing the remaining two of the gun crew members." This act was performed under intense enemy machine-gun fire.

Getting and Giving

ANY post of The American Legion could figure out quickly a good way to spend \$20,000. But when Malone (New York) Post had \$20,000, it didn't go into action like a fire department to find a way to spend the money. The money was the surplus of Malone's wartime Community Chest. The post wanted to be sure it would spend it in a manner which would benefit all of the people of its town. So it was willing to wait seven or eight years until just the right opportunity to spend the money came along. It found the opportunity. Recently the post announced it would give the entire sum of \$20,000 to build and equip an American Legion Memorial Wing, a maternity ward, for the Alice Hyde Hospital of Malone. The hospital serves not only the town of Malone but also a large area about the town in which are located many smaller communities.

"And that isn't all," reports Legionnaire Ralph R. Levy of Malone. "Our study of the hospital's work and its needs impressed us so much that the post has decided to conduct a campaign the first week in September to raise additional funds for the hospital, so that a total of \$200,000 will be available to enlarge and improve the institution."

Trees

WHEN, if ever, all the forests of the United States have been cut down, airplane transports probably will be delivering timber from the wooded mountains and valleys of Alaska. The Alaska Department of The American Legion has joined the ranks of the many Legion departments which are helping inform all citizens of the need for forest preservation. Lining up behind Alaska's Legionnaire governor, George A. Parks, all Alaska posts this spring sponsored observances of American Forest Week.

"Posts furnished speakers to appear each day during the week in the schoolrooms and to make addresses before chambers of commerce and other civic organizations," reports Department Adjutant J. T. Petrich.

"Remember When—"

THE Massachusetts Department expects that the San Antonio national convention will greatly increase membership in a society which has been getting bigger every year—the society of Massachusetts Legionnaires who have attended national conventions. Department Commander John W. Reth reports that the society has one big session each year, a convention reunion, held in Boston several months after the convention.

"Usually four hundred or more attend the convention reunion," adds Mr. Reth. "A permanent association has been formed and it is hoped that by the time of the national convention in Boston the Massachusetts Legionnaires and Auxiliaries who like to renew acquaintances and exchange convention sidelights will be in a position to entertain visitors from the 'forty-seven other States' with a real honest to goodness convention reunion."

"The official band which accompanies the Massachusetts delegation to a convention furnishes music for the reunion. This year, when we refought the Battle of Paris in song and story, we had two bands, the Stetson Shoe Band, which won third prize at Paris, and the Cecil W. Fogg Band. Souvenirs at this reunion included French powder and perfume and life savers, reminiscent of the ocean trip. Heinz '57' varieties were souvenirs of the Philadelphia reunion. California poppies were given out at the San Francisco reunion. The Old Gray Mare probably will show up when we get together after San Antonio."

Ballots; Babies

NINETY percent of the women of Greenville, Pennsylvania, voted at the 1928 primary election. No mother stayed away from the polls because she had to stay at home to take care of the babies. She cast her ballot along with everybody else, because a member of the Greenville unit of The American Legion Auxiliary was on hand to stand guard in her home

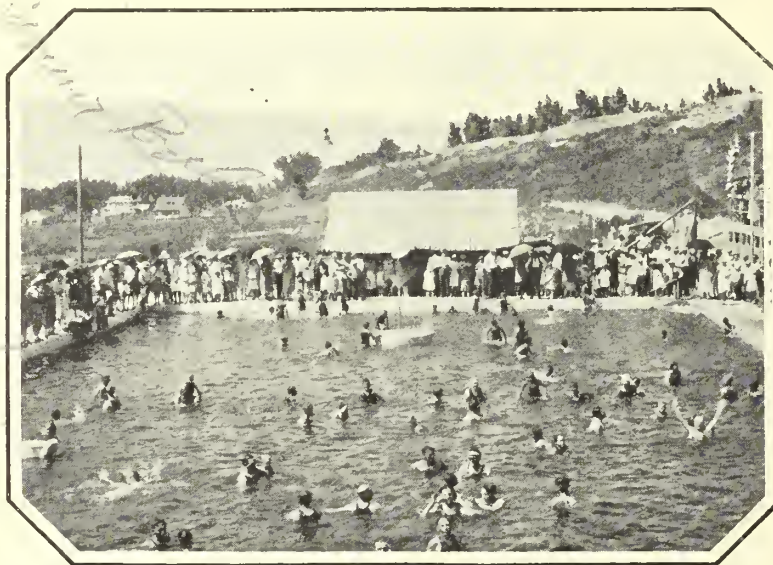
while she voted. No woman forgot to vote, because under the leadership of Mrs. C. V. Homer, President of the unit, the Auxiliary workers personally reminded every woman voter in town of the duty of going to the polls in a campaign carried on for two days preceding the election. A leader was appointed for each precinct and given a corps of workers to help make the canvass. No candidates were mentioned, the appeal being kept strictly non-partisan.

Its work in getting out the vote won for the Greenville unit a prize of \$100 offered by a local citizen through the Greenville Record-Argus to the woman's organization which would carry out a systematic campaign to get women to the polls.

Picnic Plus

IT ISN'T every post of The American Legion that can make its annual picnic an international event. But John Henry Allen Post of Tucson, Arizona, does this. The post is composed of members of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry at Camp Stephen D. Little, and when it wants to have its annual picnic it makes a pilgrimage across the border into Mexico, travels for a time on main roads and then follows a narrow canyon trail to a mountain picnic ground. The Mexican Government grants permission in advance for this annual party, and, of course, all the soldier Legionnaires are granted military passes. On the trip into Mexico they are accompanied by their families and friends.

John Henry Allen Post bears the name of a colored captain of infantry who gave his life in the Argonne. His career is proudly remembered by every man of the peacetime outfit which has succeeded the outfit with which he served and died.



When Harry A. White Post constructed this swimming pool at Delta, Colorado, the Rotary Club, the Lions, the Elks and Chamber of Commerce subscribed for bonds to help pay for it. The Legionnaires did the pick and shovel work

K E E P I N G S T E P

Allen was born in 1874 and was studying for the ministry when the Spanish-American War came. He fought in Cuba with the Twenty-fifth. After teaching school for a period he re-enlisted with the regiment and went with it to Hawaii. The regiment returned to the United States in 1917 and went to France early.

The Tucson Legionnaires' picnic follows the picnic fashion of before the war. While the caravan of post members and their families and guests is winding through the Mexican canyon, another procession is in sight. It is composed of wagons from a Sonora brewery loaded with ice-cold foamy beer in five-gallon kegs. Huge roasts of meat are barbecued and there are plenty of other good things to eat. Everybody dances on spread tarpaulins to the music of the regiment's all-Legionnaire orchestra and the regiment's field organ.

Bass, Dog, 'Gator

LEGIONNAIRE N. C. Zeigler of Eustis, Florida, enters simultaneously the longest-sentence contest and Keeping Step's best summer fish story contest. After taking a deep breath, apparently, Mr. Eustis hopped off as follows:

"I'll bet the last plug in my old tackle box against a box of wet matches and your last cigarette that if I could put this scrap before you as it occurred to me; with all the little tingling thrills, taut nerves, strung up to their limit awaiting the zero hour; out here on my listening post all alone, with the frogs chattering and croaking; with a bull 'gator now and then growling out his uncanny challenge and lumbering off like a baby tank over and through all obstruction; the occasional glimpse of an old crane out on M. P. duty, swinging his swagger stick as he scouted for some A. W. O. L. or moon-drunk loiterer; none of the million-odd odors so familiar to us all but the odor of the night breeze

cooled by pine; a sweet, spring-fed lake upon which you float seemingly suspended in space betwixt the star-studded sky and a mirror reflecting every gleam and shadow; the air scented with the breath of tropic flowers and orange blossoms—I'll bet you would forget your mountains, rivers and ponds back home and head for Florida in mid-summer."

Mr. Zeigler then describes how he caught a 11-pound big-mouthed bass, "photo inclosed," at 10 p. m. in the semi-moonlight on Lake El Dorado, while a bull 'gator added interest to the battle with the leaping fish by trying to devour his dog, which had gone overboard in the excitement.

Mr. Zeigler's thrill will be awarded the silver-plated condiment can unless somebody kicks in with a better story.



Legionnaire N. C. Zeigler of Eustis, Florida, caught this 11-pound bass by moonlight

Ad Post Busts Out

ADVERTISING Men's Post of New York City, self-convicted as the most modest post in the Legion, may hide its violet rays under a bushel 364 days of the year, but on the 365th day it gives a smoker. The post's 310 members (see the post directory of twenty-eight pages) are busy ordinarily selling the world on metal desks, sky-writing, woolens, railroads, insurance, roofing, leather, iceless refrigerators and a whole flock of newspapers and magazines. They have developed an inhibition against boasting in the family circle. The four-wheel brakes on the post's collective mind don't work at the annual smoker. When the Ad Posters got around the tables for this year's smoker they found in front of them fresh copies of a complete edition of the *New York American* in which the first three pages revealed in 96-point headlines and many square feet of lesser type the post's full glory. Presented in the orthodox Hearst manner were plenty of post sensations and the post's yearly collection



No marshmallow muscles now among the Boy Scouts of Omaha (Nebraska) Post's troop. Legionnaire Tommy Grogan (center) has been giving the boys Legion boxing lessons and they are tough as ostriches



Heroes and villains in the daily drama of developing childhood are portrayed at a party by the boys and girls of The American Legion Children's Clinic at Oteen, North Carolina. The clinic is conducted by Kiffin-Rockwell Post for the benefit of the families of service men who are patients in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Oteen

of scandals, together with a guide to the personalities of many of the principal Ad Posters, including Post Commander Kenneth E. Cooley and Post Adjutant Jacques M. Swaab.

The convivial Ad Posters also found in front of them copies of a special Advertising Men's Post edition of *Life*, with four pages of jokes and cartoons featuring post members.

Minnesota Points the Way

THE Minnesota Department of The American Legion has helped bring true a many years' dream of an interdenominational chapel and community center at Fort Snelling, in the heart of the park system of Minneapolis and St. Paul. In June Legionnaires from all parts of Minnesota attended the dedication of a building, costing more than \$100,000, which is unique as the first Army chapel ever erected by subscriptions obtained from all classes of citizens of a community adjacent to an Army garrison. The building is also notable because its tower follows the architectural lines of "The Round Tower," Minnesota's oldest landmark, one of the few remaining parts of old Fort Snelling.

American Legion posts of Minnesota provided half of the pews for the new chapel. The Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary gave \$1,500 to the building fund and is installing chimes in the tower at a cost of \$6,000.

Legionnaire Frank C. Rideout, Chaplain at Fort Snelling, reports that the Fort Snelling chapel promises to become the model for many similar chapels at other Army posts throughout the United States. In addition to providing a place for religious worship its community center will contain the post library and will be a meeting place for the many organizations of the military post.

Benefactor of Thousands

WHEN Congress several years ago authorized the payment of \$50 a month to veterans with service connected cases of arrested tuberculosis it was influenced largely by testimony given by Dr. William Le Roy Dunn of Asheville, North Carolina, known as one of the foremost American medical authori-

ties on tuberculosis. Dr. Dunn died in May at the Diagnostic Center of the Veterans Bureau in Washington, D. C., after an illness of several months.

For many years Dr. Dunn had served on the advisory staff of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, contributing invaluable help in solving the problems of legislation and hospital care for World War veterans suffering with tuberculosis. Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion committee on which Dr. Dunn served, and a close friend of Dr. Dunn, was a patient at the Diagnostic Center, recovering from a serious operation, at the time of Dr. Dunn's death.

Dr. Dunn served at General Hospital No. 12 at Biltmore, North Carolina, during the war until he went overseas in August, 1918, and became consultant of the A. E. F.'s medical service in Italy. Ever since his discharge from service he had been active in the general problem of veterans' rehabilitation. He was one of the foremost members of the Medical Council of the Veterans Bureau. Despite the demands of his extensive practice, he attended the national conventions of The American Legion and the national conferences of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, to assist in framing recommendations to Congress and the Veterans Bureau.

Dr. Dunn was born in 1871 and was a graduate of the University of Michigan. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Marian Dunn, and two sons, William and Thomas. The latter, a student at McGill University at Montreal, recently received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Helping the Camps

PRACTICALLY every American Legion post in New York State helped enroll members of the 1928 Citizens' Military Training Camps in carrying out activities guided by the New York Department's military training camps committee, headed by Joseph Bondy of Syracuse, New York.

Mr. Bondy has reported to National Commander Spafford that an unusually large number of New York posts this year procured candidates through post C. M. T. C. committees after Department Adjutant Maurice Stember had distributed bulletins on camp plans to all posts. Mr. Bondy recalled the

K E E P I N G S T E P

appointment of the Legion's National C. M. T. C. Committee, composed of one member from each State, and predicted that, with the start made in 1928, the Legion posts everywhere in the country would hereafter be the leading agency in obtaining candidates for the camps.

Living History

AT Yakima, Washington, Logan Wheeler Post sees its own motion pictures each meeting night, reports Legionnaire Leonard Lerwill, who says Vice Commander Joe Yolo is the camera genius who is recording in pictures all that the post does.

"Across the silver screen marches the drum and bugle corps of the post," writes Mr. Lerwill. "The picture changes and down the street comes the uniformed members of the Auxiliary unit with their banners fluttering in the breeze. Next are shown city officials and community leaders putting up one of the huge Legion posters. Just a typical program—a program of the kind which is bringing to our meetings delegations from all posts in our section. Now, as I write, Joe Yolo is getting ready to take motion pictures of the dedication of our new municipal airport, an event in which all members will put on overalls and use pick and shovel to put the field in good shape.

"Mr. Yolo returned from Paris last autumn with pictures he made in France, Italy, Switzerland, Ireland and England. Ever since then he has been busy recording local events. He is editor-in-chief of what he calls the 'Passe News,' and he not only takes his own movies but also acts as cutter, splicer, censor, art director and title writer. Nothing happens here of interest to service men which escapes the all-seeing eye of Joe Yolo's motion picture camera.

"Yolo's work is supplemented by that of another member who is perhaps most largely responsible for the fact that the post has doubled its membership in the last year and now has one thousand members. That other man is John McAulay, chairman of the membership committee. Mr. McAulay is the only member of the post who can't see the motion pictures. He lost his sight several years ago following an explosion of refrigeration machinery he was installing. He is a refrigeration engineer and he installs just as many machines today as he did before his accident."

Leadership

THE \$600,000 new high school building at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is at once a monument to the public spirit of the town and the spirit of three Past Commanders of Haddonfield Post of The American Legion. It has been called the finest high school building in New Jersey.

Five years ago the citizens of the town elected three Legionnaires as members of the Board of Education and W. Gentry Hodgson, organizer and first Commander of Haddonfield Post, became president of the board. One of his first official acts was to ask Legionnaires Guy Rogers and Charles R. Sherman, the other two Past Commanders of the post, to try to solve the

problem of crowded schoolrooms. Many children were attending school half days because of congestion in the classrooms.

After two new grade school buildings had been put up, it was found the schools were still insufficient for the needs of the town. It was decided a new high school building would relieve the crowding—permitting use of the old high school building as a junior high school and relieving pressure on the grade schools.

It developed there were many differences of opinion on the new high school among citizens. The location, the type of building and other questions were debated widely. Five public meetings were held under Legion auspices. The Past Commanders of Haddonfield Post earnestly presented the needs of the schools to the community. An election was held

at which the site for the building was designated and a bond issue authorized. On the opening day of school last year, the

building was put into use. One month later it was dedicated officially as Memorial School and Haddonfield Post unveiled in the loggia of the building a bronze tablet inscribed with the names of all Haddonfield men who served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in the World War.

Legislation

IN a final bulletin on the first session of the 70th Congress, distributed in mid-July, John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion, reports that his committee considered during the session more than two thousand bills and resolutions affecting the interests of veterans and problems with which The American Legion is concerned. Of these, 993 were finally enacted into law, Mr. Taylor stated. He added that the bills and resolutions upon which final action was not obtained did not die with the last session but will be taken up again by Congress when it convenes on December 5, 1928.

"Between now and then will intervene the Presidential election," commented Mr. Taylor, "the election of

the 435 members of the House of Representatives, and the election of one-third of the 96 members of the Senate. Between now and then, Legion officials will have the opportunity—and should take advantage of it—to discuss with candidates for public office from their States the beneficial measures for veterans which still remain unenacted."

Mr. Taylor's report, which has been given wide distribution, covers twenty pages. It lists the large number of important measures which were enacted and assigns to the co-operation of Legion officials throughout the country, given at strategic times, a large share of the credit for the legislative victories.

For Motorists

IN THE churchyard of St. Vincent De Paul at Cincinnati, Ohio, is a shrine which holds more than casual interest for thousands of the motorists who drive past it each day on a national highway. For the shrine is a symbol of the protection the modern traveler may invoke from St. Christopher, patron saint of travelers for centuries. The Legionnaire motorists of Cincinnati and tourists find at the Shrine of St. Christopher a tall priest, Reverend William P. (Continued on page 76)



No cooties, no mud and no gas alarms, but otherwise a reproduction of a doughboy bungalow of the General Pershing period. Argonne Post of Elizabeth, New Jersey, exhibited it at an "Own Your Own Home" Show

Not CASES, but KIDS

NOT so long ago, as I stood in a lobby adjoining the banquet room of the

lone hotel in a small manufacturing city of my State where I was scheduled to make an address before the local Legionnaires and Auxiliaries gathered for an annual repast, a serious looking Legionnaire approached me and requested a short private interview.

"Commander," he said, "we have a sad case of a sick veteran and his family in need in our town. We fellows have gone our limit. Is it possible to obtain help for these folks from the Endowment Fund?"

I replied that if there were no existing local organizations that could assist and if neither the veteran nor his wife had relatives who might lend a helping hand, the Legion would do its utmost. A slip of paper bearing the unfortunate veteran's name and address and other relevant information was handed to me.

Upon my return to Philadelphia the following morning I summoned Legionnaire Samuel M. Lieberman, Chairman of our Department Child Welfare Committee. Legionnaire Lieberman's advent in American Legion welfare work is contemporaneous with mine. As a member of Henry H. Houston Post of Philadelphia he was successively the welfare officer of his post, the largest in Pennsylvania, then Philadelphia County Welfare Officer under me, and for the past four years secretary of the Department Child Welfare Committee over which I also presided as chairman. When I became Department Commander I immediately pinned the Child Welfare Chairmanship epaulets on Sam Lieberman.

Chairman Lieberman was soon made acquainted with the facts in the case that had been handed to me the night before and immediately put in motion the machinery of his Committee. With characteristic thoroughness he sent by special delivery mail to the proper official a set of the regulation investigation forms and a detailed letter of instructions in which he pointed out the necessity of submitting a case that would warrant the approval of the Director of the National Child Welfare Division at Headquarters in Indianapolis, the final authority on all appeals for assistance from the Endowment Fund. The local post officials correctly interpreted the instructions, conducted a careful investigation, set forth all the facts, and made a recommendation for a sum calculated to meet the needs of a modest household budget. The recommendation was approved, the veteran was sent to a hospital to undergo treatment, and his family did not suffer during his absence. Our temporary assistance set his mind at rest and hastened his recovery. Thus all concerned were satisfied. The American Legion Auxiliary played a major role in this case by undertaking to furnish clothing and shoes for the veteran's wife and three children, which they did in a most commendable manner.

So materially and efficiently has The American Legion Auxiliary of Pennsylvania assisted in our child welfare work during the past four years that the Legion was delighted to effect an arrangement recently whereby both organizations share equally

By Edwin E. Hollenback



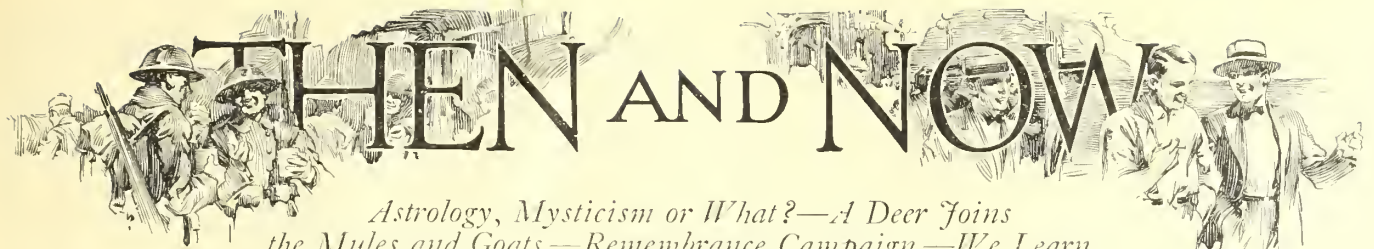
THE BOY WITH THE TORN HAT
From the painting by Thomas Sully in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

the ever-increasing child-caring work in this State. Second in authority to Chairman Lieberman is Mrs. W. D. Vedder, of Pottstown, who for four years has served unostentatiously but effectively as chairwoman of the Auxiliary's Department Child Welfare Committee. Commuting to Philadelphia every day and devoting full time to her task, Mrs. Vedder, who is the wife of a physician and the mother of two World War veterans, works out, as secretary at Department Headquarters, in conjunction with Chairman Lieberman, the numerous complex problems and appeals that confront the Child Welfare Committee.

By virtue of her long experience and intimate contacts with the many active Auxiliary units throughout the Department, Mrs. Vedder is able to lessen materially the strain on our child welfare fund. In a city of the south central part of our State there resided the wife and three small children of a World War veteran who had been incarcerated in an institution as hopelessly insane from causes not connected with his service during the war and therefore not compensable by the United States Veterans Bureau. Until illness overtook her, the veteran's wife was employed in a laundry while her aged mother looked after the children. When the serious plight of this family was brought to

Mrs. Vedder's attention she induced the local Auxiliary unit to share with The American Legion the household budget of this pitiful group, and this arrangement will be continued until the veteran's wife has recovered and can resume her employment.

Almost two years ago, while I was chairman of the Department Child Welfare Committee, the child welfare officer of a post in a small bituminous coal mining town reported two full orphans, a boy of four and a girl of six, living with grandparents under unfavorable conditions. The combination of poverty, advanced age and ignorance on the part of the grandparents did not hold much promise for the upbringing of these children. The tenor of the correspondence I had received from the local child welfare chairman impressed me with the immediate necessity of having a trained investigator on the spot. Accordingly I sent Miss Eva R. Weir, Regional Service Officer of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, and stationed in Philadelphia, instructing her to contact the local officer immediately upon her arrival. Miss Weir reported by wire that conditions were deplorable, the children sick and without medical attention. Hospitalization was recommended and I wired back authority to arrange for it. After four weeks of excellent medical and nursing care, during which period a case of scabies, brought on by filth and improper nourishment, had been cleared up, these children were brought to Philadelphia under Miss Weir's care and placed in a carefully selected foster boarding home. The Legion pays forty-eight dollars each month for the care of these children while the Auxiliary has undertaken to provide clothing and shoes. Of course Miss Weir, who served during the World War as an army nurse and who is an active member of Helen Fairchild Nurses' Post of Philadelphia, keeps a watchful eye on these children as (Continued on page 63)



Astrology, Mysticism or What?—A Deer Joins the Mules and Goats—Remembrance Campaign—We Learn About “Eddie”—Tin-can Barrage—Lost and Found Souvenirs—Outfit Notices

WHEN it comes to the mystic sciences, we're not so hot. Which isn't much of an admission at that, when we add that even some of the simpler puzzle problems, such as anagrams and, occasionally, one of the harder crossword layouts, stump us. In the mazes of astrology, spiritualism and kindred works, we're hopelessly lost. Cipher messages during the war, even when the decoding cipher was available, were strenuous enough.

Now, then, cast your eye on the reproduced photostat of the obverse and reverse of a disc, shown on this page, and get your thinkers to working. Someone might ask, “Why bring that up?”—but we didn't. Earle J. Fraser of Oney Johnston Post of Appleton, Wisconsin, is the guilty man. Hear what he has to say and then see what you can do to help him out:

“While serving with Company A, 150th Machine Gun Battalion of the 42d (Rainbow) Division in France, I found an unusual souvenir. It was a celluloid disc and the enclosed photographs show the two sides of it.

“Our outfit at the time, about October 28, 1918, was in the Meuse-Argonne front—somewhere north of Exermont, if I remember rightly. I was with a detail burying the bodies of enemy soldiers and found the disc hanging around the neck of one of the bodies with his identification tags. When the body was buried I kept the disc and for the last nine years I have been trying to find out what it represents.

“I have had the disc sent to several college professors and other learned men but no one can figure it out. I think that possibly some Legionnaire may be able to tell what it is all about.”

RECENTLY we received a letter from Mrs. R. Winn of Andover, Massachusetts, telling us that she had in her possession a copy of the New Testament which had been found on a battlefield of France by her brother, a veteran of the 42d Division. The Testament was inscribed with the name of J. A. De Grange, Company K, 11th Infantry, and through correspondence with the Adjutant General's Office, we located De Grange. And thereby hangs a tale and a good suggestion.

We sent De Grange's address to Mrs. Winn and the war memento was returned to him. And then we got a letter from Frank Crockett, the brother of Mrs. Winn, who had found the book while serving with the 150th Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division. And what he has to say is worth careful consideration by all of us.

“Referring to the New Testament which I have returned to De Grange,” wrote Legionnaire Crockett, “I want to tell you that I intended writing to you during the past eight or nine years with a view to locating its owner. Finally my sister got tired of waiting for me to act and took it upon herself.

“I wonder how many other veterans have similar souvenirs which would be prized by their rightful owners? Why wouldn't it be a good idea to wake them up through Then and Now? You might call it a Remembrance Campaign or Drive and thereby restore many souvenirs to men who would be mighty glad to recover them.

“Take for instance, the little Testament. To the best of my

recollection I picked up the book during the Chateau-Thierry fighting, on the side of a hill on which there were several hundred dead and wounded American soldiers. There were all kinds of little personal tokens such as pictures, letters, etc., blowing about the field and the book I found was about fifty yards away from the nearest body.

“Without question, some of those boys failed to return home and their folks would appreciate receiving some of these little personal belongings which some other soldier may have picked up as I did the Testament. I was glad to learn that De Grange was still with us, so I could return his war souvenir to him direct.”

The Company Clerk likes the idea Crockett suggests and he will be glad to act as a clearing house for these war tokens.

We're all guilty of putting off until some other time a worthwhile deed we could just as well do today and should have done a couple of years ago. And we'll act personally on Crockett's suggestion right now. One of the prize souvenirs in the Company Clerk's war archives is an inexpensive German silver watch which he picked up behind a billet in the town of Bouillonville (Souptown) during the St. Mihiel drive. In the back of the case is engraved the name of a German soldier and the name of a town, Sprottau, Germany.

Of course, that watch is legitimate war loot, but there's a possibility that that ex-enemy failed to return home and his folks would like to have it, or if he did get back safely, he would prize it. And we have intended for the past four years to write to Sprottau and now we're going to do it. If the watch is returned safely, we'll tell you about it.

Space may not permit taking care of all of this job through these columns, but we have received splendid co-operation from the Adjutant General's Office, from the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department and from Headquarters of the Marine Corps and we can locate a lot of men through those sources.

If you like Crockett's idea, let's go!

AUTO license plates which commemorate a wartime outfit by including in their sequence the numbers which designated a certain regiment or division or both, seem

to be sought by more than one veteran. In these columns in the May Monthly were reproduced photographs of Major Henry H. Wheelock of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and his veteran Ford, for which he had finally obtained 1928 plates with the number 26-101, representing the 26th Division and 101st Supply Train, which latter outfit he commanded overseas. Commenting on that contribution Adjutant A. W. Ehrlicher of William Schaefer Post of Pekin, Illinois, reports similar success:

“I read with much interest about Major Wheelock and his historic Lizzie in Then and Now in May. I have often wondered if other veterans have automobile license numbers which bring back service memories. After ten years, I too have the particular numbers I want for the family car.

“For several years we had license number 38-140, representing the 140th Infantry of the 38th Division with which outfit I trained at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and went overseas. The infantry regiments of our division were used as replacements.



Here's a nut for the puzzle fans to crack. Earle J. Fraser tells about it on this page

"I finally obtained the number 81-322, representing the 322d Infantry of the 81st Division with which division, the Wild Cat, I saw service in the A. E. F. as a buck."

SINCE some few of the Gang got the rest of them started on the subject of service mascots, the roster of these pet animals is steadily growing. Several mule colts who served in that capacity for doughboys and a goat which sailed the seas with the Navy have been presented. Now a new animal makes its appearance and we'll let James P. Mooers, formerly of Company A, Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division, and now of Roxbury, Massachusetts, tell about it:

"Recently I noticed in Then and Now that mascots or service animals seem to be very much in order, so I am pounding my Remington tonight to let you know about the cutest mascot I ever saw in the A. E. F. or any place else.

"Fortunately I can enclose a picture which I am sure will be a pleasure for all of my former comrades and many other members of the A. E. F. to see. The little deer, pictured with one of the Cooks of Company B of my battalion, was an attraction from the Marne to the Rhine—no Yank ever saw him without saying a word or two to him.

"I belonged to Company A and as the mascot was the property of Company B, I am writing for them tonight.

"After coming out of the Chateau-Thierry fighting, our battalions were scattered somewhat. Toward the end of June we happened to be located close to Company B and they were very proud to make us acquainted with their new recruit, the little deer pictured. I cannot recall his name, but he was found in La Maurette woods not far from Chateau-Thierry and on the Marne River. The picture was snapped at Pertibout.

"How I got the picture is quite a story too. I picked it up in the Argonne. Our chaplain, one of the whitest men I think anyone could meet, asked the few of us who remained in the battalion after thirty days in that hell-hole, if we would help gather the bodies of the men we had lost on the way through, so they could be buried. Just before we were pulled back to a reserve position, we did bury our dead and saw that their personal belongings were put into one of the Graves Registration envelopes. I found the enclosed picture on the ground just as we were leaving the graves and the front. It was our last hitch at the front although we did not know it then—the Armistice was signed a few days later.

"Well, mind you, the mascot deer pulled through all this, too. You will note a message written on the back of the picture by some man who, judging from the place I found the picture, didn't survive the battle. I notice now that the name of the mascot, 'Fritz,' is also noted on the picture.

"Fritz got to Germany all right. I heard, however, that after we were up there a month or so, what with the many woods and the number of Fritz's brothers in the neighborhood, he went over the hill one day and never returned.

"Company B men could probably tell us some more about Fritz and I hope some of them make report."

PROBABLY it's just as well that we wrote a follow-up letter to Legionnaire Claude H. Eggleston of John A. Boechat Post of Buffalo, New York, because his second letter brings up a subject that we have long wanted to discuss in these columns. First we'll let you read Eggleston's first letter in which there is an interesting inquiry:

"Then and Now brings back memories of days which are passing all too fast, and I enjoy especially that department of the Monthly.

"I would like to inquire through your columns if there is any

other Legionnaire who lost a twin brother in the war. My twin, Clare K. Eggleston, was killed at Jaulgonne, France, on July 26, 1918, while serving as stretcher bearer in the Seventh Ambulance Company."

Our follow-up letter was for the purpose of ascertaining Eggleston's service connection, and we want you to read carefully what he said in reply:

"I made no mention of my own experiences while in the service because of the fact that I happened to be one of those unfortunates who did not get overseas."

And that's the subject we want to discuss. If anyone has the idea that a fellow has to be an ex-A. E. F.-er to become an active member of our Then and Now Gang—any more than he has to show overseas service for membership in the Legion—he's all wrong. We know that just as interesting or amusing incidents were experienced in the camps on this side of the water as were met with overseas and we want some of those stories sent to us for use in this department. The same holds true for unofficial service snapshots.

Eggleston's letter goes on to say that he enlisted in the Medical Department of the Army and served nearly twenty-one months, first at the Aviation Ground School at Ithaca, New York, then in Harper Hospital in Detroit, Michigan, and then at Hazelhurst Field No. 2 at Mineola, Long Island. It continues:

"At Hazelhurst Field I was assigned to what was known as the Medical Research Laboratory which had to do with the examination and classification of aviators. A unit of this Laboratory, consisting of five commissioned physicians and five enlisted men, was sent to practically every flying field in the country and two units went overseas. My unit was ordered to Dallas, Texas, where we were located in St. Paul's Sanitarium.

"Ask any aviator if he recalls the 're-breathing test'—for most of them had to take it and having taken it they won't forget it."

Will some of the ex-aviators come forward with their recollections of the test Eggleston mentions—and will the fellows who didn't get across during the war act on our request for pictures and stories of unusual or interesting or amusing experiences in the home camps?

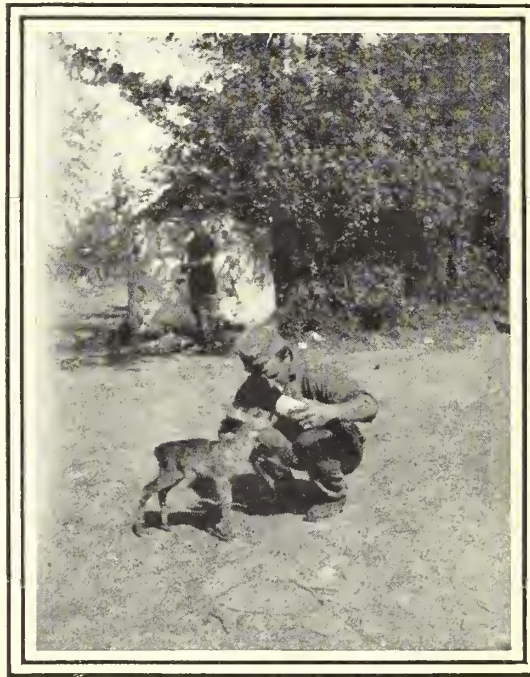
AN interesting query has been put to the Company Clerk by Howard W. Derby of Arcata (Cal-

ifornia) Post, who served as a sergeant with Company F, 150th Infantry. In turn, the Company Clerk is passing the question on to the Then and Nowers, some of whom can no doubt answer it for us. Here it is:

"Sometimes I have wondered whether there was more than one member of the Philippine Scouts who saw service in France during the World War. By that statement, I do not mean men who were ex-members or future members of that organization, but men who were members of the Scouts at the same time they were on duty with the A. E. F. Such a man's legal status would probably be a member of the Philippine Scouts on detached service with the Army of the United States in the A. E. F.

"My recollection is that the law of 1917 which lumped the Regulars, National Guard and National Army men into the Army of the United States, expressly excepted the Philippine Scouts. The species must have been exceedingly rare in the A. E. F.

"The Philippine Scouts is a constabulary, organized as a military body, the enlisted personnel being native and many of the officers American. It was organized for police duty in the islands and was never intended for service elsewhere. While it is under direction of the War Department and intimately connected with the Army in the islands, it is a unit with an identity of its own.



Company B, Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division, boasted an unusual mascot—the baby deer, "Fritz," pictured above. James P. Mooers of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who served in Company A sent the snapshot

"While at the Infantry Officers' Training School at Camp de la Valbonne, I met a fellow who back in the States had taken an examination for a commission in the Scouts and had then before the results were known sailed to France with his division—I think it was the 86th Division. He came to Valbonne as a sergeant and before the course was completed he received notice that he had been commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Philippine Scouts, promptly accepted it and was sworn in by the school commander. The last I knew of him he was doing duty as a Second Lieutenant there at Valbonne."

JUST what is the answer? Is there a sort of close corporation of ex-fliers of the World War or didn't any of them see the picture of "Eddie" Rickenbacker goose-stepping with a line of German prisoners which we reproduced in Then and Now in the July Monthly? We were actually in the dark about the why and wherefore of that picture and wanted to know about it. You'll remember that it was sent to us by Mrs. C. W. Hiatt of Odell, Nebraska, a former Y worker, who had received it from some doughboy on leave.

Anyhow, no one came across with any dope. But . . . we happened to hit a windfall. Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, ex-auto-racing driver, ex-first chauffeur to General Pershing in the A. E. F., American ace of aces, is now president of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation which owns the big two-and-a-half-mile track in the city where the Monthly is published, and which conducts the big 500-mile auto racing classic on May 30th of each year.

On the day before the race—on May 29th, to be exact—Captain Rickenbacker was guest of honor and principal speaker at the Indianapolis Rotary Club luncheon. While we're not a Rotarian, the boss is and he very generously took us along to that luncheon. And as the July Monthly was just going to press, we took with us a proof of the Then and Now page on which Eddie's picture appeared. And we showed the picture to Eddie. And he laughed and said something to the effect that "it was unfair to publish that snapshot." And then we were interrupted by the speaking and if Eddie can fly or drive as well as he put over a talk on "Transportation—Land, Air and Water," he's a bear!

Then, when the meeting broke up, we cornered the captain and asked him about the picture and here's the dope, first-hand: On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, Eddie's outfit, the 94th Pursuit Squadron, was located at the airfield at Rembercourt, France, some little distance north of Bar-le-Duc, in

back of the Meuse-Argonne front. It seems that the doughboys for some little time before that happy day had been bagging quite a few Heinie prisoners and some of these streams of prisoners had arrived in Rembercourt on their way to the barbed-wire cages awaiting them.

When the war went west, the members of the 94th Pursuit Squadron celebrated, as who didn't? And our friend, Eddie Rickenbacker, armed, lined up at the head of a line of Heinie prisoners, unarmed, and goose-stepped a bit, and someone took a snapshot. And there we are!

That is, there we are with reference to that particular picture. We should like to know more about other unofficial service snaps which appear from time to time in Then and Now.

AND now we'll have to retract the statement made in the foregoing story about the ex-aviators holding out on us. Just as we were going to press, we got the following hot dispatch from W. A. Bean of La Grande, Oregon, who designates himself merely as an ex-A. E. F.-er:

"At the bottom of page 46 of The American Legion Monthly for July appears a picture of Rickenbacker, asking the 'where, when and how' of it. The chances are that Eddie himself or his flying partner who took the picture, Reid Chambers, will neither one remember the details of that afternoon.

"The picture mentioned was taken on the afternoon of November 11, 1918, near the officers' mess hall of the First Pursuit Group flying field located on the hill near Rembercourt, about halfway between Bar le Duc and Verdun. The prisoners were recent captures and Eddie was celebrating the Armistice in the most democratic manner, showing the prisoners a good time."

THE Adjutant General, Major General Lutz Wahl, War Department, Washington, D. C., whose office has co-operated fully with the Company Clerk in many cases of interest to readers of this department, now asks for a little reciprocation. The request is of interest to medal-mep particularly:

"A recently issued book of the War Department on American decorations from 1862 to 1926 has been in much demand. Owing to the limited funds available, it has not been possible to make an unlimited distribution of this book. The War Department has sent a copy of the book to every living person listed in the book as having been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross or the Distinguished Service Medal.



Gievres, France, is probably best remembered by the A. E. F. as the main storage depot for barracks bags. But to former Third Pioneer infantrymen will come memories of the girls pictured above, who sold fruit to men stationed there. W. J. Midler of Utica, Minnesota, ex-Third Pioneer, snapped the picture

"In many instances it would appear the addresses on file in the Department are incorrect because about ten percent of the copies sent out have been returned because of non-delivery. It is, however, the Department's intention to do all it can to make delivery of the decorations book to all those listed as receiving decorations.

"The War Department will, upon application, forward a copy of the book to anyone awarded a Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross or Distinguished Service Medal, who has not yet received his copy."

HOME-MADE contrivances used for training purposes during the World War by our Army were only a part of the story of unpreparedness. Lack of ships, of guns, of ammunition, of airplanes, of uniforms—the list is endless—might be added. Two photographic exhibits of unpreparedness have been shown in Then and Now—in the January, 1928, and the June, 1928, Monthly. The beer-keg horses displayed in January brought some interesting comments and now we have another comment, with exhibit A displayed also, which we pass on to you.

"Controversial letters, they tell us, together with anonymous ones," types Legionnaire Franklin B. Thompson of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, "are two forms of literature which are not to be recommended as a general practice. Consequently, I shall affix my signature to the end of this, because that is not the idea, and pass the buck on the controversial end.

"In the January Monthly, Legionnaire Sheridan displayed a snap-shot and from the photograph I deduce that Sheridan himself is 'gallopin' Phil.' From the looks of the steeds he is still about seventeen and one-half miles away.

"But to get to the point—the famous mounts which Sheridan shows were very familiar to me. In fact they were a product of a unit which during that same winter of 1917-18 had more than a bit of local reputation around Section P, Camp Sherman, Ohio—namely, B Battery of a certain Light Regiment—and were created mentally and designed bodily by the various members of that battery.

"The account in Then and Now, at this late date, clears up a ten years' mystery of what happened to the World War versions of the famous wooden horse of Troy. Those among the Legionnaires who remember Camp Sherman during that winter will remember that aside from Sergeant Hammer's 'goat,' these were the only mounts of three regiments of so-called mounted troops.

"I am enclosing my picture of the same beer-keg steeds in march formation as they may or may not have appeared during our first mounted review."

AS AN example of the real co-operative and comradely spirit of Legionnaires, we want to refer back to the June, 1927, issue of the Monthly wherein, in Then and Now, we had the pleasure of introducing John R. Crawford, a 75-year-old veteran of the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection. Mr. Crawford, who was wounded in action in the Philippines, was an invalid in the hospital of the National Soldiers Home in Virginia, and had given four sons to the World War, all of whom lost their lives.

His one hobby was collecting postage stamps and we broadcast his request for stamps in these columns. This is the first opportunity we have had of acting on Mr. Crawford's later request that we help him in thanking the men who responded so generously. Here is his message:

"I have received in direct responses to the appeal in Then

and Now, stamps from 217 persons and have replied to each one briefly, thanking them for the very great kindness they manifested towards the old invalid soldier. I received also 304 letters from persons who stated they had sent me stamps but which, due to a probable error in address, failed to reach me. . . .

"I would like you to permit me the use of your columns to express my love and gratitude to those people who have made the old vet supremely happy by their gracious and generous gifts of the coveted stamps. Also those friends who so kindly sent contributions which unfortunately failed to reach me."

A request similar to Mr. Crawford's has now been received in the following letter from Mrs. M. A. Snyder, 428 Palm Drive, Hermosa Beach, California:

"My husband is a totally disabled ex-service man who has a postage stamp collection which helps him to pass a good deal of time. As he thinks that your office must receive a good bit of foreign mail he wants me to ask you if you would kindly save all foreign stamps and all U. S. Air Mail stamps, also pre-canceled stamps, and send them to him as they accumulate.

"He is confined to his bed the greater part of the time with valvular heart trouble and stamp collecting is interesting and at the same time light work for him."

We're doing our part. Do any Then and Nowers want to help?



And again we meet the beer-keg horses of Camp Sherman (Ohio) fame. Franklin B. Thompson of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, tells us the band is lined up here for the first mounted review

SIMULATE and synchronize were probably the two most over-worked words of the English language during the training days either over here or over there. An outfit was always "simulating" an offensive or the flanking of a machine-gun nest or a patrol or some such similar thing—and watches were always being "synchronized."

And along the line of "simulating," we have this account from Paul Roach of Dona Ana, New Mexico, who fought his part of the war in the 342d Machine Gun Battalion of the 89th Division:

"I wonder how many ex-soldiers of the 89th Division recollect the famous sham battle that was staged somewhere in the vicinity of St. Blin, Haute Marne, France? To one who never would take his war seriously, this maneuver staged by the 89th stood out as one of the most comical phases of the war. Here's the story as I remember it and I will stand for correction by the fellows who kept their diaries and are more familiar with the details than I am:

"Along in July, 1918, some three weeks before we moved up into the line north of Toul, the 342d Machine Gun Battalion, with which I played a minor part in the war, received orders to take part in a maneuver staged about a day's march from the town of Verseignes, where we were stationed. The day's march will at least be remembered, and the town of Verseignes by virtue of one 'Dirty Della' who officiated at the only bar in town.

"Our orders were to lay a machine-gun barrage over the head of advancing infantry, either the 355th or 356th. Having never been issued any ammunition, our knowledge of a machine-gun was limited to knowing how to take it apart and put it together. We were naturally at a loss as to how to lay a barrage without ammunition. The problem was solved by an issue of tin cans which we filled with rocks.

"At the zero hour, about 4:00 a. m., the order came to 'commence firing.' Each machine-gunner seized his tin can and shook it religiously, the noise of which vaguely simulated machine-gun fire, by using the imagination to some extent. At any rate, the infantry met with little opposition and the barrage was pronounced a success.

"I do not recall which officers of Company A were present

during this 'engagement,' but I can remember Lieutenant Birch, who later lost his life in action, laughing over this 'battle' after we had gone into the lines. Members of Company A may remember me as a champion goldbrick of the company. I don't believe I even shook my tin can very hard that night."

VIEWED from the standpoint of available space, the lost and found requests are quite a problem. In order to take care of as many as possible of these requests, they will be briefed and the Company Clerk hopes that the interest and co-operation heretofore shown in connection with these items will continue. Responses may be made direct to the Company Clerk who will report to the inquirers. Note carefully the following:

Six or seven spools of undeveloped Vest Pocket kodak films, stored in a Prince Albert tobacco can, were lost by C. W. Abbott, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, ex-Battery D, 64th C. A. C., in St. Nazaire, France, February, 1919, while awaiting transportation home.

A silver cigarette case, inscribed "Corporal John L. Lehnerr, Co. B, 128 M. G. Bn., 35th Div., U. S. A.," was lost in June, 1918, by Lehnerr, now of Towanda, Kansas, while a casual en route from Abbeville to Sept Meule, France.

A Distinguished Service Cross, French Croix de Guerre and Italian Medito de Guerro in a bill purse which contained also about 300 marks were lost by Charles A. McCoy, ex-Company I, 26th Infantry, in Coblenz, Germany. McCoy, now of San Pedro, California, is not interested in recovering the purse or marks, but would like to get the medals, which cannot be replaced.

While a corporal in Battery C, 103d Field Artillery, 26th Division, Alfred Meyerowitz of Newark, New Jersey, was wounded in a gully behind Bois Houmont, near Houmont pres Samogneux, Argonne. At the time, he threw away his saddle bags which contained a Roycroft pocket edition of the Rubaiyat and a writing kit containing letters and several poems. Meyerowitz writes: "If any buddy found this excess baggage and by any chance kept it until now, I would be pleased to hear from him."

When en route to the gas school at Chatillon-sur-Seine, a souvenir de luxe was lost by A. M. Tenison of Florence, Alabama, ex-lieutenant, Battery E, 309th Field Artillery, 78th Division, from his bedding roll. It was a German officer's sword, straight double-edge blade, flexible gold or gold-plated guard in the design of the German double eagle at the hilt; the

scabbard was hung to a white shoulder strap instead of to a waist belt.

Francis L. Turner of St. Louis, Missouri, who introduces himself as the "ex-buck orderly" to Lieutenant Adrian W. Groot, Company D, 530th Engineers, reports the loss of a black-bound Webster's Dictionary, containing his name and address, while in St. Aignan, France.

Commander Harold R. Wilkinson, St. Charles (Illinois) Post, reports that he was wounded at Beaumont, France, November 4, 1918, while with Company I, Ninth Infantry, Second Division. When evacuated, the following souvenirs were tagged with his name and outfit: a pair of German officers' field glasses, 2 German pistols, a 38-caliber Luger, a 32-caliber Mauser, a leather holster and belt. None of these was ever recovered.

CONFUSION which resulted from the stress of keeping track of men in times of action overseas cannot alone be charged with the erroneous official reports of killed in action or missing in action, which some still-very-much-alive Legionnaires prize as souvenirs of service. Several cases of this kind have been reported in these columns. Now we have a new member for our so-called Unofficially Alive Veterans Club and this man received notice of his death some years after the fighting ceased. Edward Gerber of Union City, Connecticut, formerly with the 102d Infantry and with what he calls "Pee-wee" [Prisoner of War?—C. C.] 87, submits the following credentials for membership:

"Not knowing any of the members of the Unofficially Alive Veterans Club, I hereby present my own application for membership in this unique organization and trust that my qualifications will admit me to the inner circle. Like the others, the report of my death was greatly exaggerated and while I did not read my own obituary, I did learn the proper procedure to be followed when claim is made by my beneficiary for the amount of my adjusted compensation certificate.

"One evening, about two years ago, I was seated in a comfortable chair smoking an A. E. F. special (100 for 15 cents) and listening to a radio program, when my wife rudely interrupted with 'What do you think of this?' 'This' was a notification from the U. S. Veterans Bureau of my death and as she was designated as beneficiary, the letter gave her instructions for filing claim for the amount of the certificate.

"It was my pleasure to reply to this letter personally and advise the Bureau that an error had (Continued on page 78)



The State of Pennsylvania has honored the living and the dead heroes of the 28th (Keystone) Division in memorials erected at Fismes, Nantillois and Varennes. Above is shown the dedication ceremonies on May 29th last of the memorial bridge over the Vesle River at Fismes. General Pershing and a Provisional Battalion of 12 officers and 202 men of the 28th, among other notables, were present

Bursts and Duds

IT ALL DEPENDS

"Whatever became of that young fellow who used to work for you? Obstinate young ass, he was."

"Do you mean Jones? Why, he's a big man today—a millionaire several times over."

"Well, I'm not at all surprized to hear that. What wonderful will power he had!"

THE STARTER

"My beau," little Elsie said, "is going to be an admiral."



"Indeed!" the visitor replied indulgently. "A cadet at the Naval Academy now, I presume?"

"Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

CHARITY VS. BUSINESS

A tramp knocked at a door and asked the lady for something to eat.

"Yes," she assented, "if you'll chop me a load of wood first."

"Madame," retorted the tramp with dignity, "I asked for a donation—not a transaction."

R-R-REVENGE!

Scene: City tenement house. Characters: Nosey tenant and mail carrier.

N. T.: "Postman, that young student upstairs must have a tremendous correspondence. You always have something for him."

M. C.: "Yes, I had a quarrel with him once, and ever since he sends a postcard to himself every day and I have to climb five flights of stairs to deliver it."

OVERHEARD

In these days of hifalutin' political speeches, some admiration must be paid to this burst of oratory:

"Our opponents have seen the handwriting on the wall shouted from the housetops, and they can put that in their pipes and smoke it!"

ONLY FOOLING

The bridegroom opened his hand and revealed two ten-dollar gold pieces. One of these he slipped to the minister, whispering: "I'd have given you both if you had made the girl promise to obey me."

"It is just as well as it is," said the marrier. "If I had made her promise to obey you, you'd be back tomorrow after the extra ten."

UNNOTICEABLE

Wonderful Wife: "Now, where in the world did I put that dress I was going to wear today?"

Horrible Husband: "Stupid! You have it on already."

HIS LOOK-OUT

"Clorine," said Clorine's mistress, "I've heard about your hard luck, and I'm terribly sorry."

"Deed, ma'am, Ah ain't had no hahd luck."

"Why—wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—but dat's his hahd luck—not mine."

ASK DAD—HE'LL GUESS

"Pop," asked Young Hopeful No. 2809, "what's unconscious humor?"

"Ah," replied father, who had once taken a course in humor-writing, "The sign in a maternity ward, 'No Children Allowed'."

STRANGE INTERLUDE

"I beg your pardon, madame." A patron of the movies bent over and touched the lady in front of him on the shoulder. "But would you mind reading the subtitles in a little louder tone? The organ sometimes prevents me from hearing you."

BROADMINDED

"Simpson's pet virtue is tolerance."
"Yes, the least bit of intolerance makes him hopping mad."

CRISIS

Times had reached a troublous pass at the First National Bank of Miners, Merchants & Morons, and a meeting of the directors had been called.

"We've got to have a reorganization at once," the chairman announced.

"Why? What's the trouble?" a mere director asked.

"We've just discovered that we have three more depositors than we have vice presidents."

APHASIA

"Have you ever been divorced before?" a lawyer asked.

"Say!" ejaculated his fair client. "I can't even remember which one of my husbands it was that didn't snore."

CHANGING TIMES

Eve's faith in Adam's omniscience was beginning to wane. Things get that way, even in Eden.

"Yesterday you told me that animal was an antelope," she said. "Today you say it's a giraffe. What's the big idea?"

"It *was* an antelope yesterday," Adam defended himself. "Didn't you ever hear of evolution?"

HELL BENT

The deceased groceryman knocked on the gates of Hell and asked entrance.

"Why do you come here?" demanded Satan.

"I want to collect some old accounts from a couple of my former customers who died before me."

"How do you know they are here?"

"Well, every time I tried to collect this is the place they recommended me to."

FINALE?

Every now and then we decide to quit running jokes about a certain cinema artist celebrated for his facial makeup. Then we change our minds.

So it seems there was a jealous swain looking through his cutie's album of favorites.

"Where did you get that collection of movie actors' photographs?" he asked.

"That isn't a collection of movie actors' photographs," she answered. "That's Lon Chaney."

And, just to get it over with, a director said:

"Rain Tin Tin is ill. What shall we do?"

"Wire Lon Chaney," his assistant suggested.

Now, maybe we'll be good.

TOP OF THE WORLD

The skipper of a Polar expedition on his return was becoming bored of being lionized. The last straw came when a gushing visitor asked him:

"Oh, do tell me, captain, how did you find the North Pole?"

"Very well, madame," he replied.

INFORMATION BUREAU

A worried-looking patron entered the spooky-atmosphered establishment of a fortune-teller.

"Do you guarantee that I can talk with my dead wife?" he inquired.

"Absolutely," the seer promised.

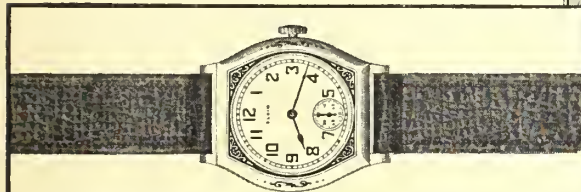
"Then ask her where in Heaven's name she put my golf pants."

It rates its name . . .

THE ELGIN

Legionnaire

\$19⁰⁰ to \$27⁵⁰



Model 303. Cased by Elgin in chromium plated nickel. Will not tarnish or discolor. Handsomely engraved. With raised figured dial, \$19.00. Luminous hands and dot dial . . . \$20.00
With luminous dial and hands . . . \$21.50



Model 302. Cased by Elgin in chromium plated nickel. Handsomely engraved. Extra heavy crystal. With luminous dial and hands, \$21.50. With luminous hands and dot dial . . . \$20.00
With raised figured dial . . . \$19.00



Model 301. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With raised figured dial, \$25.00. With luminous hands and dot dial, \$26.00
With luminous dial and hands . . . \$27.50



Model 300. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With luminous dial and hands, \$27.50. With luminous hands and dot dial, \$26.00
With raised figured dial . . . \$25.00



REMEMBER that sturdy old turnip strapped to your wrist during your service days?

Here's its successor . . . the modern version of a man's watch for a man . . . slimmer, thinner, smarter . . . the ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE.

And it rates the name! It's smart and snappy as a good salute. It's got that rakish, swanky look . . . like a fast destroyer or a combat plane. And it's just as efficient, for the marvellous ELGIN movement keeps the minutes parading by . . . and no stragglers! . . . even under the shock of golf playing, wood chopping on a camping trip, and all those gentle little things men do to their watches in the regular course of service. But the Legionnaire never complains.

Because it's that husky don't think that it hasn't style. You could wear your Legionnaire with a cutaway, white spats and gardenia to a Fifth Avenue wedding, and its slender elegance would be right in the picture.

Coupled with the low prices are typical high-price refinements . . . like the raised numerals which flash the time more clearly, the luminous dial if you wish it, the 40 to 42 hour running time without rewinding. Four models to choose from . . . \$19 to \$27.50.

The DEATH of the party..



Old Gloom himself. Asked because he was somebody's friend, and pretty nearly spoiling the evening.

The curious thing is he's really ashamed of his lack of pep. And he's tried to get himself in shape... Used all the ordinary laxatives; health foods that take weeks to work—cathartics that wrack the system...

FEEN-A-MINT is different! It's just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it—you chew it!

Its magic laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes part of the digestive fluids—does not disturb digestion. It works *with* the body—not against it!

It won't torture you with griping pains. It won't poison or weaken the system. It won't enslave you to laxative pills. Get Feen-a-mint at your drug-gist's. Correct constipation—now! Write Dept. 15N, Health Products Corp., Newark, N. J., for free samples.

Feen-a-mint

Chew it like Gum

The Stolen Railroad Train

(Continued from page 31)

else. The lifting of the rail became a matter of life or death. Most of the members of the party were large, muscular men. They grasped the loose end of the rail, and with the strength born of peril heaved and pulled and heaved and pulled again. The iron rail snapped and the men tumbled in a heap. In an instant they were on their feet, in the cars and away.

At Adairsville the raiders were cheered by the sight of the southbound freight waiting on the siding. At the depot Andrews received positive information that Mitchel held several miles of the railroad in Alabama. To Andrews, the Yankee raider, this was welcome news. To Andrews, the Confederate powder train official, it was not so good. It rendered his story absurd on its face, but the marvelous address of the spy covered up the inconsistency long enough for him to get away. This took a little time, too. He tarried to reassure the freight crew and send them south with their train. With the pursuers coming north, the freight going south and a broken rail between them Andrews expected his adversaries to be delayed long enough to give him the lead he needed.

But Andrews took further risks to accomplish this. The southbound passenger train, following the freight, was overdue. The station officials advised Andrews to wait for it. Quite truthfully Andrews said he could not afford to wait, but he promised to run slowly, sending a flagman ahead on curves. Thus Andrews hoped to reach Calhoun, nine miles farther on, and deal with the passenger train there.

So as not to arouse suspicion the General rolled cautiously away from the Adairsville depot. A quarter of a mile of this and Andrews told Knight to let her go. To this day Knight probably holds the speed record between Adairsville and Calhoun, Georgia. The nine miles were made in seven and one-half minutes—over a track on which safe running was sixteen miles an hour.

The dash saved the Andrews party from destruction by thirty seconds. The passenger train had just pulled out from the station when the wild General was seen roaring toward it. The two locomotives were stopped within a few yards of each other. The passenger engineer was trembling with fright—and he was mad. He refused to back up to let Andrews pass. A crisis seemed at hand, for Andrews literally did not have a moment to lose, as he had not cut the wires beyond Adairsville.

It was raining. The passenger conductor came up to see what the trouble was. Andrews spoke in a tone of authority. He said that he had requested the removal of the passenger train so that powder for the front might not be delayed. Now he had no alternative but to issue orders. Without a word the conductor obeyed.

The spraddling hamlet of Calhoun diminished in the distance and the Yankees breathed more easily. Ross had been right about a day's delay altering things. Yesterday it would have been smooth sailing. No extra trains, no excitement on the line, the powder train story perfection itself. By now the raiders should have been near a triumphant journey's end. But today difficulties had been encountered only to be overcome. Five trains passed, a pursuit that was still an unexplained miracle shaken off by a matter of minutes, and now on the main line once more with an open road ahead and a broken track behind. Smooth sailing, after all.

In a few minutes they would reach the first bridge they were to burn—a covered wooden structure over the Oostenaule River. Here Andrews planned to render his success secure. He stopped a couple of miles in front of the bridge to cut wires and take up track. While some of the men tugged at a rail others collected wood to fire the bridge. This would not be easy, as the down-pour continued and everything was soaking wet. The rail crew was having its usual difficulties when they heard a sound and saw a sight that would not have startled them more had it been an apparition from the sky. A locomotive whistled and hove in sight, burning up the track from the south. Pursuing locomotives seemed to spring from the ground. Those at the rail yanked like men possessed. They could not break the rail, but they bent a yard of it some inches out of line. That seemed sufficient to wreck any train and the men jumped in their box cars and the General started off.

It did not, however, wreck the mysterious pursuer. As far as the fugitives could see the pursuing engine went over the bent rail as if it had not been there. Actually it nearly threw the crew from the cab and they thought they were lost. But the bent rail was on the inside of a curve and the weight of the swiftly moving engine was on the outside rail.

All depended now on firing the bridge, and Andrews attempted a dramatic expedient to gain time for that. He reversed the General and charged his pursuers. When going full tilt the rear box car was uncoupled, and the General was started forward leaving the box car to continue the assault.

The bridge was reached. On a fair day a little oil and a faggot or two would have finished it, but it was raining harder, if possible, than ever. Every stick of wood was soaking and the men kept their pistol ammunition dry with difficulty. Nevertheless a fire was kindled and coaxed in one of the remaining cars. The plan was to leave the car in flames on the covered wooden bridge, but before the fire seemed the least encouraging here came the pursuers, pushing the raiders' box car in

front of them. The Southerners had been in luck again. On a down grade the flying box car might have driven them back for miles. But Andrews was compelled to let it go on a level stretch. When the pursuers came in sight of the bridge Andrews had to flee and the first feeling that the fates were not on their side overtook the daring Union adventurers.

IF they have anything to do with luck, the fates, indeed, were against the Yankees. Fuller had had all of the advantages of chance. Andrews had had the disadvantages. Of course, a good man makes his own luck to a large extent. Fuller was a good man. His pursuit had been intelligent and daring; and he had made no mistakes.

Conductor William A. Fuller had just sat down to breakfast at Big Shanty (now the town of Kennesaw) when a shout went up that his train had been stolen. He was on the platform in time to see the General glide around a curve. It flashed on Fuller that the engine had been seized by deserters who would run it up the track for a few miles and take to the woods. With Engineer Cain and Superintendent Murphy of the machine shops the conductor started up the track at a dead run. Two miles out the three were winded and about to give up when they met the track gang whose tools Andrews had taken. Their push car was impressed into service. "Now if we can find the old Yonah at our end of the branch we will get the scoundrels at Kingston where those extras will hold them up," said Fuller. No one replied to this observation because an instant later push car and riders, sailing down a grade, were pitched into a ditch, having struck a lifted rail.

The Yonah was tagged just as she was leaving the main line. The Yonah was an old engine and full of complaints, but she had had her day, and on this day she turned the calendar back. The sixteen miles to Kingston were made in thirteen minutes. There Fuller learned that his quarry had eluded him by four minutes. He also heard the powder story, but did not learn that the "powder" cars were full of armed men. Otherwise he would have proceeded more cautiously. Had he known that at Big Shanty he would not have started his personal pursuit at all.

Owing to the crowded tracks at Kingston, Fuller had to abandon the Yonah for a newer though slower engine. This exchange probably saved his life. It was between Kingston and the next station, Adairsville, that Andrews was apprised of the pursuit by the whistle of Fuller's locomotive while he was tearing up track. But he had broken a rail and escaped without being seen by Fuller, and reaching Adairsville had sent the through freight south. Having struck one broken rail Fuller was on the lookout for others, although the rain made it almost impossible to see anything. Nevertheless Fuller did see, or thought he saw, where the track had been tampered with in time to throw the slow engine (Continued on page 50)

CHROME



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City _____

State, County _____

The Stolen Railroad Train

(Continued from page 49)

into reverse and stop it on the brink of the gap.

Fuller leaped from the useless locomotive and motioning to his men to follow again, started another footrace up the track, sliding and slipping in the mud. He had not gone far when he saw the through freight headed toward him. He flagged it down and backed it into Adairsville. The freight engine was the Texas, and there was no better locomotive on the line. It was detached and started, tender forward, toward Calhoun.

Fuller believed he had the Yankees now. Andrews was thought to be running slowly for fear of colliding with the southbound passenger train. If so, Fuller's quarry was boxed between two trains. But if Andrews had succeeded in reaching Calhoun before the passenger left Fuller would risk a collision himself unless he proceeded with caution. He took that risk and covered the nine miles to Calhoun in ten minutes—which still leaves Knight in possession of the record, however. The passenger train was still waiting. One scare in a day had been enough for that engineer. Andrews had tried vainly to send him on his way, which would have certainly been the end of Conductor Fuller.

On from Calhoun raced the Texas, running backward with Fuller perched on the tender watching the track. Presently the fugitives were sighted for the first time, but Fuller overlooked the rail they had bent on the curve until too late to stop. No matter; the Texas managed that rail, picked up the box-car the fugitives had flung at their pursuers and surprised the Yankees again while trying to burn the Oostenaula bridge. The rain defeated that effort and the feebly burning car Andrews had tried to convert into a firebrand was likewise picked up and both cars were sidetracked at Resaca station a few hundred yards beyond the bridge.

Passing Resaca the fugitives did not run very fast. It was plain that there was no eluding the Texas by speed alone. They tried wrecking her. As there was no time to stop to dismantle track, a hole was rammed in the rear end of the remaining box car and ties and sticks of firewood were dropped out in the hope of obstructing a rail. The wood showed a maddening disposition to roll off the track, but now and then a piece stayed on and Fuller was forced by the protests of his men to slow up.

This was effective as long as the wood lasted, but presently it was all gone except a few sticks which were crammed into the firebox for a sprint to the next woodyard. At the woodyard about half a load was thrown aboard when the Texas hove in sight, but fuel was so precious that the men continued to pile it on and Fuller had to check speed to avert a collision. Before the hard-pressed General pulled out, Andrews's men had made a barrier of ties across

the track and while Fuller removed it Andrews gained a few minutes headway in his race to the water tank a few miles farther, for the General's boilers were almost dry. When the General left the water tank, the pursuers were again in view.

They were now ten or twelve miles from Dalton and Andrews must somehow gain a few minutes to take care of possible delays at Dalton, which was a large town with a complicated arrangement of switches. It was also equally important to cut the wires before a message could get into Dalton raising enemies in their path there. A tremendous spurt was made. Then a sudden stop by throwing the headlong engine into reverse. Scott was out of the car and up a pole before the wheels had ceased to revolve. Another party was building a barrier across the track. Another was frantically trying to wrench up a rail. Corporal Pittenger, a young law student who had got in the Army with difficulty because of his thick spectacles, approached Mr. Andrews.

"We can capture that train if you are willing," he said.

"How?" asked Andrews.

"Block the track and place our party in ambush. Run our engine out of sight to disarm suspicion. When they stop to remove the obstruction we'll seize their engine and reverse it against any other trains that may be in this pursuit."

Mr. Andrews said nothing for a moment. "It is a good plan," he finally announced. "It is worth trying." He glanced about as if studying the landscape. His survey was interrupted by the inevitable whistle of the pursuers. His glance shifted to the men who were vainly straining to force the rail.

"All aboard, boys," he called and the dash to Dalton began.

The Texas was not in sight when the General halted at Dalton, a hundred yards in front of the depot, a large structure with a shed enclosing the track. Several local railwaymen came up. The powder story was useless now—what with one battered car which had been liberally peeled for fire-wood and a company of correspondingly battered men. Andrews dropped from the cab to see if the switches were set for a clear track. They appeared to be. "I am running this train through to Corinth," he called out in general acknowledgment of a flood of inquiries, and signaling to Knight to proceed caught on the engine step as it passed.

The General tore through the station shed and through the town to the great consternation of the citizens of Dalton. This consternation was not diminished when five minutes later Fuller's Texas rolled in, merely slowing up to drop a man who bolted like a shot from a gun and literally fell upon the telegrapher's key.

At the same instant, two miles from

Dalton, in plain sight of a Confederate regiment, John Scott was climbing a telegraph pole. One minute later the wire was cut, putting a period where no period was intended in Conductor Fuller's message from Dalton. But this much got through:

GEN. LEADBETTER COMMANDER AT CHATTANOOGA MY TRAIN CAPTURED THIS A M AT BIG SHANTY EVIDENTLY BY FEDERAL SOLDIERS IN DISGUISE THEY ARE MAKING RAPIDLY FOR CHATTANOOGA POSSIBLY WITH IDEA OF BURNING . . .

The Chattanooga commandant understood. What chance now for Andrews and his band? Every mile of flight from Fuller brought them a mile nearer to the open arms of the waiting Leadbetter.

Some distance from Dalton the road passed through a tunnel. Here was the place to turn and fight if they were ever to do it. But Andrews signalled to keep on. He meant to stake everything on the destruction of the Chickamauga River bridge. He ordered a fire built in the remaining box car. This was hard to do. The car had been picked pretty clean. Inside and out, it was as wet as it could be and the rain still fell in torrents.

By drawing on the last quart of oil and almost the last stick of firewood a blaze was started. It crackled encouragingly and the spirits of the men rose with it. The little train stopped under the shelter of the bridge. As the oil burned from the surface of the wet wood the fire drooped a little. Still, the interior of the bridge shed was fairly dry, and given time the flames in the car would do their work.

There is always a kind of attraction about a fire, and as this fire meant so much to its guardians, they half forgot their peril and tarried to watch it. It was midday and the strain since dawn had been very great. It was worth the price to relax. If the fire failed a few minutes would not matter.

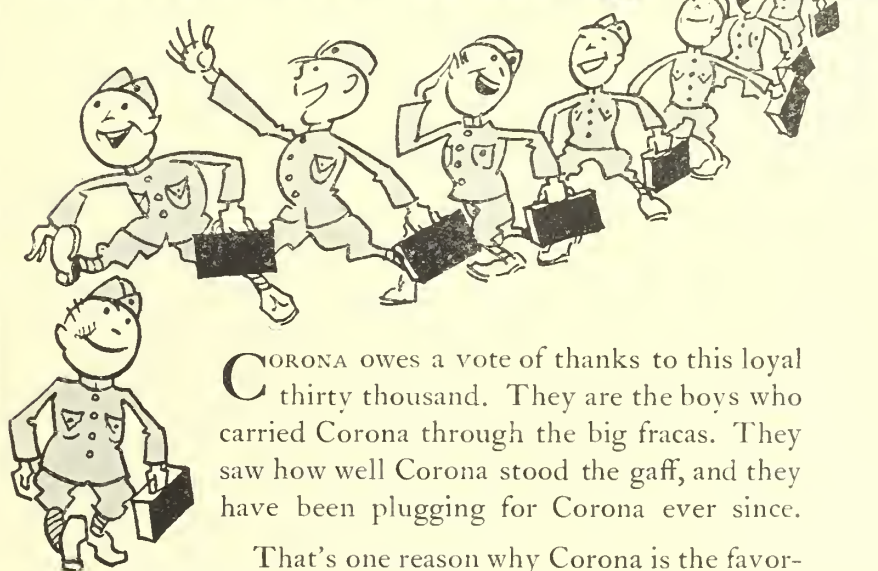
The blaze picked up again. It took possession of the car and tongues of flame licked the half-dry timbers of the bridge. No one had said a word for what might have been a minute when the lookout called that the smoke of the Texas was in sight.

The burning car was uncoupled rather deliberately and one of Andrews's men, who was brave enough to tell the truth, said that his heart sank. The General limped through the village of Ringgold. Wood was gone and oil was gone but Andrews dared not stop.

Fuller picked up the blazing car on the bridge—and dropped it at Ringgold. A few miles from there he sighted the Yankees drilling along at fifteen miles an hour. They were burning their clothing to keep moving and the journals on their engine were melting. Their last fragment of hope was a woodyard several miles ahead.

Fuller guessed their straits and their plan, but he lagged back. He knew he was dealing with men who would be desperate at bay. With the whole country behind him (*Continued on page 52*)

30 thousand legionnaires *can't be wrong!*



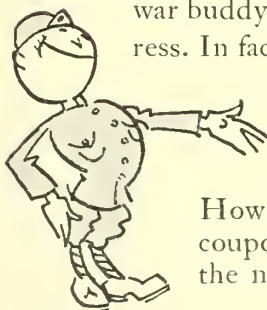
CORONA owes a vote of thanks to this loyal thirty thousand. They are the boys who carried Corona through the big fracas. They saw how well Corona stood the gaff, and they have been plugging for Corona ever since.

That's one reason why Corona is the favorite portable typewriter of the Legion today. The other reason is that Corona is the finest portable money can buy—with more conveniences and big machine features than any other.

Look it over. You'll be proud to see how this war buddy of the Legion has kept pace with progress. In fact, it has *set* the pace.

Our local representative will gladly leave a Corona at your home for you to examine at your leisure—and without obligation. Sold on convenient terms.

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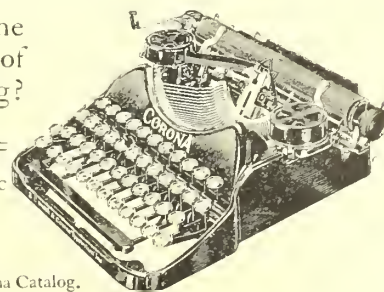


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Address



The Stolen Railroad Train

(Continued from page 51)

aroused, with two other engines in pursuit, one of them drawing a trainload of soldiers, Conductor Fuller felt no call to precipitate a battle.

The General's speed fell to eight miles an hour and Fuller slacked up accordingly, keeping a good quarter to half mile in the rear.

Knight said he could not make the woodyard. Mr. Andrews was a man who never delayed his decisions. "Jump and scatter, men, and be quick."

The men began to jump, rolling over and over until they vanished in the dripping woods beside the right-of-way. When all were off Knight reversed the engine and jumped. The old General moved off toward the pursuers, but the steam was too low for any speed. Fuller simply reversed, ran back a way and let the General come up gradually and couple on.

The troop train came and the country was smothered with searchers with orders to take the "train thieves" dead or alive. All were taken, the captures requiring from a few hours to ten days.

NOTHING the soldiers of the North did during the war aroused the South to a greater pitch than the exploit of these twenty-two men. The newspaper *Southern Confederacy* of Atlanta declared the preservation of the railroad bridges a victory equal to Bull Run. "The mind and heart sink back at the bare contemplation of the consequences that would have followed the success" of the raid. It resulted in a reorganization of railroad administration in the South.

Mr. Andrews left his bones in Dixie. He was hanged at Atlanta ten days before the date set for his wedding. His

Kentucky fiancée read an account of it in a newspaper and the blow killed her.

The following week seven others were executed, but the sudden thrust of a Federal column interrupted the court-martial of their fourteen comrades, eight of whom escaped and reached the Union lines. They were the first enlisted men to receive Congressional Medals of Honor. By this time the cry for vengeance had modulated and a few Southerners went so far as to show publicly their admiration for the Yankees' valor. A year later the six who remained in Confederate hands were exchanged for their weight in important political prisoners held by the North. President Lincoln received them and listened to an account of their adventures.

"A little luck with the battles now and the war will be over," he said.

Shipmates with Byrd

(Continued from page 25)

out the sextant." Walter Hinton, who later on was pilot of the NC 4 on its voyage to Lisbon, usually went along to assist him on these occasions. We heard quite a lot about the sextant, first and last. I didn't realize at the time, however, as he admitted in our interview, that he had been working on it at Pensacola, for about a year before he was ordered to Halifax, which was in August, 1918. And he wasn't finished with it then; for it was not finally perfected until some time after that. Those years of patient experimenting with his sextant tell a whole lot.

The work he had done in developing the bubble sextant, and in other problems of air navigation was largely responsible for the assignment he was given to arrange the plans for the navigation of the NC flight in the spring of 1919, on which Hinton was lucky enough to get to go. Byrd, I think, was pleased even to have so much of a part to play in this early trans-Atlantic adventure of aviation. But if he was patiently working away at the development of the bubble sextant at Halifax, he was fairly tugging at the leash to be one of the first to venture forth on the job for which the sextant was intended. The sextant had to take a back seat as a topic of conversation when it was learned that planes of trans-Atlantic timber were actually under construction. And he let it be known that he had not only put in to the Bureau of Navigation for himself, to be one of those who would take part in the first trans-Atlantic venture by air, but had also sent in the names of three others of our best pilots. In the course of our talk I mentioned how excited we all were about this thrilling possibility back in 1918. I learned it was an adventure which

Byrd had had close to his heart practically ever since he received his naval aviation designation. He had filed a request for this detail even before this; and for that matter, he said he took another shot at it again in December, 1918, just before we weighed anchor for the States.

It was typical of him that he didn't forget his shipmates. Hinton, of course, who was flight leader, as I recall it, was included. And another pilot who would surely have been on the list was Walter Dietrich. It was often possible to tell from the ground when Dietrich had the stick, so beautifully symmetrical were his spirals. And half the time it was a safe bet that the dog Oscar was up there with him. That was the sort Dietrich was.

There came a memorable night when the officers of the air station were honored guests at one of the important clubs in Halifax. There was a gathering of leading citizens present, and addresses were made. Dietrich, who happened to be sitting up front, somehow or other got called upon—or volunteered, it was never quite clear which—to contribute to the program. He did. Starting out in a most exemplary manner, he gradually warmed to his theme. And, soon, just as unaccountably as he had begun his speech, it became apparent that, by imperceptible degrees, he had progressed from mildly kidding our good allies to roundly abusing them. He answered every Canadian-American "argument about the war" that had been thought of at that time—and quite a few had been—and then, for good measure, he brought up some that had not been thought of, and answered them.

But the next morning, for all Dietrich's thorough-going treatment of his

subject, the American consul pointedly refused to concede that his effort had had any merits at all. He had no proper understanding of how good a flyer Dietrich was, nor yet how likable. Byrd of course had. And you could always count upon Byrd's following out his convictions. The upshot of it was that it got around that the captain had made a rattling good pilot sign the pledge.

"You know," my old skipper said, "I had a devil of a time getting him out of that." I can well imagine that he did. Because there was a time when the citizens of Halifax celebrated Fourth of July by burning the effigy of George Washington. During the Revolution many substantial citizens of the colonies whose sympathies were with England found refuge there. Dietrich was no diplomat. But later on he took his place among the many pioneers of aviation who have given their lives to it. And the cause of international good feeling was not permanently injured. Some of Halifax's staunchest patriots were known to smile at recollection of the incident.

Dave Musk, another of the outfit, has also since given his life to the cause.

Byrd was a good fellow at Halifax, but he got things done and maintained discipline for all that. Counting officers and men, his command numbered about four hundred and fifty. An incident occurred about halfway through the period that we were there—from August to December—which illustrates how little stuck Byrd is with the idea that gold braid can do the work of a leader of men. Quite a few of the men had managed, in one way or another, to qualify for court-martials. That is to say, they had demonstrated that they were average healthy American gobs. No very serious (Continued on page 54)

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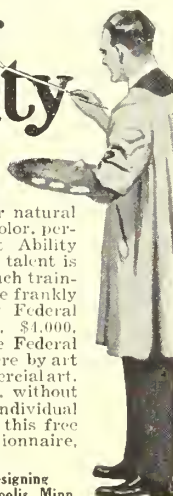
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Shipmates with Byrd

(Continued from page 52)

charges—but it seemed that a good number of summaries would be required to straighten things out.

It seemed that way. But that was reckoning without the captain. We had just had an admiral's inspection. The station had been commended. And all I knew about it, at the time, was that, the next morning at quarters, Byrd told the men that the station had made such a fine showing he was going to try an experiment. Then taking off his coat, and his officer's insignia with it, he continued, as I remember it, about like this:

"I don't want to be bothered with court-martials. We've got too much else to do. I'm going to put something up to you fellows as man to man. And if you carry it out the same way, I think it will work. The list of men who have so far been placed on report has been thrown away. We are going to start with decks cleared. And I'm going to ask you fellows to maintain discipline by punishing yourselves hereafter."

I don't know how nearly such a way of handling men comes to what they teach them at Annapolis. But I don't believe that that part of it would have made much difference to Byrd. He is the sort of fellow who does things, and if he ever worries about how—which I seriously doubt—he saves all that until afterward. There was no cause for worry afterward as it turned out on this occasion. The scheme worked. The Navy Department received no copies in triplicate of court-martial proceedings from Halifax.

I discovered something more about this incident in my interview with him. It seemed such an unusual and almost reckless way of handling the situation. But in reality he had a pretty good idea from past experience of the results he might expect. For all his spontaneity and readiness, when the time comes for action, this man, who faithfully worked away at his bubble sextant for two years or so, and persistently strove for the opportunity to fly the Atlantic for nearly ten years before he won it, doesn't go off at half cock.

I learned in my interview with him that he had used with success similar psychology on a former occasion, when it seemed to be the only way out. It was in connection with one of those minor disturbances in one of the South American republics. A landing party he was in charge of was showing signs of disaffection. The heat was too much for them. He had discovered one desertion too late to prevent it. So off came the coat, and with it came a sporting proposition. Any others who wanted to leave had his permission, but they first would have to earn the right by fighting for it—with plain Dick Byrd. No one went back.

There was an incident on his later trans-Atlantic flight that reminded me of a threat of a flu epidemic which we

had at Halifax. It was when Bernt Balchen was off duty, and fell asleep with his foot almost touching the gasoline dump valve control. Byrd didn't awaken him because he thought that he needed the sleep. Instead he held himself ready to interfere instantly should his shipmate's foot get too near the control. The analogy won't bear carrying out too finely. But it would have been so much easier to have awakened Balchen. That is what most of us would have done, without giving the matter a second thought. Byrd gave much the same kind of consideration to the welfare of the four hundred or so men under him at Halifax.

When the influenza epidemic threatened was one of the occasions he did it. He showed himself to be a veritable martinet in enforcing some of the emergency regulations that he decided were necessary. One was gargling. The daily gargle became as much a part of the station routine as quarters—a nuisance, but by help of Violet often amusing at that. For when the gargle line formed in front of the medico's tent that imitative beast got the idea he wanted to do it too. There seemed to be no objection. "Why not let him?" said the skipper. So after the rest of the personnel had done their duty Violet was usually given a lap or two of the stuff.

He clamped down on shore leave tight. But then came the touch that the Balchen incident reminded me of. After he had enforced these necessary precautions he realized immediately that, in the condition in which it was at that time, the station was a pretty bleak place to make four hundred gobs spend night after night with nothing to do. So ship's carpenters were taken off other jobs, electricians, machinists, every man handy with tools regardless of rating. And soon—in a day or two I think it was—an old building which had been used in peace times for drying codfish was transformed into a comfortable recreation hall. And here shows and movie programs and such things were put on that helped to keep everyone happy during quarantine, and quite likely so much the healthier. Whatever the cause, no one at the station got the flu.

This is one of the things that Byrd gives the impression of being, pardonably, a bit set up about, in his record at Halifax. "Kept the flu out," he said. "Made 'em gargle every day." And he made it apparent by the way he said it why, as I happen to know, every man of them did gargle every day.

Then there was that matter of not sending in any court-martials from Halifax. He gave me the impression of taking a good deal of pride in that, too.

And, finally, I think he would have a hard time proving that he wasn't pretty proud of the record he made in getting the station on an operating basis. He was able to telegraph Washington three

days after the detachment's arrival that he was ready to send up planes. I wasn't there then, but he outlined briefly how it was done. The station was situated on a point of land reaching out into the harbor. Because of dangerous shoals only small boats could reach it by water. The usual approach was by a road which circled around the harbor's rim. But because of heavy rains the road was in bad condition when Byrd and his men arrived, and it appeared that to transport over it the bulky wings of the planes, which had come on the same ship the men did, would not be practicable for several days.

It was a situation surprisingly like that which confronted him at King's Bay, Spitsbergen, the point from which he and Floyd Bennett, on May 9, 1926, hopped off for the North Pole. It will be recalled that when the expedition arrived at King's Bay it was impracticable for the chantier to get nearer than a quarter of a mile or so from shore. Up there in King's Bay the bulky wings of the Josephine Ford were set onto half a dozen or so whaleboats transformed into pontoons by laying planks on them.

But at Halifax in August there was no drift ice in the harbor. Airplane wings are not hurt by water. And being made of nothing heavier than varnished fabric and wood, they would naturally be buoyant. What did Byrd do but dump them into the bay, hitch a tow line to them from a small motor launch, and get them ashore at the point in a couple of hours. Then he ripped off the sides of the cases without breaking them up, just as he did at Etah, North Greenland, with the MacMillan expedition in 1925, laid them down on the beach, and presto, there was your runway! As already stated, in three days the station was ready to operate, and planes were up in the air to prove it.

Along toward the end of it the station got out one of those memorial booklets, as so many outfits did. The following was a short screed chucked in to fill up some space under a home-made cartoon: "Did any of youse gobs notice how Admiral Storey and Capun Byrd horned in ahead of Vilet and Scotia when the inspecting party passed between the ranks?"

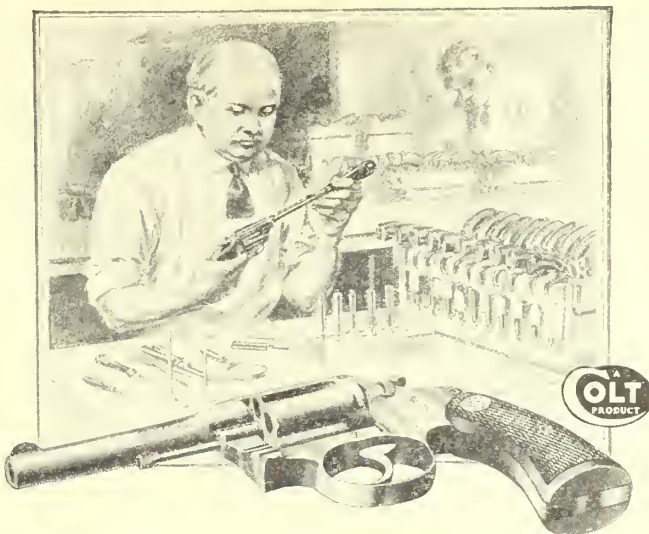
Scotia was another small dog, or perhaps it was Oscar by another name—I am not sure. But that was the kind of a station that Byrd had at Halifax. Lots of things happened to bring a smile.

And the dedication of the booklet was more than a formality, because what it said was true. It reads:

"To Captain Byrd, whose unselfish and untiring devotion to the welfare and best interests of those under his command has won for him the love of everyone on the station."

That was written just about the time some soldiers on their way back to the States got together in Paris and started an idea in motion that later became The American Legion. A fellow like Byrd of course would be a member. Joined up, he told me, when he got back to his home town—Robert Y. Conrad Post, Winchester, Virginia.

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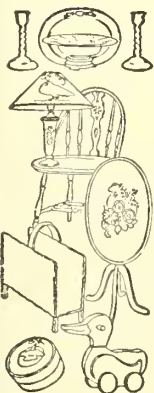
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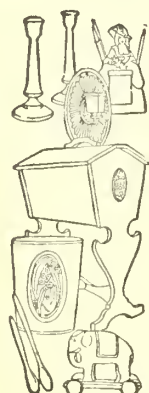


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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 17)

up, regardless of danger. "You big fat grave-robbler, go on back to your iodine! You pill shooter! Think we can fly with a machine gun? Go on and rob the dead, and never mind us! Hey, hurry! Some o' the wounded got francs in their jeans! You won't have time to frisk 'em before the ambulance gets here!"

"I'll fix you!" shouted the doctor, his face scarlet with rage, even visible at that distance. "I'll—I'll—God help you if you go through this station!"

"God help anybody who goes through there!" yelled O'Neil.

"Get out o' there," shrieked the man in the birches, "or I'll buzz a grenade at you!"

"You buzz any grenades around here and it'll be the sorriest day you've had since you joined the diarrhoea corps, you dugout ducker! You ring swiper! Go on back and get a few more watches for that pawn shop you're gonna open after the war!"

The doctor abruptly disappeared.

"Come, up we get!" said Gordon hurriedly, "he's probably gone for an M. P. Ready with the gun? Let's go!"

"No use lying here yelling away all our wind again!" agreed O'Neil. "From what I hear, we'll need all we got before the day is over!"

"Speakin' of friskin'," grunted Milo, who, carrying the trail of the gun, had less weight and consequently more breath than the others, "we should have gone through that lieutenant while we had a chance. If he had been a spy we'd found evidence on him. Any other little thing his folks might want we coulda took care of for him, too."

"Lucky we didn't," said Mackintosh. "He got up and went, and if he said we socked him first and robbed him afterward—huh? Hard to explain!"

"It wouldn't have done us any good," said Gordon over his shoulder. "Anything we got would have gone into the jeans of some first-aid man. Suppose I got a wad of francs off that looney. I get hit and someone, one o' you guys, maybe, gets it off me. You get hit and a stretcher bearer gets it off you. Look out for the hole! You fall into a shell hole with that gun and that'll be the end. I must look it over the next stop, and see if it's working."

"True," agreed O'Neil. "Wouldn't it be a joke if we'd lugged this gun all down this hill and across this field and it had a hole in the water-jacket or something!"

"Wouldn't it?" agreed Gordon sarcastically. "Well, as I was saying, the stretcher bearer gets the roll of francs off you. He gets killed and some Jerry gets it off him. Then the Jerry, not having any use for francs, uses 'em to light his pipe with, or whatever, like we do the marks we find on them!"

Wherrop! Dirt, sods, and junks of iron went sailing from the exact spot where the gun crew had lain when it had insulted the medical personnel in

the clump of birches. They took one look at it over their shoulders, and started a clumsy run. Wham! went another one, just in line with them, but slightly to the left. It was enough. The enemy had seen them, and was bent on their destruction. The doctor had known only too well that that field was under observation!

"Don't drop that gun!" panted Gordon. "Column right! Go to the right! Don't run! That guy can wiggle a traversing wheel and increase range a hundred yards while you're making one jump!"

"Take it easy!" the three gun carriers advised each other.

Their eyes protruded from their heads, and their breath, partly from their exertion but mostly from fright, came in gasps. They shambled along, half running, half walking. Where did they hope to get to? Nowhere. Anywhere away from the shell. If they had stopped and lain down in their tracks they would have been as safe as anywhere, but they were in a blind panic and could not bear to lie still in one spot while the enemy bracketed on them at his leisure.

A third shell burst with an ear-splitting crash. It was behind them, and pieces of it buzzed about their ears.

"To hell with the gun!" yelled Gordon, "put it down! No! No! There's a road—a ditch here! Here, this way!"

Laden with the ammunition as he was, he had still gained ground on the others, so that he was slightly ahead of them, and as he yelled these words he disappeared from sight.

"He's in the ditch! Let's go!" exclaimed the three gunners.

They increased their shuffling pace and in a few seconds reached a place whence they could see a road a little below them. A deep ditch, kept free of weeds with German thoroughness, ran alongside the highway, and in the ditch, regardless of the fact that he was knee-deep in water, stood Gordon.

"Put down the trail, Milo," directed the corporal, "and hop down! We'll lift the gun down in. Put her down, you guys!"

The three lowered the gun to the ground. O'Neil and Mackintosh remained on one knee, ready to slide the gun into the ditch when the other two were prepared to receive it. Milo, releasing the trail, stood upright and took a step toward the ditch.

BLAM! With no preliminary shriek, with no warning save a split-second whizz, a shell struck on the edge of the road. Gun and men went into the ditch in a heap, along with a half ton of dirt. They had just time to realize that they were still alive, when they heard a heavy thud, and a cry. Half blinded by the dirt, and coughing from the bite of the powder fumes, it was some time before they could recover presence of mind enough to examine each other. Each thought he must be the sole survivor.

That thing had been a direct hit! Socko! Goodbye gun and everybody else!

Gradually the smoke cleared away, and they got the dirt out of their eyes. First each examined himself and finding all arms and legs intact, they looked at their fellows.

The gun, upside down and under water in the ditch, protruded its three legs above the water like a dead bug. Gordon, his face dripping with muddy water, was still in a daze. Mackintosh and O'Neil were unhurt, although both had landed in the water and were dripping wet. Milo still lay where he had fallen, and from the color of his face, already turning to a clay-like green, they knew he had been hit.

"Where'd it get you?" asked O'Neil, splashing over and hurriedly fumbling under his slicker for his first-aid packet. "Feel anything?"

"In the arm, I think," said Milo huskily.

O'Neil hurriedly examined the other's arm. The slicker was torn at the shoulder, but no blood showed, and a careful examination showed that the blouse beneath was intact.

"That's funny!" muttered O'Neil. He drew back and looked the other over carefully. No blood anywhere, but it was obvious from his color that Milo had been struck somewhere. And hadn't O'Neil heard it hit?

"Can you move your arm?" asked Gordon, kneeling down solicitously.

"No. It feels dead like."

"Well, lie down anyway. If it's not bleeding we won't need a bandage. If it is a hole, the blood will be through in a minute or two. Gee, I never saw a man hit before that didn't have blood all over him by the time a man could get over to where he was!"

"Looka this!" exclaimed Mackintosh in horror. He picked up a hunk of iron from the ground, the base of a high-explosive shell, with a long finger of metal still stuck to it, almost the entire half of the original shell.

"Do you suppose that hit him?" gasped O'Neil.

"No, because if it had, it would have clove him in two like an axe."

"Well, something hit him, because I heard it!"

"Maybe it went up, and then came down—umm!"

"And it hit his shoulder and broke it or his arm!" cried Mackintosh.

"That's what it did, all right," agreed Gordon. "Listen, Mackintosh, you're only a kid, I know, but you talk too much. You're just a recruit. Keep quiet! Where will we take Milo to? If any Jerry was shooting at us, he saw us go into the ditch in a cloud of smoke and as long as we stay here he'll think we're dead and we'll be safe. But now where can we take Milo to?"

"That dressing station we just passed!"

"Ah, no!" objected the corporal. "That's what we get for cursing out the Medical Corps! In the first place he'd take the names of the fellows that carried Milo and turn 'em in for disrespect and God knows what! He might get some of (Continued on page 58)

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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 57)

his husky pill rollers to hold a guy down while he poured a gallon of castor oil down him or something!"

"Naw, I won't go over there!" interrupted Milo. "Leave me lie here awhile. Maybe I can get up strength enough to walk. There must be other first-aid posts around."

"Hey, there's infantry in this ditch!" cried Mackintosh suddenly. "Look at 'em!"

All looked.

About twenty yards away they could see a group of helmets; then, farther along, three or four waving bayonets. Beyond, barely visible, an officer lay on his stomach in the road, examining the ground in front with his field-glasses. There was a force of infantry there, formed in combat groups, and at wide intervals to minimize losses. The infantry had seen the machine-gunners, too, and were looking curiously to see if any had survived the shell.

A lone man, evidently an officer, was splashing up the ditch toward them. Three shells burst almost simultaneously, and when the machine-gunners put up their heads again, the officer had joined them.

"What outfit?" inquired the officer.

"Ninety-fourth Machine Gun Battalion."

"Thought you were firing barrage!"

"We were, sir, but hrm—we were ordered down here. We could see the counter attack coming, and the major thought it would be better for a gun to come down than to stay up there!"

"God knows we can use you!" agreed the lieutenant. "We're in support here. We've lost the woods on the first counter attack, but I guess they're holding now, and we can try again later to get 'em back again. None of you hurt, huh? I saw you take the dive into the ditch and thought you were all mincemeat. Better get that gun out of the water."

"We were just going to, sir," answered Gordon, "but we've got a wounded man here. Grab that gun, O'Neil, and strip it. The bolt'll be all full of mud."

"There's a dressing station over there in the birches," suggested the lieutenant. "Can he walk? Where'd it get him? If he can walk he ought to be able to make it over there."

"Yes, sure, that's right," agreed Gordon. "But now we've got to take down the gun, you see, and wipe the bolt and the working parts, and when that's done I can send somebody over with him. He's got a broken shoulder. He might just as well be here as there, except if it begins to hurt too badly they can give him a shot of coke."

"Now that I come to think of it," said the officer suddenly, as one who is stricken with a bright idea, "we've got a machine-gun cart with a wild Harp driving it. That makes a cart and a gun! I must tell the skipper! A machine-gun on the flank gives a man a

great feeling of security. Said Harp got sick of being chased around the fields and ducked in here. We're—"

All flattened themselves as a load of coal arrived nearby. Once the explosion had subsided, heads came out of the ditch to see where the shell had burst.

"That get anyone?" muttered the officer.

Evidently not, for there were no cries from any of the outfit.

"Gee," he continued, "I was just going to say we were safe in here. The banks protect us from machine guns, and the artillery can't see us, whereas out in the fields the boche gets peevish as hell if they see anyone moving."

"Here, Kane"—turning to a man in need of a shave, who was evidently his runner—"find the skipper and tell him we've got a machine gun that's wandered in to us. If you see a first-aid man, tell him to come up here, we've got a wounded man here. Oh, and too, ask the skipper if we can have that machine gun cart."

"For a nickel that's Cat-Pie Drogan!" exclaimed Gordon. "And he'll have food! All the carts were sent back before the offensive started, for food! By God I could eat! I haven't had a thing for a couple of days! Not a damned bite!"

"There's no food on that cart!" replied the officer. "I inspected it!"

Several more shells burst, either in the road or behind it, during the next fifteen minutes.

O'Neil had stripped the machine gun, that is, dismounted the breech mechanism, and then he and Gordon inspected and cleaned the parts, aided by Mackintosh. The firing mechanism of a machine gun can all be dismounted for purposes of cleaning or clearing a jam, with no other tool than a cartridge. They spread the parts on Mackintosh's slicker, wiped them dry of mud and water, then wiped them again with an oily rag, and reassembled the gun.

Another officer arrived, accompanied by a non-com and two privates. Just behind them was a lank figure with a red monkey face.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed O'Neil with seeming disgust. "Here's Connemara again!"

"This your gun, Lieutenant?" inquired the newcomer. He was the captain, they could see now, for he had tarnished bars on his trench coat. Moreover, he wore a long red moustache, which public opinion would never have allowed a subaltern lip to flaunt.

"Yes, sir, this is the gun."

"What are you doing here?" asked the captain, turning to Gordon.

"We were up on the brow of the hill, sir, and were firing direct fire. We could see the counter attack start, and so we came down where we could get better observation. The edge of the hill masked the gun up there."

"It's lucky you moved," remarked

the captain. "I hear that battalion caught hell a little while ago. They made too much noise going in. We could hear them clear over where we were."

"How are things going now, Captain?" asked the lieutenant.

"Oh, rotten!" snapped the captain. "We had a telephone line through that lasted about fifteen minutes, but you couldn't get any details about anything that was happening."

"The corps commander's all upset about an aide of his that's disappeared. By the time they'd asked me if I'd seen him and I'd said 'No,' and they'd told me to notify the corps at once if I saw him, the line had gone out. It's useless to try to keep up wire communication with all this shell fire."

"Do you think it's shell fire that cuts those lines, always?"

"No," said the captain bitterly, "I don't, but what can you do? You can't stop to question every enlisted man and officer you see. There's two million of 'em running around loose, and I've got other things to do right now! That man wounded? Where's he hit?"

"He's had his shoulder broken by a shell fragment."

"Broken by a shell fragment?" cried the captain. "Broken? How did that happen?"

Gordon explained.

"We were just thinking about taking him to the dressing station in the trees, but there seemed to be some objection," observed the lieutenant.

"Ummm!" said the captain, pulling his moustache. "No, I wouldn't take him over there. That's a regular outfit's dressing station anyway. Of course that wouldn't make any difference—come here a second, will you?"

He took the lieutenant by the arm and drew him to one side, where they conversed earnestly about something. It didn't make the roving machine gunners feel any more comfortable.

"Did you hear that crack about the general being worried about where his aide was?" whispered Gordon to O'Neil.

"I did. You don't suppose they suspect anything, do you?" He glanced meaningly toward the officers.

"No. He couldn't have been badly hurt or he wouldn't have got up and beat it that way. Maybe he got hit when they shelled the other guns! Let's hope so."

Cat-Pie Droghan and a medical corps man had bent over Milo and had cut open the other's clothing.

"He's got a broken shoulder, I should say," remarked the medical corps man. "There's nothing much I can do but put on a sling. Got courage enough to try to walk it? They'll never be able to make it up here with ambulances before dark."

"Leave him alone, Cat-Pie!" called O'Neil, "and tell us where the chow is. You wouldn't have sense enough to bring us a can of hash and hard tack in your hand, would you, you benighted bog-trotter!"

"Never mind, O'Neil," replied Cat-Pie, wrinkling (Continued on page 60)

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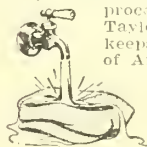
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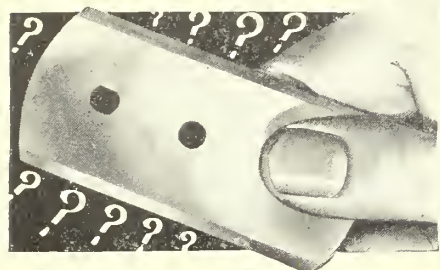
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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 59)

his monkey face, "it's right from the bogs I am, God be thanked, and deny it I wouldn't, like a cut-glasser I know, to be belying the land of his birth!"

"You're crazier than hell!" cried O'Neil. "My ancestors lived in America when yours were still skipping from rock to rock so they wouldn't be a Roman holiday! Where's the chow?"

"It's meself would like to know," answered Cat-Pie. "We went away through the woods wit' more noise than the devil's cow. So when we got down to the road there was a lieutenant, and it was he give the order to send back all the carts, the devil singe him. So he was to lead and the carts to follow, and he to be before them coming up the hill. So an officer was there, and he said we should be after takin' interval in case of shell fire. It was dark as a cow's stomach, and I following the lieutenant, that white coat of him shining like a corpse light. A shell come down—whurra hoo! like the curse of Cromwell on Killieranny. When I got up, me lieutenant was gone, sorrow follow him! So I went on, the way I should be catching up with him in a minute, and the mule lies down on me! And so it was then I missed the road entirely."

"Where's the cart?" demanded Gordon.

"The mule's down again," replied Cat-Pie. "The infantry won't come out of their holes to be giving me a hand. If you'll send me four husky lads and a foot or so of tree, I'll bring ye the cart."

The captain and lieutenant returned at that minute, and beckoned to Gordon.

"Have you any system of liaison with your outfit?" asked the captain.

"No, sir."

"Well, I don't know how much authority I have to keep you here, but as long as you're here, you can certainly be of some use. Got plenty of ammunition?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Well, you set up your gun and sit tight! Lateral liaison is a thing that doesn't exist here. This is the end of the divisional sector, anyway, and whether there are any troops down the road, I don't know. Did you see any soldiers on your way up here?"

"No, sir. Only the dressing station in the trees."

"Hmmm. Well, that was set up during the night. What troops they set it up for have evidently disappeared, although they're doing business in there. But the reason for not sending my men there is this, that in case of any kind of trouble with the gang that counter attacked in the valley this morning, that dressing station is *fineesh*. It's twelve-thirty. No news of the attack, which is bad news, because if it had succeeded, we'd have advanced before now. Did one of you say something about that

cart going out for food? How about it?"

"Yessir. All our carts were sent back for food last night. He lost the road, he says."

"I've a thought," said the captain, "about two birds and one stone. You load that wounded man on the cart and start him out to look for a dressing station. Then when he gets back to where he was supposed to go, he can load his cart with food and come back here to you with it."

"And we'll help to eat it!" cried the lieutenant.

The captain said nothing, but smiled a slow smile and pulled his moustache. The lieutenant wasn't the only man of that orphan group who craved some nourishment.

"Oh, yes, Corporal, before I forget, you haven't seen anything of this crazy aide, have you? They said he was wearing a very fine white trench coat."

Gordon swallowed once or twice. "No, sir, I didn't," he finally managed to gasp.

He might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. He'd get the works for crowning the lieutenant anyway if he was caught. Maybe the aide had been killed during the bombardment of the machine guns. In a case like this, hope caused him to grasp at any possible riddance of the white-slickered gentleman.

"If he wears any doggy white trench coat up this far it won't take more than two guesses to decide what happened to him!" muttered the captain. "Some sniper has hove a junk of cupro-nickel through his skull."

"Now just where the hell are those birds coming from?" demanded the lieutenant.

Gordon turned about.

Two men, their slickers covered with mud, had leaped off the far edge of the road and taken shelter in the ditch. Then seeing the infantry farther along, they had run over and joined them. These men panted, and they ran as men do when they are exhausted. Behind them came four more, and then, as the infantry in the ditch began to call to each other excitedly, a whole platoon, headed by a bareheaded officer, appeared from the brush and made for the road.

Rrrrip-rip-rip! went a machine gun. Rifle fire cracked suddenly like fat in a pan. Silence. There were three more isolated rifle shots, and someone yelling faintly, "I see 'em! I see 'em! Come outta that, goddam yuh!"

The captain, the lieutenant, and Gordon jumped into the road, and running hurriedly across it, regardless of danger, hailed the bareheaded officer.

"What's the matter?" called the captain. "Any Boche around?"

"Boche hell!" replied the other hoarsely. "The whole German army is about two jumps in back of me!"

(To be continued)

The Argonne in History

(Continued from page 19)

dealing with the attack in detail. And that is why all through the history of England, the people who have held London have commanded the passage of the lower Thames.

All this, again, is obvious enough, but, I repeat, must be stated in order to understand what effect an Obstacle has on military history.

So much does an Obstacle check an Avenue of Approach that throughout all the story of warfare it has been the business of great captains to do one of two things in connection with it: either to avoid it by going round—and that itself is a loss of time—or to seize the passes of it and the power of debouching from these passes before the people they are marching against can attack them.

(Here it is worth remarking that all these technical terms, "defile," "march," "deploy," "debouch," are just ordinary French words adopted as special terms in the English language. March is only the French for walk; "debouch" meaning "opening"—the French talk of "debouching" a bottle when they uncork it—; "defile" means "threading," that is, stretching oneself out in a narrow column; "deploy" means "to unfold"—a Frenchman talks of "deploying" a napkin at dinner. These common French conversational words have become special military terms in English. And there are a great many more. "Rout," for instance, came from the French "deroute" which means "pushing off the road." "Capitulation" means accepting a number of "capitules," that is, "headings" or "items" of terms of surrender—and so on.)

Now the Argonne has functioned in history for centuries as a very remarkable example of an Obstacle transverse to the Avenues of Approach from east to west or from west to east, whenever a force was advancing against another force in either direction, whether from the north central fertile and peopled areas of France towards the fertile and well-peopled areas of the Rhine valley, or the other way about. And it is as an Obstacle across the military highways leading thus from west to east and east to west between Gaul and the Rhine Valley that the Argonne plays its great part in history.

Here let us remark that there must be for warfare, as for games, the presence of what electrical engineers call a "potential," before there will be movement from one center to another: there must be some reason for such movement; something leading to a desire for such movement, and bringing it into effect.

There are many great natural Obstacles in the geography of the world which have never appeared in military history (for instance, all the Central Himalayas) and that for the simple reason that there is no reservoir of men on the one side desiring to get at men upon the other. An Obstacle in a mili-

tary sense only appears when it falls across what are already accepted and necessary Lines of Advance. Thus great bodies of warlike men lived poorly in central heaths and forests of Europe in what we now call Germany; but there was an accumulation of wealth in the more genial plains of Italy; there was therefore a "potential," a tendency for the people on the north of the Alps to try to force their way southwards across the Obstacle. In the same way a "potential" may come into existence through the clashing interests of two religions, each of which feels unsafe so long as the other exists within striking distance.

The Argonne runs roughly north and south, and though it is a long way from the Rhineland and from the debatable ground between the French and German civilizations, it has acted as an important Obstacle throughout history, for reasons which do not appear upon the surface.

If we only judge the thing superficially, we see that the ridge called the Argonne proper rises at the most to three hundred feet above the surrounding plains, and in most places for less than that. It has no very steep slopes; still less any precipices, and one might wonder why it has played the part it has. It is this which I shall attempt to explain.

Any organized body of armed men must proceed by roads. "Armies," as the saying goes, "are tied to roads." For they must supply themselves in order to live. Their vehicles must accompany them, and though individual men can advance anywhere at will across open country, yet men in column advance so much faster along a road that an army deprived of a road is at the mercy of an equally well-managed army which has a road at its disposal.

Now roads, which become numerous in level and well-peopled districts, become rare in the passage of Obstacles. Thus, in the case of a river Obstacle, it is so expensive to build a bridge that there may be but one bridge for several roads which all converge upon that bridge, as we saw in the example of London. The opportunities of passing a mountain range also are so comparatively few (for the making of a road across it, and the upkeep of it, are so expensive) that the many roads of the plains will converge upon the few passes of the mountains.

But how does this apply to the Argonne, which is apparently so insignificant an Obstacle?

In this way: that the Argonne is of clay covered with oak forests, ill provided with water, and what is most important to remember, prolonged to the north and to the south by difficult country. The lump of the Argonne itself may be no more than thirty miles, stretched like the crest of a very low level wave against the sky line as one watches it from the plains (Continued on page 62)

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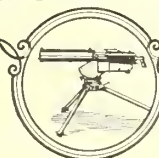
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The Argonne in History

(Continued from page 61)

of Châlons and Rheims; but though the regular formation of a ridge of clay does not continue either to the north or south more than these thirty miles, yet the difficulties are continued. To the south in the region of Triaucourt, where the clay formation is deep under the surface soil, there is a mass of complicated ponds and lakes, with intervening marshes and small woods, carrying on for miles. To the north, although the typical formation of the Argonne, the level clay ridge, does not continue, there is still tumbled woodland through which it is difficult to penetrate. The result is that we give in military history the term "Argonne" to the whole long belt, some four to five days' march in extent, which includes the Argonne proper and the extension of the Obstacle to the north and to the south.

And all through history this general belt of Obstacle has helped to determine warfare.

I shall describe in my next article how it has so acted: the great role which the Argonne played in the French Revolution, virtually deciding the wars of that struggle by the check it gave to Brunswick at Valmy; the opportunities it gave to the Germans for resistance in the great War.

But why should these conditions of clay and oak form such a formidable military obstacle, considering that the ridge is so low? It is true that upon the one side is all the wealth and concentrated population of the lower Marne valley, and beyond that again the capital, Paris, and all the land around which has been a dense center of population for centuries. While on the far side we have the similar wealth of the district of Lorraine, the Moselle Valley leading to the Rhine, as a good Avenue of Approach, and another good open way to the Rhine through Lorraine, round the easy part of the Vosges Mountains, into the wealthy plain of Alsace, or straight ahead over rather more difficult land to the great Rhine center of Mayence. It is true, therefore, that you have a "potential," that is, an urge for marching and attacking along any Avenue of Approach between the Champagne or the Paris district and Lorraine and the Rhine district; and that the Argonne belt lies in between. But why, being so slight in its elevation, so insignificant a feature in the landscape, should it have had such an effect? What is the answer to this apparent puzzle?

The answer is, because the soil was of a kind impossible for great bodies of men and vehicles to march across without special constructed ways; and those ways very expensive both in their first construction and in their permanent maintenance. The oak grows vigorously in the clay of the Argonne, like a weed; it grows as it does on our clay in Sussex in England, where I live, and where, if you leave a field alone for a year or two, dozens of little oak trees will begin

to appear. Oak, moreover, produces a thick undergrowth.

Of course men can make a passage through such things, and maintain it; but they can only do so at an expense of energy much greater than that necessary for the making of a road across a dry plain. The clay in which these oaks grow is peculiarly soft and tenacious; abominable going after any wet weather. It is quite impossible to take any heavily loaded vehicle across the Argonne save on a made road. Nor is it easy, even, to march men across it by the woodland paths save under dry conditions. Any large organized armed force having to go transversely across the Argonne is bound to use the very few roads, and even small parties are affected in their pace by the local conditions.

There is only one natural gap in a line of something like seventy miles; and even there somewhat expensive causeways must be constructed and maintained; that is the gap formed by the river Aire, known on account of the little town standing upon it as the Gap of Grandpré. But to use that gap, anyone going by the great road from Châlons eastward has to deflect a good deal to the north and so lose time. The Romans, therefore, when they constructed their great system of roads for joining up their garrisons, made a main road from Châlons to Metz, right across the Obstacle of the Argonne. That road is still the main modern road, going from Châlons to St. Ménéhould, on the western side of the Obstacle, to Clermont on the eastern, using and going through the depression known as that of Les Islettes, which played so great a part in the wars of the early French Revolution. Had they not been at the trouble and expense of this artificial way over the clay ridge where this comparatively low gap exists, they would have had to go a long way round to the south beyond the country of Triaucourt, lake and marsh country. Beyond the passage at Les Islettes and that of Grandpré, more than twenty miles away, there was for many centuries nothing but the impassable wet clay and the dense undergrowth of the forest.

In the seventeenth century, however, a soft woodland way, about half way between the two original ones, was hardened. It is the road which goes from Varennes above the depression in the ridge known as the Four de Paris. But it was ill kept up until the mid-nineteenth century.

The general effect of the geographical situation of the Argonne was, then, this: you had an Obstacle which played no great part in the landscape, any more than does a marsh, but which, on account of the difficulty of its soil for a marching column, the density of its undergrowth, the lack of any kind of supply, was as bad a belt—though a narrow one—as you could find between the densely populated parts of France

and the towns of the Moselle and the Rhine Valleys. Hence it is that over and over again in history, armies have avoided the Argonne whenever an enemy fairly close to them in front had to be watched. And on the occasions when they have not avoided it, they have usually suffered heavily; if their enemy were close enough in the neighborhood. The last war is an exception, for it was a siege war, not a war of movement, save at the very beginning and at the very end; but in wars of movement throughout the European story the fact of the Argonne as an Obstacle has been prominent and sometimes decisive.

In my next article I will show how this has been so, and the way in which the Argonne has determined warfare. How Attila (we may presume), though marching from Metz and almost certainly with Paris as his objective, was checked-by it, thereby giving the civilized men time to concentrate near

Châlons; how the French advances of great forces to the east have nearly always gone either south by the Bar-le-Duc road from Lorraine and Alsace to the Rhine, or to the north of it by Rheims and Rethel; and how the corresponding invasions from the northeast have followed the Oise Valley.

Even as late as 1870 the Argonne deflected the march of both French and German armies, so that after Bazaine had been shut up in Metz the clash between them came at Sedan to the north of the Obstacle.

The Argonne therefore plays a sort of inactive part in the story of western European warfare. Armies as a rule are compelled, or choose, to avoid its difficulties. It is only when they blunder upon them or are bound to accept them that this treacherous and difficult little lift of glutinous soil with its lack of supply and of good water and of highways begins to play its part.

Not Cases, but Kids

(Continued from page 40)

on all of our other charges. Follow-up work is necessary almost always.

From a city in the anthracite coal fields came a case of a struggling widow who, by working part time in a store, earned ten dollars each week which she devoted to the support of herself and her two small boys, one below par mentally and physically. Although this widow was eligible for a grant from the Mothers' Assistance Fund of her county, the waiting list was so long that at least eighteen months had to elapse before an applicant's turn came. We were most fortunate in having the services of a competent investigator affiliated with the local Legion post who prepared an excellent case. It was recommended that the subnormal child be taken to a child specialist and the mother assisted financially until the county aid was available. The Legion paid for the services of a competent physician who performed an operation and who has since kept the child under his care. Excellent progress is regularly reported; our financial help enables the mother to keep the children under her care in her humble home while we point with pardonable pride to this case as an excellent example of what we call practical child welfare work.

That is the way in which we try to regard our responsibilities. It is a work of redeeming lives. The normal life of a child is at home with his parents. We try to preserve the home ties wherever possible. I am not in favor of institutions for orphan children. I appreciate that there are cases in which a home life cannot be maintained or improvised, but these are fewer than many suppose. As chairman of the region designated as Area B of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, I have closed the one Legion-operated "home," or billet, formerly located in my area, which embraces the States of

New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. It has not been found necessary to place a single child of my own State of Pennsylvania in whose behalf our help was invoked in an institution of any kind. I do not think the problems in child welfare arising from our large and diverse population differ materially from the same problems elsewhere. In any community arrangements can either be made to keep the child at home with its mother or an acceptable foster boarding home can be found.

A group of humane people in a town in central Pennsylvania brought the case of a veteran's family to the attention of the Red Cross and the latter, unable to make progress, passed it on to the Legion. Miss Weir investigated. She found a man and his wife and two normal children and two smaller children, twins, badly afflicted with rickets. Every disorganization and discouragement that abject poverty can bring was upon them. The man was sick. He had lost hope and self-respect. The world was against him and he was bitter.

Miss Weir, as I have said, was an army nurse. She knows the psychology of soldiers and veterans. She began asking this man about his army life. He was not disposed to answer questions. What he wanted was money. He had no "use," he said, for The American Legion. But Miss Weir was tactful. She brought out that the man had been run over by a truck during the war and had never been very well since. He received no compensation for his injuries. Some temporary measures of relief for the children were taken and the wheels were started turning to present this man's claim for disability compensation to the Veterans Bureau. It was a clear case and an award came through within a few weeks. (Continued on page 64)



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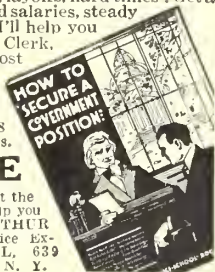


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Not Cases, but Kids

(Continued from page 63)

with a retroactive payment amounting to \$800.

You should have seen the difference in that man when he received that check. All his rickety children needed was a little expert care to make them well again. The man used his \$800 stake to set himself up on a small chicken farm, where he now lives with his family, a contented and successful citizen and an enthusiastic member of the Legion if ever there was one.

This case illustrates the advantage an experienced professional investigator had over inexperienced workers. Even professional welfare workers unfamiliar with the special problems surrounding ex-service men had given this man up for hopeless. They said he did not want to get on. They inferred he was content to be an habitual object of charity. They simply did not understand him. They did not understand the ins and outs of veteran relief of which the Legion has made a special study. Our people understand these things. The results were achieved because the people responsible for them are trained workers. I believe in trained workers; trained workers cannot work for nothing. Miss Weir, whose field covers the eight States of my area, does not work for nothing, but I have never heard anyone say that she does not earn her salary. At least I should be the last to say such a thing, and I have followed her labors with critical attention and I have been years learning from the inside what I know about child welfare work.

In all welfare work (and this condition is true the world over, and always will be true) there are occasionally heard objections that there should be no "overhead" at all save for traveling and incidental expenses. This would mean, in the Legion's child welfare work, that all work, from the direction at National Headquarters in Indianapolis down to the local post, could be performed efficiently and creditably by enthusiastic volunteers.

My friends, it can't be done. I grant the enthusiasm and the generosity of our volunteers. We could do little without them and their splendid spirit. It is true that there have been exceptionally well-prepared cases submitted by untrained child welfare enthusiasts, but such is far from the rule. Skilled supervision, at least, is indispensable to the ultimate success of our undertaking. I could fill an issue of this magazine with specific examples of why we cannot carry on solely with untrained volunteers and not go outside of the Legion's work in Pennsylvania—cases where money has been misspent and misapplied, where the wrong thing has been done at the wrong time, where temporary measures have been made to substitute for permanent measures of relief, and all with the best of intentions. The results of this way of doing are two: money is wasted, and the right forms of relief are

not forthcoming. The volunteer system is wasteful, expensive, and it does not get results, whereas it is usually advocated by the friends of economy. Welfare work of this nature is a technical profession. When one wants to go to court he engages a lawyer, not a well-disposed layman. Railroads and banks are run by people who know the railroading and banking business and who are paid for what they know. Competent welfare organizations are operated the same way.

In Pennsylvania we are willing to pay to have this work done and take our satisfaction in the assurance that it is being properly done. This question of finances brings up a point over which there has been some discussion. The sum available at National Headquarters for child welfare is about \$136,000 annually. This is derived from interest on the welfare committee's share of the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund and from independent contributions of the Forty and Eight and the Auxiliary. A part of this money is distributed for use among the various state departments. There has been some agitation to decentralize entirely our child welfare work and distribute all of the money among the States in the proportion that the States contributed to the Endowment Fund. Under this arrangement Pennsylvania would receive about \$16,500 a year. This represents the one-half of the earnings at five percent available for child welfare work on \$662,000 which was Pennsylvania's contribution to the Endowment Fund. (Only New York State has contributed more.) Under the present arrangement, however, Pennsylvania may receive, this year, approximately \$4,000 from the national fund. Last year it received \$3,600. Thus we should benefit materially from the decentralization arrangement.

I do not, however, favor this arrangement. Decentralization would be unfair to smaller States. The child welfare problem is not distributed according to population or according to contributions to the Endowment Fund. Take the State of Arizona. Its population is small. I do not know what Arizona contributed to the Endowment Fund, but its contribution must have been proportionately small. Arizona, however, has an enormous child welfare problem due to the influx of thousands of veterans with families seeking a cure for tuberculosis. Pennsylvania is quite willing that Arizona, and other States similarly situated, should receive generous treatment in the distribution of the Endowment earnings.

The \$4,000 we may receive this year from National Headquarters does not finance our program. We will spend in cash about \$7,500, and counting the contributions of clothes, etc., donated by the Auxiliary our joint outlay for child welfare work will represent about \$12,500. We raise the additional sum

needed by the sale of poppies. Each post regardless of its size has been asked to contribute twelve dollars a year, and we have contributions from many individual members.

What Pennsylvania has done for child welfare any State can do, and many States, I believe, are doing. There is nothing occult about it. It is simply a question of money and organization—very simple organization in the hands of a few people who know how. Back of this flexible organization stands the membership of the Legion and of the Auxiliary. The Auxiliary has been a wonderful helpmeet in Pennsylvania. You can't beat the help of our women. They are a full partner in our poppy manufacturing and selling enterprise as

well as in our child welfare work and about everything else that comes along. What we have done has been better done by the help of our Auxiliary.

Now is the time to think seriously about this problem of child welfare. It is growing rapidly and will continue to mount for some years to come. It will be with us almost as long as there are World War veterans. In Scotland Home, near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a state-managed soldiers' and sailors' orphanage, there are three hundred children, two hundred of whom are offspring of veterans of the Spanish-American War, which ended thirty years ago, and twelve children of veterans of the Civil War, which ended sixty-three years ago. The World War is represented by ninety.

Rappaccini's Daughter

(Continued from page 11)

you! He must have seen you," said Baglioni hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his! It is the same that coldly illuminates his face as he bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butterfly, which, in pursuance of some experiment, he has killed by the perfume of a flower; a look as deep as Nature itself, but without Nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments!"

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni, passionately. "That, signor professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience! patience!" replied the imperturbable professor. "I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands! And the Signora Beatrice—what part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away, and was gone before the professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend, and shall not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini, thus to snatch the lad out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream!"

Meanwhile Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route, and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled, and was evidently desirous to attract his attention; vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into

a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor! signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened by centuries. "Listen, signor! There is a private entrance into the garden!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life. "A private entrance into Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush! hush! not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes; into the worshipful doctor's garden, where you may see all his fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

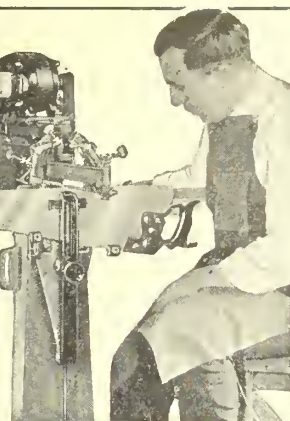
Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind, that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant that he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere, and must obey the law that whirled him onward, in ever-lessening circles, towards a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow; and yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory; whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position; whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain, only slightly or not at all connected with his heart. (Continued on page 66)

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Rappaccini's Daughter

(Continued from page 65)

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages, and finally undid a door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, stood beneath his own window in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case that, when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several also would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privacy at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter; but Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs; for he has spent a lifetime in such studies, and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady," observed Giovanni, "if fame says true—you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I would prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume—and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora; you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek; but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queen-like haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence; but the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's conscious-

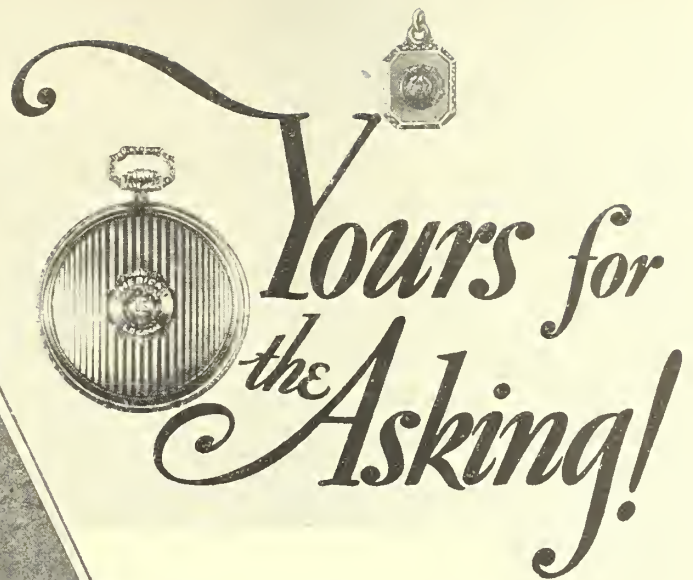
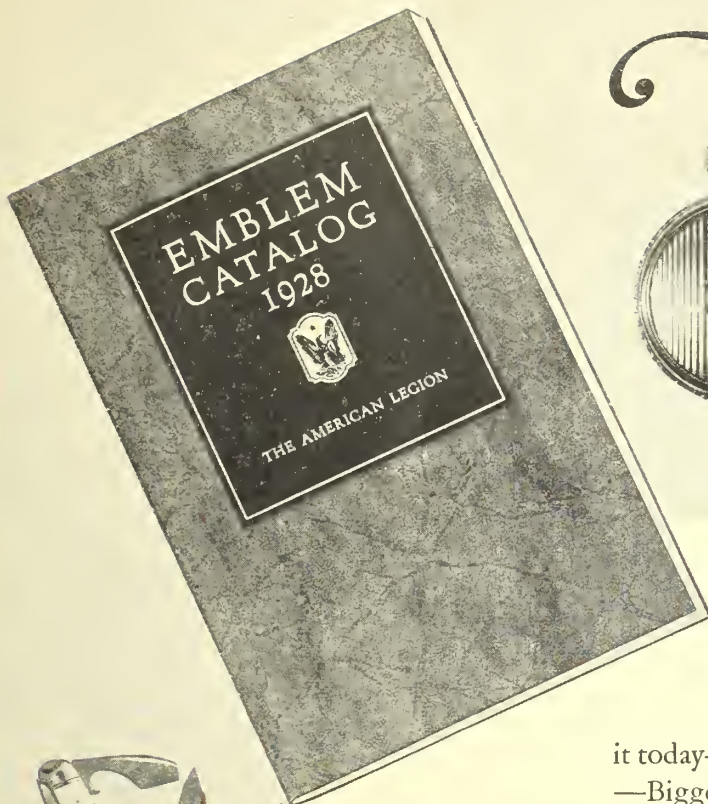
ness like the light of truth itself; but while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother, and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion, and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms, that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of a gemlike brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub, with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it, Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, (Continued on page 68)"



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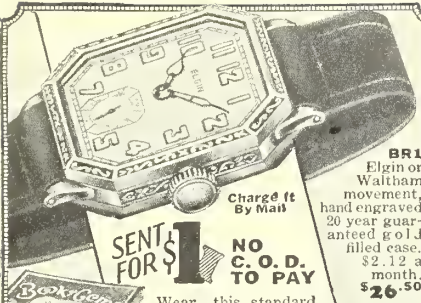
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Rappaccini's Daughter

(Continued from page 66)

signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling at your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step towards the shrub with extended hand; but Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibres.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshipped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten, or, by the subtle sophistry of passion transmitted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or, if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness. Thus did he spend the night, nor fell asleep until the dawn had begun to awaken the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither Giovanni's dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand—in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gemlike flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith until

the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third; a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If, by any unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart. "Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" and down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame—and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit, Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monster-like, out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning mist, his doubts alone had substance. But, when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with

Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling. Such sympathy was not to be expected ever from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince, who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset; but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath—richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger; but a certain sage physician, happening to be present, discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward, until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison—her embrace death. Is not this a marvellous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how your worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the bye," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious; and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long, methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Ay; but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and, were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary drug, wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with

odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with draughts as sweet as a maiden's breath; but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul; and yet the intimation of a view of her character, opposite to his own, gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions, which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part towards his son. I would fain feel nothing towards you save respect and deference; but I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice. You cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong—the blasphemy, I may even say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity, "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter; yet, poisonous as she is beautiful. Listen; for, even should you do violence to my gray hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini, and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his insane zeal for science; for, let us do him justice, he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death; perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream," muttered Giovanni to himself; "surely it is a dream."

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend. It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature, from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase! It was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poison of the Borgias innocuous. Doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase, and the precious liquid (Continued on page 70)

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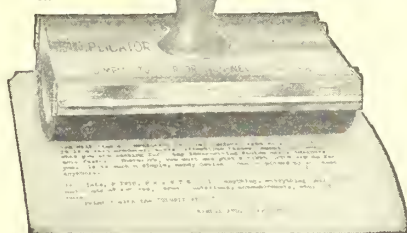
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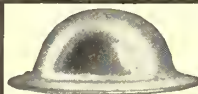
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Rappaccini's Daughter

(Continued from page 69)

within it, on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small, exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs; "but, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man indeed; a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice, he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate and guileless creature, that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be sustained. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, grovelling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up; he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness, at the distance of a few paces, the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden, Gio-

vanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself! Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines—as vigorous and active as a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked, or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden.

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance; but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off: recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm;

recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gemlike blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of Nature," replied Beatrice; "and, at the hour when I first drew breath, this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni—I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection; for, alas!—hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her, and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued, "the effect of my father's fatal love of science, which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until Heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she tenderly. "Oh, yet; but my heart was torpid, and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me likewise from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror!"

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found

its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now, if our breath be happily as fatal to ourselves as to all others, let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me, a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou—dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, yes; let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence! Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou—what hast thou to do, save with one other shudder at my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

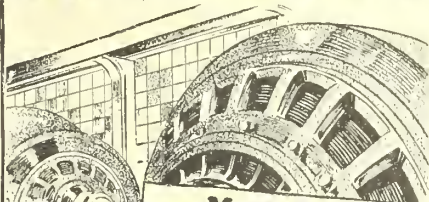
"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold!—this power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini."

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower odors of the fatal garden. They circled around Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted towards him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni; it was not I! Never! never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart; for, Giovanni, believe it, though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature, and craves love as its daily food. But my father—he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes; spurn me, tread upon me, kill me! O, what is death after such words as thine? But it was not I. Not for a world of bliss would I have done it."

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense, mournful, and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an (Continued on page 72)

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Rappaccini's Daughter

(Continued from page 71)

utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closer together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand? O, weak, and selfish, and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible, after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of Time—she must bathe her hurts in some fount of Paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and *there* be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dearest Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse, "dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! there is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his

bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis, "I will drink; but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips; and, at the same moment the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly towards the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hands over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children; but those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives. Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another and dreadful to all besides!"

"My father," said Beatrice feebly—and still as she spoke she kept her hand upon her heart—"wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvellous gifts against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy—misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath—misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not. I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to mingle with my being will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart; but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death; and thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni. Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window, and called loudly, in a tone of triumph mixed with horror, to the thunderstricken man of science—

"Rappaccini! Rappaccini! and is *this* the upshot of your experiment!"

Who's Running This Country?

(Continued from page 13)

run population but also a dumping ground. It is quite well known in some of the southern countries of Europe that police authorities who found native criminals politically troublesome would say to individuals, "Here, take this money. It's worth it to get rid of you and send you to America."

Now just what is our moral obligation to be an international boarding house and a dump? There are lobbyists who represent a sanctimonious element who appear to say that this is our moral obligation. They speak as if all men were equally clean or dirty in body and mind. They speak as if there were some virtue in being uneducated or diseased. They speak as if races whose progeny, when they interbreed with races like our own, are miserable and degenerate have a kind of superiority which entitles them to go to school with the daughters of our citizens. What difference does it make which race is superior if marriage be-

tween them is a humiliation and the bringing of mixed progeny into the world is a crime?

They use all the old appeals to humanitarianism that we heard when the great body of immigrants came to America and dedicated themselves to making America a little bit of heaven, rather than to raising a new generation who at times seem to be making America a bit of something else. They want no track kept of immigrants because they say a legitimate and intelligent condition which we can rightfully impose to protect our civilization and its morals and its law is "un-American" and they—successfully—oppose larger appropriations for the deportation of undesirables because somehow or other the sanctimonious propaganda and lobbies are amazingly like propaganda bureaus and lobbies that Moscow would maintain here if it could.

They put themselves as authorities

against the testimony of the police, the law-enforcement officers, to say that the flood of immigration has not been responsible in large part for our crime. They slyly say that foreign-born are law abiding, but neglect the fact that it is not foreign-born but their children who launch violence against our order. These latter do not appear as prominently as deserved in our prison population statistics, because those statistics cover stupid misdemeanants rather than gunmen and "fences," organized and protected crime, bootleggers, and other rings whose names whenever they appear in the press are not often as familiar to the eye as they would be in some flea-bitten city of Central or Southern Europe, or to the ear as they would be in some swarming racial quarter of the Near East or Eastern Europe.

They speak of the sin and the wickedness of exclusion. The realest and the most devastating sin in the world, the

most flagrant offense to fundamental human rights, is not exclusion; it is forcing men and women into human associations which they do not want. The sanctimonious lobby claims to be asking a "right" in favor of tens of human beings by forcing the burden of their society upon thousands who want them not. Who's sinning now? No, the truth of the matter is that exclusion is the most fundamental of human rights. Property and its development, the family and its development, ideals and their development become worth little indeed when one's civilization, property, family, society, culture and ideals are to be opened as a free-for-all to individual or racial associations which, superior or not, are, to those who are invaded, repulsive and from the point of view of science and economics threatening to physical, mental and material welfare. Moral obligation? To take a stream of adulteration into our standards, grab-and-run adventurers into our productive fabric, parasite middlemen into our business life, hijackers into our law enforcement, unclean customs into our home! Regardless of our own welfare such indigestion makes for violence, disorder, a burlesque on eugenics, and a betrayal of our primary obligation which is to build a stable, worthy civilization of our own. Moral obligation! What drivell!

It is exactly on a par with an exhortation for every American home to receive into the bosom of the family anyone who knocks at the door. What difference does it make if there is no selective process based on experience? Let the creature with the leprous heart and the decadent habits and the infectious body come in and care for the children! What difference does it make that there is only one stranger and six children? The love we owe to the one obliterates the moral obligation we have to the many! Of course it does! This is the kind of intelligence some minds draw from Christian doctrine!

And then there is the economic argument. "America," says the lobby, "was built by immigrant labor. Willing hands built our canals, our ditches, our railroads." There is something said about the desert being made to bloom and cities to arise because the immigrant came. But about the same kind of praise may be given the horse as the source of power for a pleasure vehicle.

In the first place enough is enough. In 1920 the census disclosed a state of facts as to the proportion of immigrant stock in America. On that basis it is easy to make the assertion that more than sixty million of a population of one hundred and twenty million or more today in the United States are foreign born and their progeny or colored races. The immigration haven has become the loaf!

Today the addition of immigrants may fill specific labor needs but not any general labor shortage. Of course there are always special agricultural or industrial interests looking for cheap labor. They may be expected to be in Washington asking the privilege of digging a hole under the (Continued on page 74)



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Who's Running This Country?

(Continued from page 73)

fence to let in the labor they want. Sometimes they claim that the labor they must have in order to live is cheap labor and that it will not be in competition with the standards of living or the wage rates or the jobs of American workmen. The answer to this argument is that for the moment it may be true but that once immigrants are in, they, for all practical purposes, cannot be got out. The answer is that the labor admitted constantly disappears, goes to cities and turns up in direct competition with American wages and with our living standards. Above all the answer is that sometimes our national policy of protecting our social and orderly life and keeping it, building up a stable and characteristic and constant civilization, is a policy so important that if it rolls over a few enterprises which depend upon importing cheap labor it is unfortunate but inevitable. It may sound very important to have a dark man picking strawberries for a season; the trouble is that the dark man and all his descendants will crowd into our cities forever after, and perhaps for the very reason that the dark man would work for so little, picking the strawberries, his contribution to our civilization will be an eternity of pauperism, shiftlessness, dirt and crime. It may save a dollar a day for seventy-two days for the strawberry grower and then cost the people of the United States in taxes, for aid, institutions and police, a quarter of a million dollars in a few tens of years.

Not only is it improvident for a present when there is unemployment to accept the surplus man who will lower the standard of wages and living, but it is improvident for a future which promises other burdens. The good old melting pot we used to boast about when we were receiving material that would melt in it fails to work to assimilate infusible stuff. The old material that was workable was the bulk of immigration which came to America home-hunting and usually oppressed; the new tide, however, which hung over us in 1921 and in 1924 when the Limitation Act of 1921 had been so shot full of holes that three-quarters of a million immigrants climbed through in 1923-24, was not that same stuff and is not now. To be sure many claim that they are persecuted in their native lands, as do most persons whose own characteristics make them unpopular and disliked. Those who want to come in the main do not to seek homes or permanence but wish to grab-and-run or to have soft snaps and easy money and often to follow the fashion of their kind—break the laws, invade the decencies, and criticize America and her Government. These fellows may go into the melting pot, but the principal noise they make is a loud hiss of resistance. They furnish 97 percent of those who come to America as the land of their salva-

tion and then sit warm and cosy on the eggs of revolution.

It was only yesterday that I heard one on a soap-box berating the United States for what he called interference in the internal affairs of Nicaragua, Mexico and China.

"Are you an American citizen?" asked a voice from the crowd.

"No," said the greasy orator with an unusual brazen sense of humor; "I'm just interfering in the internal affairs of the United States."

All in all socially and economically the flow of the undesirable immigrant is a load on the present and threatens multiplications of that load, as the generations move on, in terms of dependency, crime, inferior stock, standards of living and jobs at decent wages.

In standards of living we have set the high mark of all time and all civilizations—mounting higher, thank God, since we put the brakes on undesirable newcomers. We are building a civilization which may be more useful as an example of how to live, produce and play than as a dump for unfits. At any rate it is our say. If we think we want to stop an influx which may expand its bad effect to millions and millions of weed-stock, and if we wish to create a civilization out of the American and assimilated stock on hand, if we desire not to become merely a meaningless swarm on so many thousands of square miles of the map, it is up to us to interpret which way our moral obligation is to swing. Whose country is this? Foreigners', sentimentalists'—or ours?

It is our say, but we are not saying it. I assume that there is no reader of this article who being a taxpayer and a lover of America—including immigrants of real American patriotism—has gone down to Washington or written to Washington advising his congressman, directly or indirectly, that the operation of the National Origins Plan should not be postponed. But it was! The last Congress did it. This is the work of the foreign organized minorities plus the same sanctimonious lobby which deserts the pulpit and its legitimate business, walks in clerical garb and draws secretarial salaries, advocates socialism, opposes self-defence, encourages war by wanting to make America a helpless bait for attack, preaches conscientious objection to military service and other doctrines which go further than those for which good Eugene Debs served time. These have been doing the efficient, democracy-destroying work of modern organized minorities. They have blown down the courage of a representative system with a few typewriters, a few pink stamps and a few blue-nosed witnesses. It is a sad commentary on our representative government—but the only way we can offset that kind of campaign is to write some letters of our own. You would not believe it; in case after case these letters put Congress

over the hurdles. In fact it may be possible—when we have our backs turned on the next session and Congress hears only the voices of peoples who want to dump their surplus on us singing to the old wheezy tune of the melting pot, and of the Oppressed in the Bosom of America—that the policy which the country overwhelmingly stood for in 1924 after full debate, open discussion, due consideration and determination, may be repudiated and gutted.

If it is not repudiated let me give some idea of the sly ways in which it can be emasculated. Every session of Congress yields a new crop of proposed immigration bills and amendments to the Act of 1924.

Most of these are aimed at taking certain specified classes of immigrants out of the quota so that they may come in free. The alternative, less harmful, is to give preference under the quota to specified classes. In either case let us examine some of the excepted classes. Religious functionaries are one proposed exception; it is all right unless certain peoples have one religious functionary to every four living males—or can give them diplomas over a week-end. Then the mouse hole for the religious functionary lets in not tens but thousands.

Second, there are the wives, fathers, mothers and other relatives.

On first look it appears that terrible cruelty is inflicted if an immigrant has a job in Pittsburgh and cannot send for his own wife. The mouse-hole lobby complains that Uncle Sam "cannot be guilty of separating families."

Well, who separated that family? Was it the immigrant who left his wife or Uncle Sam who opened the door for the husband? Is it the husband who fails to return to the wife or Uncle Sam who discovers that the wife is an undesirable and will probably be the mother of numerous undesirables?

Then they say, "Oh, well, let in the fathers, mothers and children too. After all it is only a handful."

That sounds all right. Let us look at it. There was a bill before Congress not long ago which had the approval of foreign elements and of the sentimentalists. It provided for the preference ad-

mission of children, fathers and mothers of immigrants. This sounds humane and reasonable until someone pulls off the cover. Then the facts are out of the bag; then the immigration-restriction borers run out of their smashed nest.

For instance, in the case of this particular bill—seriously considered too, it was!—the provision would have brought thirty-six thousand from one unimportant European country! Would it stop there? Oh, no. By the sly provision of the bill the thirty-six thousand newcomers would then have not less than one hundred thousand relatives to bring in; then the one hundred thousand would have three hundred thousand and so on! The newcomers would have wives too, and again would come the sad story of how Uncle Sam had separated families. And so on and on. Such a bill is an insult to the intelligence of Congress or to that of its author. It is a reflection on the trustworthiness of representatives to refrain from treating us to a shell-game government—a legislative government which would bear watching and should be made at least as susceptible to the welfare of the whole people of the United States as it is to some organized minority—especially a foreign trade-marked minority.

Mark it well—the very fact that we face a situation where a foreign national interest can go down to Washington with organized power to urge legislation whittling down our national policy of immigration restriction is the first of all and best of all reasons why immigration restriction should be enforced to the limit. The very best argument there could be in favor of shutting the gates is found in the swelling numbers of those who, coming inside, attempt to open wide the portals or to bore little expanding holes in our laws—

And against our will!

In a second article Mr. Child will set forth the facts as to the rising menace of non-quota immigration, the operation of the selective process, bootlegging immigrants, and our feeble systems for assimilation of desirables and for deportation of the dangerous immigrant.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

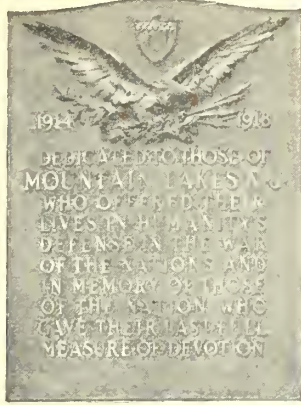
enormous. And to many buddies the memory of so many evening performances by excellent artists brought over at great expense for our amusement is clouded by reports of petty injustices done to a petty but loud few."

As to the facts. The "Y" did not want to run a selling canteen. The Army required this. The Y was expected to have a hut wherever our soldiers were; but it happened that we were out of our sector in the spring and summer of '18, being "forty and eighted" back and forth to meet the crises of the German drives. There was shortage of tonnage which meant lack of

material for building and properly supplying the huts.

"Where is the dashed Y?" became the question. Soldiers came to expect a Y hut to be up with rolling kitchens. A consignment of gift cigarettes by a newspaper having been mixed with the Y supplies by a busy quartermaster, the mistake was not discovered by the Y until packages had been opened by purchasers revealing the complimentary ticket inside. That incident traveled far and fast.

Salvation Army lasses with doughnuts at the front rightly won all hearts. The doughnuts were (Continued on page 76)



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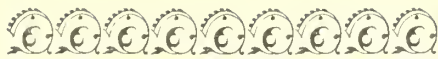
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A Personal View

(Continued from page 75)

free, and that meant much to tired fighters minus pocket money. Regulations changed; but whatever they were the welfare organizations were trying to keep faith under them. Their personnel varied. Easier to be popular as giver than as salesman.

There may have been some poor sticks of Y men; but I saw one white haired one under fire in the Meuse-Argonne. And the Y women in the cantines as well as the Salvation Army lasses were doing their best. Without praising anybody at anybody's else expense, as memories of ten years ago grow mellow and irritations soften, we know that we passed a lot of "damns" which were more impressionistic than sober in judgment. Such is war.

GOOD WORK IN the land of free speech. S. Rankin Drew Post, New York, is meeting the Reds with their own methods, organizing open air meetings with speakers who answer questions and confound Bolshevik arguments. This may not cure chronic old Reds, but it will save the young from being duped.

Fire With Fire

WHAT A PICTURE in this age! Four million people, it is estimated, will starve this year in China. An exodus is on, from regions where the milling Chinese armies loot at will as they live off the country, into the old province of Manchuria where the Japanese rule. A Chinese may not like a Japanese, but he likes order and that the food he earns shall be his.

Starving by Millions

FROM ALL PARTS of the country come letters of appreciation of my answer to a slur on the memory of Robert E. Lee.

The Hero of Defeat

We are far enough away from the Civil War to see Grant, so considerate in

victory, and Lee, so noble in defeat, as they saw each other, either recognizing the superb quality of the other man.

I HOPE THAT veterans of the 36th from Oklahoma as well as from Texas will be at San Antonio. Late in France, but that only a spur.

A Field Day for the 36th

Never before under fire, they took Machaut as the lone American division with Gouraud in the great advance. Also a thousand prisoners and that engineering depot worth ten million dollars.

FACTORIES MAKING ARTIFICIAL silk from fibre are turning out huge profits and adding to the group of rayon millionaires. Thus cotton

The Gamble of Fashion

goods suffer and wages are reduced in cotton mills. If women should lengthen their skirts there would be a boom in all textiles. The influence of fashion on economic processes seems beyond control.

EMIL LUDWIG WHO wrote a life of Napoleon, and another of Bismarck, which was a best seller, is now doing a life of

Not in His Line

Lincoln. Brilliant Emil had better stick to what he knows. To compass Lincoln a writer must spring from the soil from which Lincoln sprang, be born into the Lincoln spirit.

A FASCINATING MAP of the world is before me. No land is without its mark, however remote; and each mark

Serving the World

tells where the Rockefeller Foundation is spending its income in medical education, instruction in hygiene and fighting of all kinds of disease which curse humanity no matter what the race or color. Those who charge us with being dollar chasers should not forget how many of our dollars go for the good of the world.

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 39)

O'Connor, Past National Chaplain of The American Legion.

Father O'Connor has presented to motorists the allegorical significance of the legend of St. Christopher which has inspired artists of all lands for centuries. He describes St. Christopher as the patron saint of travelers and sailors and the patron protector against fire, earthquake, accident, tempest and flood. In early Christian times the sight of

the image was supposed to inspire the beholder with courage. Father O'Connor is enrolling motorists in the St. Christopher National Shrine Association.

Bows and Arrows

BEFORE the war, E. D. McLean was a salesman for the New York Telephone Company at Binghamton, New York. With many other men of



Wilder S. Metcalf (second from right), of Lawrence, Kansas, chairman of the Legion's National Finance Committee, is the oldest of ten brothers. The photograph was taken at a family reunion

his company he went into the Signal Corps early in 1917. He went to France with the 403d Telegraph Battalion and helped string lines up to Souilly and Verdun during the affair in the Argonne. One month after the Armistice, McLean was driving a truck near Colombey-les-Belles when something went wrong. They picked McLean out from under the wreck of his truck and found that he had a broken back.

Today Legionnaire E. D. McLean drives his wheeled chair through the sunshine and shade beside a lake at Winter Park, Florida, and is hero and instructor to dozens of boys of his neighborhood. For McLean is the father of a new sport among the boys of Winter Park—a new sport in Winter Park, although a sport as old as history itself, the sport of archery. McLean has taught himself how to shoot with the strongest of bows and his arrows have the accuracy and almost the driving strength of rifle bullets. Incidentally, he is impressed with the idea that other disabled men, confined to wheel chairs, may find in archery the ideal sport and recreation. Members of Memorial Post of Orlando, Florida, come to see him shoot. McLean himself still is a member of Binghamton (New York) Post, which he joined soon after the war. One brother is a Past Commander of this post, two other brothers also belong to it and Mrs. McLean is a Legionnaire.

"I became interested in archery through one of the boys in a camp at which I taught manual training one summer," McLean writes. "When I came home I made myself a bow and some arrows. Every kid in the neighborhood wanted one, so I got busy. Every bow sold a bow. Now I spend every hour that I am able to work in making bows and arrows for boys and men. We have a regular archery club for men."

Brothers

COULD Michael Metcalf who settled at Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1634, call the roll of his descendants of today, he'd probably be struck by the versatility of ten brothers of the tenth generation of Metcalfs, of whom Wilder S. Metcalf of Lawrence, Kansas, chairman of the Legion's National Finance

Committee, is the oldest. When Wilder S. Metcalf and his brothers got together for a family reunion, they came from many States and they represented many callings. In the photograph shown on this page appear, left to right: Keyes D. Metcalf of the Public Library of New York City; Eliab W. Metcalf of St. Louis, maintenance engineer for the M. K. & T. Railroad; Joseph M. Metcalf of St. Louis, assistant chief engineer for the M. K. & T. Railroad; Thomas N. Metcalf, football coach and director of physical education, Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames, Iowa; Isaac S. Metcalf, Cleveland, Ohio, advertising; John M. P. Metcalf of Washington, D. C., former president of Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama; Harlan P. Metcalf, Madison, Ohio, Congregational minister; Charles R. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kansas, insurance; Wilder S. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kansas, President of the Liberty Life Insurance Company, and Dr. Henry M. Metcalf, Wakeman, Ohio, physician.

The Roll Call

AMONG the Legionnaire contributors to this issue of the Monthly is Edwin E. Hollenback, Commander of the Department of Pennsylvania. His article on child welfare has especial interest because Mr. Hollenback, a member of the National Child Welfare Committee of the Legion, has been associated prominently with the Legion's work for children since it was first undertaken.

Richard Washburn Child, whose article, "Who's Running This Country?" is the first of a series of articles on immigration, is a cousin of Sherman Child of Minneapolis, who wrote the article on child welfare, "The Least of These," published in the Monthly for August.

Stetson Clark, author of the article, "Shipmates With Byrd," is a member of Advertising Post of New York City. Commander Richard E. Byrd himself is a member of Robert Y. Conrad Post of Winchester, Virginia.

Marquis James is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, and Leonard H. Nason, a founder of Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont, was one of the pioneers who attended the St. Legion caucus of The American Legion.

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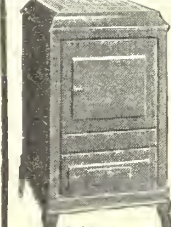
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Suspect

(Continued from page 21)

over long ago," he growled, with an especially round oath. "Look at this, now. Those spy-catchers again."

From: D. A. C. of C., G2, S. O. S.

To: C. O. 409th F. A.

Subject: Enemy Intelligence.

1. It has reached the knowledge of this office that a Lt. Grier of your command is believed to be in relations with the enemy.
2. You are directed to send this officer under the necessary guard to this office for examination.

The sergeant-major shot an expert stream of tobacco juice at the empty stove, and shivered. "Wisht somebody'd send me back where it's warm. I wouldn't kick."

Abruptly, the tarpaulin over the door was thrust back, and the dripping figure of the captain of C Battery stamped in.

"Bong jour, gents. Got a Camel, anybody? Mine are all soaked."

"Nice day at the war?" asked the adjutant pleasantly. "Uncommon lot of racket this morning."

The captain nodded gloomily as he gathered up a sheaf of papers and stuffed them in his tunic. "I'll say there was. Brigade stuck us on a registered hill, and an ash can got us. Damn it! Three men and Grier. Best officer I had. Ought to have got the D. S. C. Well, s'long. It's a lovely war."

When he had gone, the adjutant pushed a sheet of paper across the table. "Answer this, will you?"

The sergeant-major seated himself at the typewriter. "First endorsement," he muttered. "Go to hell."

The adjutant meditated. "Hmm - 'killed in action' might be better."

Then and Now

(Continued from page 45)

been made, that I was very much alive and hoped that my beneficiary would not have to file that claim for many years to come. The Bureau replied that it regretted very much if any inconvenience had been caused through the error. However, as no one came to view the body and remark how natural he looked, no inconvenience had been caused."

MEMBERS of the Then and Now gang have several times read in these columns commendations issued by the Office of the Quartermaster General in recognition of the assistance rendered in the still-continuing work of locating American dead and of identifying bodies which have been recovered overseas. Some months ago assistance in this important work was received from an unexpected source.

A letter came from Paul Schreiber, now located in Lithuania, who introduced himself as a former non-commissioned officer in a German infantry regiment which in September, 1918, held a sector in the St. Mihiel salient. While he failed to tell the exact location of his outfit, facts in his lengthy letter warrant the conclusion that its sector was along the south face of the salient. He related his experiences while on a listening post, the unsuccessful efforts of a German patrol to capture some Americans, the fact that the enemy knew of the impending American offensive, and then told of the difficulty he had in returning to his own artillery position when the American offensive began. To continue, his letter states:

"Just about our whole division was demolished. We were concentrated in the French village of Chamblai (Chambley), but there were few survivors.

"During the same night we counter-attacked and drove the Americans back about a kilometer. Many of our own and those of the Americans fell here. We were stationed, twenty men and one officer, in a dugout which was not completed and from which we had driven the Americans. Here lay a dead American. He had received a bullet through the chest and a head wound.

"He wore two identification tags which were marked 'George Stefensohn, 15 May, 1917.' One tag was left on the body.

"Among his papers was a calling card with the name 'George Stefensohn, New York, Broadway.' - I've forgotten the house number.

"We buried the American on that spot. The next day we were relieved and sent to a different part of the front. The dead American named George Stefensohn was buried on the 13th of September, 1918, and was killed the night before during our attack."

A COPY of the translation of Schreiber's letter was sent at once to the Cemeterial Division, Office of the Quartermaster General, in Washington. Report was made promptly by that office that one George West Stevenson, a member of the 79th Company, Sixth U. S. Marines, was severely wounded in action on September 15, 1918, while his organization was engaged in the St. Mihiel offensive, and that no further record could be found of him.

We assumed that this was the same man as the 'George Stefensohn' about whom Schreiber wrote, as he had enlisted in California on May 15, 1917, the date which appeared on the identification disk.

Now we are pleased to broadcast the

following extract from a letter which we received from Lieutenant Colonel K. J. Hampton, now retired, who was in charge of the Cemeterial Division of the Quartermaster General's office:

"The Quartermaster General is pleased to inform you that using the letter as a basis upon which to work resulted in the identification of the remains of George West Stevenson, No. 121472, 70th Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines. This soldier was originally listed as missing in action during the early days of the St. Mihiel offensive. His home was in Price, Utah, and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson, was given as his emergency addressee. It will be noted that the German soldier stated the tag was 'George Stefensohn, 15 May 1917.' For your information, all Marines had stamped on their identification tags the date of enlistment. This was not placed on the tags of Army men.

"Private Stevenson enlisted May 15, 1917, at Mare Island, California. The remains were identified in Grave 10, Row 28, Block B, St. Mihiel American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle, France. The Department again wishes to thank your department for its assistance and interest."

NOTICES regarding outfit reunions and other activities of veterans will be included in this department if advice is received by the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the events are scheduled.

THIRD DIV.—Former members who will attend Legion national convention in San Antonio, Oct. 8-12, are requested to write to Levi Collins, 319 Mount Vernon court, San Antonio.

FOURTH DIV.—Reunion in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 21-23. For particulars address A. C. Mayerle, 159 N. State st., Chicago.

32d (RED ARROW) DIV.—Annual reunion at its first training camp, Waco, Tex., Oct. 5-7. Address Russell M. Baker, 602 Barlum Tower, Cadillac sq., Detroit, Mich., or Francis X. Ritger, 205 N. Pinckney st., Madison, Wis.

107TH INF.—Tenth annual reunion and dinner, Sept. 29, Hotel Astor, New York City. Furnish name, address and company designation to Elias Schlank, 113 W. 42d st., New York City.

Co. H, 164TH INF.—Reunion in Jamestown, N. D., Sept. 3. Address L. W. Upshaw, Ishpeming, Mich.

326TH INF., 82D DIV.—Former members interested in divisional reunion, address James J. Davis, 79 Douglass st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

327TH INF., 82D DIV.—Former members interested in divisional reunion, address Maurice Kleinbard, 149 W. 91st st., New York, N. Y.

323d LIGHT F. A., 32D AND 83D DIVS.—Fourth annual reunion at Broadhead Hotel, Beaver Falls, Pa., Sept. 29. Address E. J. Schoaf, New Brighton, Pa.

BTY. E, 325TH F. A.—Sixth annual reunion at Flora, Ind., Aug. 26. Address Homer C. Landis, 1640 E. 78th st., Cleveland, Ohio.

BTY. F, 61ST ART., C. A. C.—Former members in Savannah, Ga., have formed a veterans social club. All men who served with outfit are requested to write to J. C. DuBois, P. O. Box 593, Savannah.

104TH ENGRS., A. E. F.—Reunion at Atlantic City, N. J., beginning Saturday evening, Sept. 15. Address Clifford J. Shemely, 926 Spruce st., Camden, N. J.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TR., 83D DIV.—Second annual reunion in Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Address Merritt L. Haddox, quartermaster, McComb, Ohio.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 6—Sixth annual reunion in Erie, Pa., Sept. 7-9. Address A. B. Pinton, 322 Schenley drive, Erie.

139TH F. A., 38TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Bedford, Ind., Oct. 6-7. Address Leslie E. Pitts, Bedford, or Floyd Anderson, Elizabethtown, Ind.

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS, ATLANTA, GA.—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12, address Philip J. Newland, 707 Naylor road, Upper Darby, Pa.

SQUAD, E (EX-180TH AERO SQUAD.), KELLY FIELD, TEX.—All interested in reunion during Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12, address Lisle O. Wagner, 7 Upper Croton ave., Ossining, N. Y.

CAMP HOSP. No. 30, ST. MAIXENT, FRANCE—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12, address Betty Fetz-Drum Corps, 43 Filley st., Windsor, Conn., or Arthur Einbeck, Bergenline ave., West New York, N. J.

FORT MACARTHUR, SAN PEDRO, CAL.—Tenth annual reunion of all men who served at this post, at Fort MacArthur, Sept. 29 and 30. Address Oliver C. Hardy, secy., 535 I. N. Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

BASE HOSP. No. 64—Fifth annual reunion. Columbus, Ohio, Labor Day, Sept. 3. Address Kirby T. Morris, secy., 2443 Alexandria Pike, Southgate, Newport, Ky.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—Tenth annual reunion. Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 10. Address Dr. Torr W. Harner, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of disability claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

DOUGLAS, William Flake. Veterans Bureau claimant, served with the 318th Infantry. Disappeared from home at Petersburg, Va., about five years ago.

MURPHY, Walter David, ex-apprentice seaman, U. S. Navy. Fair complexion, black hair, dark grey eyes, height 5' 2", weight 138 pounds; third finger on one hand severed at knuckle. Missing since September, 1923, when he was in San Francisco, Calif. Father needs his assistance.

MACHINE GUN CO., 47TH INF., FOURTH DIV., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. Any members, particularly Capt. Paul R. ANDERSON, knowing Pvt. David F. JONES.

Co. G, 21ST ENGRS. Any members who served during the first three months of 1919 knowing Frank LONGNECKER.

NEASON, Raymond J., ex-pvt., Troop K, Fourth Cav. Missing from Government Hospital at Chillicothe, Ohio, since July 8, 1925. About 47 years old, grey eyes, black hair, ruddy complexion, height 5' 4".

KINGSBURY, Major Elmer J., formerly of the 34th Engrs. In 1922, lived at Cumberland, Md.; left that State May 5, 1923, giving address at Gen. Del. Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. Eaglelet, Members on ship between May and December, 1918, remembering incident of Ernest T. PRIME, cook, being carried off ship at Block Island, R. I., and taken to sick bay.

DRUMMOND, Hugh E., wagoner, Supply Co., 56th Pioneer Inf. Present address desired.

CAMP HOSPITAL No. 7, near Humes, France, in January and February, 1919. Any members, particularly the mess sgt. (patients' mess), remembering Michael D. O'CONNOR.

U. S. S. Princess Matoika. Any members, particularly MILLER of Texos, boatsman's mate, DENNIS, chief on boat, and CLARENCE HANSON of St. Paul, Minn., remembering Ole J. NESS.

SMALLEY, Charles Floyd, 40 years old, 6 feet tall, red hair and three gold front teeth. Last heard from December, 1926, when his address was Gen. Del., Springfield, Ill. Brother, Edward W. Smalley, in Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo., very ill and desires to find him.

LOVE FIELD AVIATION REPAIR DEPOT, Dallas, Texas. Any members, particularly Carl BRUNN, remembering Corp. Guy BOWERS.

BTY. B, 73RD F. A., particularly Otto H. GILBACK, remembering Axel J. HANSON.

IRELAND, George F., Veterans Bureau claimant, formerly pvt., Air Serv., unassigned. Last heard of when he applied for treatment at the New York Regional Office, April 13, 1928.

U. S. S. Tacoma. Members of the first div. and the gunner's gang aboard between April, 1917, and September, 1918, particularly N. L. PEDIGO, formerly of Louisville, Ky., and J. H. McCURE, formerly of Washington, D. C., both 1st class gunner's mates, remembering Albert KNIGHT, former gunner's mate, 2d class.

Co. C, 321ST M. G. BN., 82D DIV. Men, particularly Sgt. LOHR and Pvt. SCHOONOVER, who remember disability of Frank Livingston early in November, 1918, necessitating his being hauled on wagon.

Co. I, 167TH INF., 42D DIV. Former officers and men or personnel of hospital at Allerey, France, who remember William EVANS, who was gassed.

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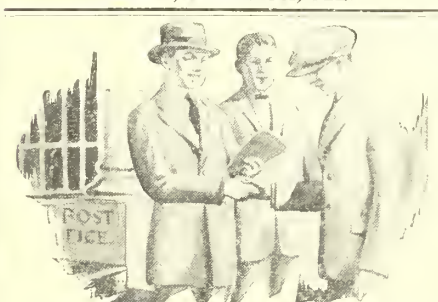
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WE ARE happy to report a gratifying midsummer spurt in enrolments in the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire. The total, up to the time the August issue of the Monthly went to press, was forty. Six membership certificates issued since that time swell the figure to—correct, Watson—forty-six. Nat P. Ruditsky, Adjutant of National Commander Spafford's home post (Lexington of New York City) writes: "A little contemptuously I must ask you to enroll me among those who have read the 'Decline and Fall.' Hell, I thought everybody had read the doggone thing as a penance one time or another."

AS A MATTER of fact, only one or two members of the Society seem to have read Gibbon as a penance—at least only one or two have admitted it. Take the case of E. P. Collins of Palm Beach Post, West Palm Beach, Florida, one of the new entries. "I read Gibbon through in 1914 and 1915," he writes. "In doing some research for data for an article I had been asked to prepare I became so interested in the history that I stayed with it until I had read it through. Since then I have many times had the urge—which I hope soon to respond to—to read it through again." D. W. Moyer of Courtney Lawrence Post, Medina, Ohio, got the six volumes out of the Franklin Sylvester Library in his home city and completed them last winter. Arthur Fridge of Henry Graves Post, Jackson, Mississippi, accomplished the feat as long ago as 1897, when he was sixteen years old. "I was mentally depressed on account of the drowning of a college roommate," he writes, "and took up this form of light reading to cheer myself up. I don't feel quite so brave now."

THE only two-timer among the newcomers is Legionnaire Harold W. Fox of Jacksonville, Florida. (This is Florida Month in the Society.) He writes: "Why all this noise about members of the Legion who have read Edward Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?' There must be several thousand others who, like myself, never take time to inform the world we have read the only history (to my knowledge at least) which places all the dates where they belong—in the index. I belong in the two-time class by accident. I was laid up for a couple of months some years ago with a bum right wing, and read Gibbon instead of taking something to make me sleep. About two years ago, however, I started my second shot at him, with a constantly

increasing wonder that Gibbon was not burned at the stake. He told the truth, which even today is a dangerous business if the truth treads on the toes of the pet beliefs of a majority of the public. Anyway, chalk up a card in the Gibbon Society to a member of Edward C. DeSaussure Post of Jacksonville, Florida, who eleven years ago helped to fight the battle of Fort Sam Houston."

BUT now get ready for a record that puts even Mr. Fox's fine showing in the shade. We present Frank L. Anders, Congressional Medal of Honor wearer and member of Gilbert C. Grafton Post of Fargo, North Dakota, as the All-American, Pan-Olympic, ne-plus-ultra perpetual record holder among Gibbon readers. Three times. That's Mr. Anders's score. He writes: "On my twenty-second birthday, November 10, 1897, my mother bought the work for me and between that date and May 2, 1898, when I enlisted for the Spanish-American War, I had read it through. During my college course I took work in Ancient History and Gibbon was required reading, so that in 1904 and '05 I reread the 'Decline and Fall' with increased satisfaction. In 1914, at the beginning of the World War, I remembered the invasions from the North and East and the accounts of those invasions, so that for a third time I went through the work."

HILAIRE BELLOC, English essayist and historian, is notable among foreign war commentators for his consistent and intelligent appreciation of the A.E.F.'s contribution to the Allied success on the Western Front. This, let it be said, is not uttered in an effort to revive the old who-won-the-war argument. No one can blame an Englishman or a Frenchman or an Italian for being chiefly concerned about the share in the victory played by the English or French or Italian Army, any more than one can blame an American for accentuating the American Army's share. Mr. Belloc, long a student of military history, and enjoying the practical advantage of having served as an enlisted man with the French Army in ancient pre-war days, has for ten years been thoroughly appreciative of the prowess of the A.E.F. His article in this issue is the first of three on the part which the Argonne has played in history . . . Richard Washburn Child, former American ambassador to Italy, is known to Monthly readers for his provocative series of articles on the problems of national defense published last

fall. He is a thorough student of the immigration problem and is familiar with its aspects on both sides of the Atlantic. . . . Howard Vincent O'Brien is a well-known American novelist and short-story writer. In 1917 he attended the second R.O.T.C. at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, emerging from the camp (and later from the war) as a first lieutenant. Much of his service was with the 146th Field Artillery . . . Stetson Clark is a frequent contributor to the Monthly.

IT IS, we trust, no secret that the tenth anniversary of the Armistice is close at hand. We are happy, therefore, to pass on what seems to us an excellent suggestion from William H. Dey of Montclair, New Jersey: "I have been trying for some time to get an opportunity to write in a suggestion concerning the observation of Memorial Day and usually when I think of it, it is too far in advance or too close to the date. I am once more reminded of the subject. My thought is that Memorial Day or Armistice Day, or both, would be a splendid time to bring out of storage—or wherever they might be—the service flags that flew so gaily during the war."

CHARLES DIVINE, who has been represented in the Monthly by two stories, "O Lady, Have You Any Wine?" and "Population, Two," and whose S.O.S. novel, "Cognac Hill," has received flattering notice recently, postcards thus from Magny-Cours, near Nevers, France: "I am back here visiting the scene of 'Cognac Hill.' Nothing left but a few prostrate bricks and weather-worn bags of cement. I find that the French boy I adopted (and taught English) is now in a hotel at Nice mixing cocktails at an American bar."

BY WAY of providing historical balance, Marquis James's "The Stolen Railroad Train" will be followed next month by his account of the St. Albans Raid, in which a band of courageous Southerners invaded Northern territory under circumstances somewhat similar to the Andrews enterprise. The woodcut illustrations used with Mr. James's article are taken from "Daring and Suffering: A History of the Andrews Railroad Raid into Georgia in 1862," by William Pittenger, a member of the expedition (New York, 1887).

The Editor

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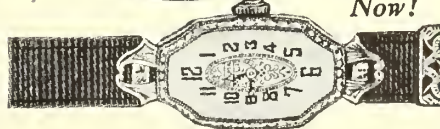
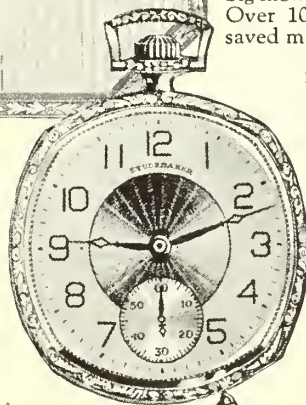
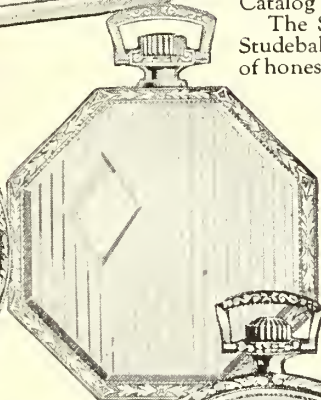
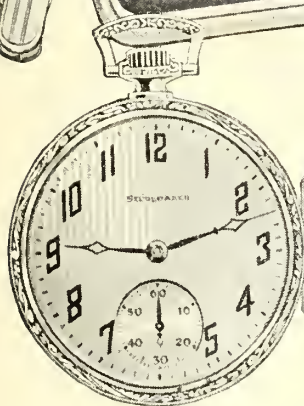
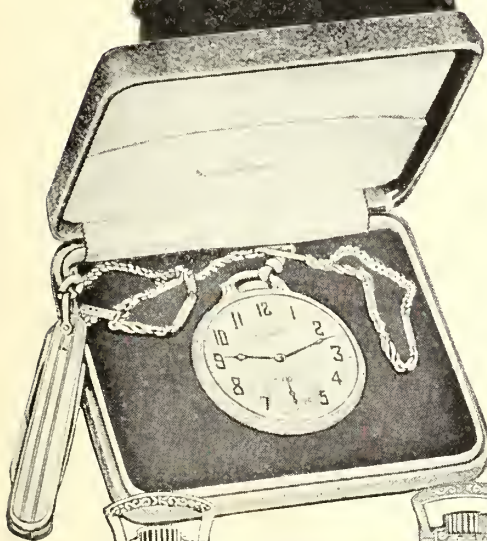
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